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By Daniel Defoe



















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A

View of the *Invisible World* :  
OR, GENERAL  
H I S T O R Y  
O F  
APPARITIONS.

COLLECTED

From the best AUTHORITIES,  
both Antient and Modern; and attested by  
AUTHORS of the highest Reputation  
and Credit.

ILLUSTRATED

With a Variety of Notes and parallel Cases;  
in which, some Account of the Nature and Cause of  
DEPARTED SPIRITS visiting their former Stations  
by returning again into the present World, is treated  
in a Manner different to the prevailing Opinions of  
Mankind.

A N D

An ATTEMPT is made from Rational Principles, to  
account for the Species of such supernatural Appearances, when  
they may be suppos'd consistent with the Divine Appointment in  
the Government of the World. With the Sentiments of Mon-  
sieur *Le Clerc*, Mr. *Locke*, Mr. *Addison*, and Others, on this  
important Subject.

I N W H I C H,

Some humourous and diverting Instances are remark'd, in order to  
divert that Gloom of Melancholy that naturally arises in the Human Mind,  
from reading or meditating on these Subjects.

Illustrated with SUITABLE CUTS

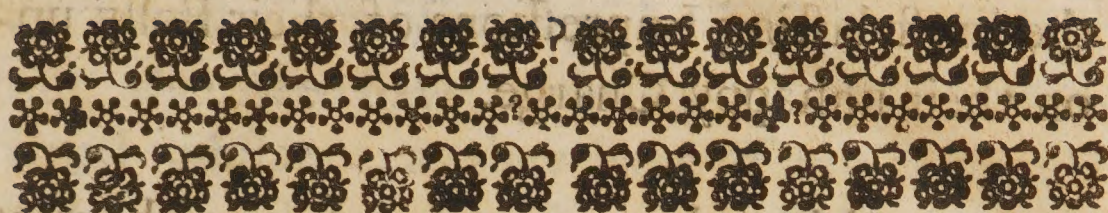
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T H E

## INTRODUCTION.

**I** PRESUME there can't be a more proper Introduction to the following historical Relations, than the Sentiments of those two great Men upon the Subject, Mr. *Locke* and Monsieur *Le Clerc*, especially at a Time when Scepticism and Unbelief are so much in fashion, and no Truths are to be receiv'd, but such as can plead the same Demonstration as a Problem in *Euclid*.

I am very sensible, the human Brain is capable of forming a Variety of Apparitions; and, that this is very frequently done, to the Terror of the Country People in their Chimney Corners, as well as to that abominable Practice of Nurses, in order to affright cross  
Children



Children into Obedience, which often leaves the most lasting Impressions of their Folly upon their unhappy Charge.

But neither this, nor what has with great Assurance been advanc'd against the Reality of Apparitions, does, by no means, prove, that there is no Intercourse or Communication between our World and the World of Spirits. I doubt not, but the following remarkable Histories will, in some Degree, convince every rational unprejudiced Mind, that the Inhabitants of the invisible Spaces, may, sometimes condescend on particular Occasions to visit their Friends upon our Globe; for, though a Man of any tolerable Degree of Understanding would by no means give Credit to a thousand trifling idle Relations on this Subject, the same Degree of just thinking and good Sense, will never admit him so far to give up his Understanding, as to believe all a Cheat and Delusion.

As for those Philosophers, who chiefly reject Spirits, because they say they can have no notion of such a Thing as a spiritual Substance, I think



think the late Mr. *Locke*, in his elaborate *Essay on human Understanding*, hath fairly made it out, that Men have as clear a Notion of a spiritual Substance, as they have of any corporeal Substance, Matter or Body; and that there is as much Reason for the Existence of the one as of the other; so, that if they don't admit the latter, it is but Humour in them to deny the former: He reasons thus, “ If a Man  
“ will examine himself, concerning his Notion  
“ of pure Substance in general, he will find he  
“ hath no other Ideas of it but by a Supposi-  
“ tion of he knows not what Support of such  
“ Qualities, which are capable of producing  
“ simple Ideas in us which Qualities are com-  
“ monly called Accidents; thus, if we talk or  
“ think of any particular corporeal Substance,  
“ as Horse, Stone, &c. though the Idea we  
“ have of either of them, be but the Compli-  
“ cation, or Collection of those several simple  
“ Ideas, or sensible Qualities, which we use to  
“ find united in the Thing called Horse or  
“ Stone; yet, because we cannot conceive how  
“ they should subsist alone, nor one in ano-  
“ ther, we suppose them to exist in, and to be  
“ supported by some common Subject; which  
Support



“ Support we denote by the Name of Sub-  
“ stance, though it be certain we have no clear  
“ or distinct Idea of that Thing we suppose a  
“ Support.

“ The same happens concerning the Opera-  
“ tions of our Mind, *viz.* thinking, reasoning,  
“ fearing, &c. which we concluding not to  
“ subsist of themselves, and not apprehending  
“ how they can belong to body, we are apt to  
“ think these the Actions of some Substance  
“ we call Spirit; whereby it is evident, that  
“ having no other notion of Matter, but some-  
“ thing wherein these many sensible Qualities,  
“ which affect our Senses do subsist, by sup-  
“ posing a Substance wherein thinking, know-  
“ ing, doubting, and a Power of moving do  
“ subsist, we have as clear a Notion of the  
“ Nature, or Substance of Spirit, as we have  
“ of Body; the One being supposed to be  
“ (without knowing what it is) the *Substratum*  
“ to those simple Ideas which we have from  
“ without; and the other supposed (with a like  
“ Ignorance of what it is) to be the *Substra-*  
“ *tum* of those Operations which we experi-  
“ ment in ourselves within: It's plain then,  
that



“ that the Idea of corporeal Substance in Mat-  
“ ter, is as remote from our Conceptions and  
“ Apprehensions as that of spiritual Substance;  
“ and therefore from our not having any no-  
“ tion of the Substance of Spirit, we can no  
“ more conclude its Non-existence, then we  
“ can for the same Reason deny the Existence  
“ of Body; it being as rational to affirm there  
“ is no body, because we cannot know its Ef-  
“ fence as it’s called, or have the Idea of the  
“ Substance of Matter; as to say there is no  
“ Spirit, because we know not its Essence, or  
“ have no Idea of a spiritual Substance.”

‘ Mr. *Locke* also comparing our Idea of  
‘ Spirit with our Idea of Body, thinks there  
‘ may seem rather less Obscurity in the former,  
‘ than in the latter. Our Idea of Body he  
‘ takes to be an extended solid Substance, ca-  
‘ pable of communicating Motion by Impulse;  
‘ and our Idea of Soul is a Substance that  
‘ thinks, and hath a Power of exciting Motion  
‘ in Body, by Will or Thought. Now, some  
‘ perhaps will say, they cannot comprehend a  
‘ thinking Thing, which perhaps is true; but  
‘ he says, if they consider it well, they can no  
‘ more



‘ more comprehend an extended Thing: And if  
 ‘ they say, they know not what it is that  
 ‘ thinks in them, they mean, they know not  
 ‘ what the Substance is of that thinking Thing;  
 ‘ no more, says he, do they know what the  
 ‘ Substance is of that solid Thing: And if they  
 ‘ say they know not how they think, he says,  
 ‘ neither do they know how they are extended,  
 ‘ how the solid Parts of Body are united to  
 ‘ make Extension, &c.’

Monsieur *Le Clerc* hath delivered several  
 Things concerning Spirits and their Operations,  
 of which we shall subjoin the following Heads,  
 being of Use to direct our Judgment in the  
 Consideration of their Natures.

“ *First*, Those who affirm, or deny that  
 “ Spirits can be, without any corporeal Pro-  
 “ perty, go farther than they ought; for we  
 “ cannot gather from the Nature of Spirits,  
 “ whether they are without all corporeal Pro-  
 “ perty, or have a subtle Body. *Sect. 2.*  
*chap. 1.*

“ *Secondly,*



“ *Secondly*, As for Apparitions of Spirits,  
“ he says, we cannot by any Reason, shew  
“ from the Nature of the Thing itself, that it  
“ is not possible for Spirits to be joined with a  
“ subtle Body ; nor is it likely that so many  
“ Nations, and so remote in Places and Opini-  
“ ons agreed in a Lye, as to all they have said  
“ concerning the Apparitions of Spirits. It’s  
“ much more likely, that the Ground of the  
“ Lies invented about this Matter, was some  
“ true Apparition, to which, as it is usual, a  
“ World of other Relations of the like Kind  
“ have been feigned.

“ *Thirdly*, We are so far from determining  
“ what is the Nature of an Angel’s Intellection,  
“ that we do not comprehend what is the Na-  
“ ture of our own Intellection.

“ *Fourthly*, In what the *Gentiles* say of Dæ-  
“ mons, and the *Hebrews*, of Angels, there  
“ is nothing contrary to any certain Knowledge  
“ we have; therefore what they say may be  
“ true, if the Thing be considered in itself.”



If any regard is to be had to the Sentiments of these great Men, we may without any difficulty admit, that the unembodied Spirits that inhabit the unknown Mazes of the invisible World have an Intelligence with Spirits embodied and cased up in Flesh; and, for ought we know, are often very near us, much more so than many imagine; nor can this appear strange, that they should be able to disguise themselves by a proper Habit, or Covering, such as may appear like Flesh and Blood, and easily deceive the human Sight; for if they can assume a visible Form (as there seems no reason to doubt) there can then be no doubt of the Reality of their Appearance; and consequently what may be, 'tis reasonable to believe sometime has been, and what has been we are certain may be.

I doubt not but some of these Relations will be treated with Burlesque and Ridicule, by those who would be thought the Wits of the present Age, and whose sceptical Dispositions will admit of no Facts, but such as are as clearly demonstrative from the Principles of Reason, as any Proposition in *Euclid*. 'Tis possible,



possible, I allow, that some of them may not be true; but very unreasonable on this or any other Principle, to suppose them all to be false! And while any of these Gentlemen are making themselves merry with them, and laughing at the Folly and Credulity of any that may not think as they do; I would recommend to them what that great Statesman Sir *Francis Walsingham* recommended to some of his jocular Friends, whose Sentiments seem'd to be pretty much the same of many in the present Generation:

“ Ah, my Friends, (says this great Man)  
“ while we *laugh* all Things are *serious* round  
“ about us: God is *serious* who exerciseth such  
“ Patience towards us; Christ is *serious* who  
“ shed his Blood for us; the Holy Ghost is  
“ *serious* who striveth against the Obstinacy of  
“ our Hearts; the Holy Scriptures bring to our  
“ Ears the most *serious* and important Things  
“ in the whole World; the Holy Sacraments  
“ represent the most *serious* and awful Matters;  
“ the whole Creation is *serious* in serving God  
“ and us; all that are in Heaven and Hell are  
“ *serious*; how then can a Man that hath one  
“ Foot in the Grave *jest* and *laugh*.”



By having recourse to Scripture History, we shall find many Instances where God has condescended to converse with Man, (according to our best Commentators) by the Person of his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; he it was, that is suppos'd so frequently to have visited our first Parents in the Garden of *Eden*, where they are said to have heard the Voice of the Lord God walking in the Garden in the Cool of the Day, *Gen. iii. 8.*

*Cain* is represented as talking with God when he is charg'd with the Murder of his Brother *Abel*, but as this Subject has been more accurately treated by another Hand, I shall only add the Sentiments of the *Jewish Rabbins*, with regard to the Mark that it's said was set upon him after the Commission of that Crime; and a Story that seems better to illustrate that Point: They tell us that his Flesh became crufted, and was invulnerable; and that when he was killed by *Lamech*, the Wound he received was in the Eye. But says a certain Author, "I know a Gentleman whose Misfortune it was to kill his Friend in a Duel  
(and



(and honourably according to the Notion the World in these Cases has of Honour) and tho' upon his Trial he came off with his *Life*; yet the Action made such an Impression upon his *Spirits*, that he carries a *visible Mark of Horror and Disturbance in his Countenance to this Day*, and such a one, as causes many thinking Persons that are Strangers to him, to take a particular Notice of him when they meet him. One amongst the rest meeting him in my Company (says my Author) pull'd me by the Arm to take notice of him, and when he was past by, told me, that Gentleman has the Characters of *Cain* legibly written in his Face; he told his Friend he had unfortunately kill'd a Man; the other reply'd, he did not know it before he told him: Notwithstanding what the *Jewish Rabbins* may have said, I think it plainly appears that this was the *Mark* set upon *Cain*."

Stories like those related in the following Sheets, it must be acknowledg'd, are in general, either too lightly laugh'd at, or too credulously believ'd. Mr. *Addison's* Opinion upon this Subject is, I think, the justest I ever met with.



with. After having rallied in a very agreeable manner, the extravagant Notions of the Vulgar, and the ridiculous Pains they take to fright themselves out of their Senses, he proceeds thus, “ At the same time I think a Person who is thus terrify’d with the Imagination of Ghosts and Spectres much more reasonable than one who contrary to the Reports of all Historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the Traditions of all Nations, thinks the Appearance of Spirits fabulous and groundless: Could not I give myself up to this general Testimony of Mankind, I should to the Relations of particular Persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in matters of Fact. I might here add, that not only the Historians, to whom we may join the Poets, but likewise the Philosophers of Antiquity have favoured this Opinion.” He afterwards concludes with the following Story from *Josephus*, which, tho’ it is not of an Apparition to a Person awake; yet as it is of the same extraordinary Nature, I hope it may not prove unacceptable to the Reader.

“ *Glaphyra* the Daughter of King *Arche-  
laus*,



*laus*, after the Death of her two first Husbands (being married to a third, who was Brother to her first Husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former Wife to make room for this Marriage) had a very odd kind of Dream. She fancied that she saw her first Husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great Tenderness; when in the Midst of the Pleasure which she expressed at the Sight of him, he reproached her after the following Manner: *Glaphyra*, says he, *thou hast made good the old Saying, that Women are not to be trusted, Was not I the Husband of thy Virginity? Have I not Children by thee? How couldst thou forget our Loves so far as to enter into a second Marriage, and after that into a third; nay, to take for thy Husband a Man who has so shamefully crept into the Bed of his Brother? However, for the Sake of our past Loves, I shall free thee from thy present Reproach, and make thee mine for ever.* *Glaphyra* told this Dream to several Women of her Acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this Story might not be impertinent in this Place, wherein I speak of those Kings: Besides that, the Example deserves



serves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain Proof of the Immortality of the Soul, and of divine Providence. If any Man thinks these Facts incredible, let him enjoy his own Opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the Belief of others, who, by Instances of this Nature are excited to the Study of Virtue."





A

VIEW OF THE

# INVISIBLE

WORLD &c.

*The Appearance of the Dutches of Mazarine;  
to Madam De Beauclair.*



THE Author of the following Narrative which was Publish'd about two Years ago, solemnly declares he is perfectly convinc'd of the Truth of it; as well as several other Persons of undoubted Credit now Living.

'Tis well known to most People acquainted with the English History, that the Celebrated Dutches of *Mazarine* was Mistress to *King Charles* the Second. *Mr. Waller* Particularly takes Notice of her, as one of the Favourites of that Monarch, in the following Lines:

' When thro' the World fair *Mazarine* had run,  
' Bright as her fellow Traveller the Sun,  
' Hither at last the *Roman* Eagle Flies,  
' As the last Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes.

*Madam De Beauclair*, was a Lady equally admir'd, and lov'd by his Brother and Successor *James* the Second; between these two Ladies

A

dies



dies there was an uncommon Friendship, such as is rarely found in Persons bred up in Courts; Particularly those of the same Sex, and in the same Circumstances.

But my Author pretty justly observes, that the Parity of their Circumstances might contribute a good deal towards it; they having both lost their *Royal Lovers*, the one by death, the other by Abdication. He observes, they were both Women of Excellent Understandings, that had enjoy'd all that the World could give them, and were (as he says) when he had the Honour of first being acquainted with them, arriv'd at an Age, that they might be suppos'd to despise all its Pomps and Vanities. I shall now without any farther Introduction, give you the whole of the Relation, in the *Gentleman's* own Words, who declares himself to be an Eye witness of the Truth of it.

After the Burning of *Whitehall*, these two Ladies were allotted very handsome Apartments in the Stable Yard, St. James's, but the Face of Public Affairs being then wholly changed, and a new Set of Courtiers as well as Rules of Behaviour came into vogue, they conversed almost only with each other.

About this Time it was that *Reason* first began to oppose itself to *Faith*, or at least to be set up against it by some who had an Ambition to be thought more penetrating than their Neighbours: — The Doctrine soon spread, and was too much talk'd on not to be frequent.



quently a Subject of Conversation for these two Ladies; and tho' I cannot say that either of them were thoroughly convinced by it, yet the specious Arguments made use of by Persons of high Reputation for their Learning had such an Effect on both, as to raise great Doubts in them concerning the Immateriality of the Soul, and the Certainty of its Existence after Death. In one of the serious Consultations they had together on this Head, it was agreed between them, that on whichever of them the Lot should fall to be first call'd from this World, she should return, if there was a Possibility of doing so, and give the other an Account in what Manner she was disposed of. — This Promise it seems was often repeated, and the Dutcheßs happening to fall sick, and her Life despair'd of by all about her, Madam *de Beauclair* reminded her of what she expected from her; to which her Grace reply'd, she might depend upon her Performance. These Words pass'd between them not above an Hour before the Dissolution of that great Lady, and were spoke before several Persons who were in the Room, but at that Time they were far from comprehending the Meaning of what they heard.

Some Years after the Dutcheßs's Decease, happening, in a Visit I made to Madam *de Beauclair*, to fall on the Topic of Futurity; she expressed her Disbelief of it with a great deal of Warmth; which a little surprizing me, as being of a quite contrary way of thinking



myself, and had always, by the Religion she profess'd suppos'd her highly so, I took the Liberty of offering some Arguments, which, I imagin'd would have been convincing to prove the Reasonableness of depending on a Life to come: To which she answer'd, that not all that the whole World could say should ever persuade her to that Opinion; and then related to me the Compact made between her and her dear departed Friend the Dutchess of Mazarine.

It was in vain I urg'd the strong Probability there was that Souls in another World might not be permitted to perform the Engagements they had enter'd into in this, especially, when they were of a Nature, repugnant to the Divine Will, — *Which, said I, has manifestly placed a flaming Sword between Human Knowledge and the Prospect of that glorious Eden, we hope, by Faith, to be the Inheritors of hereafter: — Therefore, added I, her Grace of Mazarine may be in Possession of all those immense Felicities which are promised to the Virtuous, and even now interceding that the dear Partner of her Heart may share the same, yet be deny'd the Privilege of imparting to you what she is, or that she exists at all.*

Nothing I could say made the least Impression; and I found, to my very great Concern, that she was become as much an Advocate for the new Doctrine of Non-Existence after Death



Death, as any of those who had first propos'd it; on which, from that Time forward, I avoided all Discourse with her on that Head.

It was not however many Months after we had this Conversation, that I happen'd to be at the House of a Person of Condition, whom, since the Death of the Dutches of *Mazarine*, *Madam de Beauclair* had the greatest Intimacy with of any of her Acquaintance: — We were just set down to Cards about nine o'Clock in the Evening, as near as I can remember, when a Servant came hastily into the Room, and acquainted the Lady I was with, that *Madam de Beauclair* had sent to intreat she would come that Moment to her, adding, that if she desir'd ever to see her more in this World, she must not delay her Visit.

So odd a Message might very well surprize the Person to whom it was delivered; and not knowing what to think of it, she ask'd who brought it, and being told it was *Madam de Beauclair's* Groom of the Chambers, order'd he should come in, and demanded of him if his Lady were well, or if he knew of any thing extraordinary that had happen'd to her, which should occasion this hasty Summons. To which he answered, that he was entirely incapable of telling her the Meaning, only as to his Lady's Health, he neither saw nor heard her complain of any Indisposition.

WELL



*WELL then, said the Lady, a little out of Humour, I desire you'll make my Excuse, as I have really a great Cold, and am fearful the Night-Air may increase it, but Tomorrow I will not fail to wait on her very early in the Morning.*

The Man being gone, we were beginning to form several Conjectures on this Message of *Madam de Beauclair*, but before we had Time to agree on what might be the most feasible Occasion, he return'd again, and with him *Mrs. Ward*, her Woman, both seeming very much confus'd and out of Breath.

*O, Madam, cry'd she, my Lady expresses an infinite Concern that you refuse this Request, which she says will be her last; — she says that she is convinced of not being in a Condition to receive your Visit Tomorrow; but as a Token of her Friendship bequeaths you this little Casket containing her Watch, Necklace, and some other Jewels, which she desires you will wear in Remembrance of her.*

These Words were accompany'd with the Delivery of the Legacy she mention'd, and that, as well as *Mrs. Ward's* Words, threw us both into a Consternation we were not able to express; — the Lady would fain have enter'd into some Discourse with *Mrs. Ward* concerning the Affair, but she evaded it by saying, she had left only an under Maid with *Madam de Beauclair*, and must return immediately; on which



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which the Lady cry'd all at once, *I will go with you, there must be something very uncommon certainly in this.* I offered to attend her, being, as I well might, desirous of getting some Light into what at present apper'd so mysterious.

In fine, we went that Instant, but as no mention was made of me, nor Madam *de Beauclair* might not, probably, be inform'd I was with the Lady when her Servant came, Good-manners and Decency oblig'd me to wait in a lower Apartment, unless she gave leave for my Admittance.

She was, however, no sooner inform'd I was there than she desir'd I should come up:—I did so, and found her sitting in an easy Chair near her Bed-side, and in my Eyes, as well as all those present, seem'd in as perfect Health as ever she had been.

On our enquiring if she felt any inward Disorder within herself, which should give room for the melancholly Apprehensions her Message testify'd, she reply'd in the Negative; Yet, said she, with a little Sigh, you will soon, very soon, behold me pass from this World into that Eternity which I once doubted, but am now assur'd of.

As she spoke these last Words she look'd full in my Face, as it were to remind me of the



Conversation we frequently had held together on that Subject.

I told her, I was heartily glad to find so great a Change in her Ladyship's Sentiments, but that I hop'd she had no Reason to imagine the Conviction would be fatal: Which she only answer'd with a gloomy Smile; and a Clergyman of her own Perswasion, whom she had sent for, that Moment coming in, we all quitted the Room, to leave him at Liberty to exercise his Function.

It exceeded not half an Hour before we were call'd in again, and she appear'd, after having disburthen'd her Conscience, to be more chearful than before; her Eyes, which were as piercing as possible, sparkled with an uncommon Vivacity, and she told us she should die with the more Satisfaction as she enjoy'd in her last Moments the Presence of two Persons the most agreeable to her in this World, and in the next would be sure of enjoying the Society of one, who in Life had been the dearest to her.

We were both beginning to dissuade her from giving way to Thoughts which there seem'd not the least Probability of being verify'd; when she put a Stop to what we were about to urge, by saying, Talk no more of that, — My Time is short, and I would not have the small Space allowed me to be with you wasted in vain Delusion: — Know,  
con-



# INVISIBLE WORLD. 9

continued she, I have seen my dear Dutcheſs of *Mazarine* :— I perceiv'd not how ſhe enter'd, but turning my Eyes towards yonder Corner of the Room, I ſaw her ſtand in the ſame Form and Habit ſhe was accuſtomed to appear in when living ;— ſain would I have ſpoke but had not the Power of Utterance ;— ſhe took a little Circuit round the Chamber, ſeeming rather to ſwim than walk ;— then ſtopp'd by the Side of that *Indian* Cheſt, and looking on me with her uſual Sweetneſs, *Beauclair*, ſaid ſhe, between the Hours of Twelve and One this Night you will be with me :— The Surprize I was in at firſt being a little abated, I began to ask ſome Questions concerning that future World I was ſo ſoon to viſit, but on the opening of my Lips for that Purpoſe, ſhe vaniſh'd from my Sight I know not how. \*

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The

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\* Here the *Sceptick* may perhaps Inſinuate, that we form as many *Apparitions* in our Fancies, as we in Reality ſee with our Eyes ; which in a great Number of Inſtances I believe is true, nay, our Officious Imaginations are ſometimes very diligent to embark the Eyes, and the Ears too in the Deſuſion ; and to perſuade us we ſee *Speſtres* and *Apparitions*, when in all Probability no Spirit either good or bad, have troubled themſelves about us.

But it does not from hence follow that there are no ſuch things in Nature ; that there is no Intercourſe, or Communication between the World of Spirits, and the World we live in ; or that the Inhabitants of the Inviſible Spaces, (*be thoſe where you pleaſe,*) have no Converſe with us, or ever take the Liberty to Viſit their Friends on this Globe. The enquiry to me ſeems rather to be,

who



The Clock was now very near striking Twelve, and, as she discover'd not the least Symptoms of any Ailment, we again aim'd to re-

who, or what Spirits they are that may be suppos'd on Emergent, or Particular Occasions so ready to serve our Interests, or gratify our Curiosities:

'Tis not in our present Confin'd Circumstances to be suppos'd, that we can comprehend the nature of Spirit, or be Capable of Distinguishing its Various Operations; it appears to us, unrestrain'd and Unlimited, except by such Laws of the Invisible state, as we at present know little of; it can Act in an Impreceptible, and Invisible manner; move without being prescrib'd or limited by Space, come and not be seen, go and not be perceiv'd, is not to be confin'd by Bolts and Bars, nor by any methods by which we limit or confine our Actions.

The *Angels* are said to be *Ministring Spirits*, and we know they have been made use of as such on many Occasions, by the superior Appointment of their great Creator; why may we not then with equal Justice suppose, that the same Almighty Power, by whom both the seen and unseen Worlds are Govern'd, may Constitute a Ministration of these Unembodied Spirits to the Service of the Embodied Souls of Men which are also his own Creatures. And why may not those Unembodied Spirits, that Inhabit the unknown Mazes of the Invisible Word, (those Coasts which our Geography cannot Describe,) in order to answer the ends and designs of their Creator, be able to take upon them an Out-side, or Vehicle, a habit, like Flesh and Bloud, such as may deceive the human Sight, to enable them on proper Occasions to make themselves Visible to us? and being free Spirits, why may they not be what my Lord *Rocheſter* expresses in another case,

*Spirits free to chuse for their own share,*

*What Case of Flesh and Bloud they please to wear?*

*Sat. against Man*



remove all Apprehensions of a Dissolution; but we had scarce begun to speak, when on a sudden her Countenance changed, and she cry'd out, *O! I am sick at Heart!* — Mrs. Ward, who all this while had stood leaning on her Chair, apply'd some Drops, but to no Effect; she grew still worse, and in about half an Hour expired, it being exactly the Time the Apparition had foretold.

I have been so particular in relating all the Circumstances of this Affair, as well to prove I could not be deceiv'd in it, as to shew that Madam *de Beauclair* was neither vapourish nor superstitious, as many believe all are who pretend to see any thing supernatural:—I am, indeed, very ready to allow that the Force of Imagination may impose upon the Senses, and that it frequently has done so, and that the Stories told us in our Infancy leave Ideas behind them, which, in our riper Years, are apt to make us fanciful; but in the Case I have mention'd there could be nothing of all this; the Lady you may perceive was so far from any Apprehensions or Prepossessions of that Nature, that, on the contrary, she look'd upon them as ridiculous and absurd, and could have been convinced by nothing but the Testimony of her own Eyes and Years.

It must be confess'd, such extraordinary Means of warning us of our Fate but rarely happen, nor can it be supposed departed Spirits



rits have the Power of visiting us at Pleasure ; for which Reason I look upon all such Agreement, as were made between these Ladies, as highly presumptuous, and when permitted to be fulfilled, we are not to imagine it done to gratify the vain Curiosity of those who doubt a future State, but to strengthen the Faith of those who believe in it.

I think, therefore, whoever is well assur'd of the Truth of such an Incident, ought to communicate it to the Public, especially in these Times, when all the Belief of another World, on which of Consequence our good Behaviour in this depends, stands in need of every Help for maintaining any Ground among us.†

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† Not to bring Instances from a Book whose Authority would very probably be Rejected, by some of our modern *Infidels* and *Scepticks* ; they may perhaps blush to find how Vain and Inconsistent their Sentiments and wild Notions are when compar'd with those of the Antient *Stoicks*, and *Herculeans*, before ever those Writings they so much despise, (like the Sun in its Meridian Splendor) Illuminated the Christian World: Their sense of the Immortality of the Soul and a future State, will very plainly appear, by a few short Remarkable Instances from their Writings, but I shall cut these short as possible, supposing the Subject may be too Grave for the taste of the present Generation.

*Causabon* has a Remarkable Quotation from the History of the Council of Trent ; “ That it is a very usual thing for Men how-  
 “ ever Ensnar'd in the World all their Lives, to loath the things  
 “ of it at their Deaths, from an unknown and Supernatural cause.  
 Meaning no doubt, that the Souls of Men begin than to

feel



*The Remarkable Vision of Theodosius the Roman Emperor &c.*

A Variety of Surprizing Instances of Supernatural Interpositions, are to be found amongst

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feel something of a state of Separation, and therefore contemn earthly things.

Even so early as the time of that famous Egyptian Writer *Hermes Trismegisties*, among many other things *Manetho* produces from his Inscriptions, are the following Remarkable Sentiments, viz.

That there was some great Reason not yet well understood, why Men enjoy'd their Pleasures with fear; ——— why most Mens Death is Repentance of Life; ——— why no Man is contented in this Life; ——— why Men have Infinite Wishes, ——— and whether those that dream when they are asleep, shall not live when they are dead?

The Discourse of *Socrates* was usually serious, but never more so than in the space between his *Condemnation* and *Death*, which is collected by *Plato* in his Treatise of the *Immortality of the Soul*; where we find him reasoning thus, “ Surely, said he, *Death* must  
 “ be one of these two, either a Deprivation of all Sense and Being,  
 “ or a Passage into some other Place. If the first, then it is a Pleasant Rest, like an undisturbed Sleep: But if dying Souls go in-  
 “ to other Habitations, as methinks they surely will, then I shall  
 “ go from before these Judges to higher, and there converse with  
 “ *Orpheus, Musæus, Hesiod, Homer*, and other good and excellent  
 “ Men: How often would I have died, to see how they live;  
 “ How pleasantly shall I dwell with *Palamedes* and *Ajax*, equal in  
 “ the Enjoyments of another World, as we have been in the Injuries of *this*; both happy, in that we shall be everlastingly so.  
 “ *Death* makes no alteration on the Soul: He that liveth virtuously  
 “ here, may be sure to live happily hereafter. We must therefore  
 “ now approve our selves, not to vain Men, but to that One wise  
 “ God, who is Truth itself.

Notwithstanding all the Phantastick Suppositions of *Epicurus* in pretending to give an Account of the Beginning, and Continuance  
 of



amongst the Antients; the following is so well attested by *Theodoret*, and *Livy*, that I can't well omit it.† In

† Vid. *Parkers* Translat. of *Eusebius* &c. Book v. Page 492.

of all things in Nature, without the Notion of a *Deity*; *Cotta* Assures us, that he was so far from gaining his beloved *Ease* and *Pleasure* hereby, that no *School-Boy* was ever more afraid of a *Rod*, than *Epicurus* was of a *Deity* and *Death*, tho' in Words he seem'd to despise both. “ So hard is it, saith the Learned *Bishop Stilling-*  
 “ *fleet* on this occasion, for an *Epicurean*, even after he hath pro-  
 “ *stituted* his Conscience, to *silence* it: But whatever there be in  
 “ the Air, there is certainly an *elastical Power* in the Conscience,  
 “ that will bear it self up, notwithstanding the *Weight* that is laid  
 “ upon it.

Yea many of the wisest and best of the Heathens, do not only plead with Zeal for a Life to come, but alledge Instances of some that have appeared to their Friends after their Death to confirm them in the Belief of it.

*Plutarch*, in his Book of the late *Vengeance* of God, brings in one *Timarchus* from the State of the Dead, declaring the vastly different Conditions of *Good* and *Bad Men* there, according to their different Lives on Earth: *Plato*, in his Treatise of the *Immortality* of the Soul, above mention'd, relates the same thing of *Eris* and *Pamphilus*, two lew'd Persons, in his Book of the *Common-Wealth*. *Herodotus* does the like in the Instance of one *Aristæus*; and *Heraclides* gives a parallel Account of a Woman in his time.

I shall conclude these remarks with a Paragraph from the most Reverend *Archbishop Tillotson* on the subject of *Atheism*; to which I think *Infidelity* and *Scepticism*, have a very natural Tendency.  
 “ If (says he) the Arguments for and against the Being of God  
 “ were equal, and it were an even *Question*, whether there were  
 “ One or not; yet the Hazzard and Danger is so infinitely une-  
 “ qual, that in point of common Prudence every one is bound to  
 “ stick to the *safest* side of the *Question*, and to make that his Hy-  
 “ pothe-



In the Western Empire liv'd one *Eugenius*, an Aspiring Man, who from keeping a Grammar School had risen to no less an Office at Court than that of Lord High Treasurer, and being puff'd up with the Extraordinary Reputation of his own Eloquence and Merit; and a high Confidence in his future Fortune, taking *Arbogastes* an Imperial General into the Plot, a *Frenchman* by Birth, a Villain in his Temper, he enter'd into Measures to make himself *Emperor*; and by his Assurances, and great Promises, prevail'd with the Eunuchs of the *Emperors* Bed-Chamber to strangle their Master *Valentinian*, while he was Sleeping. Having Perpetrated this Horrible Murder, on a Youth of Excellent Qualifications of mind, as well as beauty of Person; who, had he liv'd to Maturity of Years, might in all Probabillity have equal'd if not surpass'd the Wisdom and Prudence of his Father. He next Con-

sults

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“ pothesis to live by. For he that is a thorowly prudent Man will  
 “ be provided for all Events, and will take care to secure the main  
 “ chance, whatever happens. But the *Atheist*, in case Things  
 “ should fall out contrary to his Opinion and Expectation, hath  
 “ made no Provision in this case. If contrary to his Confidence,  
 “ it should prove in the Issue that there is a God, the Man is lost  
 “ and undone for ever. If the *Atheist* when he dies finds that his  
 Soul has only quitted its Lodging, and remains after the Body;  
 what a surprize will it be to find himself among a World of *Spirits*,  
 entered on an everlasting and unchangeable state, for which he had  
 no Regard, and made no Provision.



sults the *Diviners*, and *Astrologers*, who give him all Imaginable Assurance that he shall obtain a compleat Victory, gain the Empire, and Banish the Christian Religion out of the World.

Upon this, he soon gets together a great Army, and made himself Master of the *Julian Alps*, where he lay securely Encamp'd amongst the Mountains. This News extremely surpriz'd, and perplex'd *Theodosius*; who after conferring the Imperial Title on his Son *Honorius* drew together a Considerable Number of Forces, and Arriving in *Gaul* found *Eugenius* ready to receive him with a powerful Army; [and indeed one considerably superior in number; which, however, the Rebel did not think fit to command in Person, but Seating himself upon a convenient Eminence, talk'd of nothing but the Emperor's Rashness in throwing himself into the Arms of Death, and gave Order to his Captains not to kill him, but to bring him to his Hands in Chains. The Emperor's Officers, at the same time, advis'd him in Regard of the great Disparity of his Forces, to avoid a Battle 'till next Spring, when he might bring an Army into the Field more numerous than that of the Usurper. The Emperor answer'd them, that, by the Grace of God, he would never suffer such a Dishonour to the Banner of the Cross, as to let it be defy'd and insulted so long a time by the Image of *Hercules*; which, it seems, was pompously carry'd, as a

the-



Tutelar, before the Enemy's Army. Nevertheless his Men were dejected and droop'd, 'till he procur'd himself and them a very satisfactory Encouragement from Heaven itself, by [the sure Expedient and Remedy which he had always Recourse to, and which never fail'd him,] his Prayers, in which he spent a whole night in a little Chappel upon the top of a Mountain in the place where his Army lay incamp'd. About Cock-Crowing he fell asleep upon the Ground and dreamt he saw two Men cloath'd in white Garments, and riding on white Horses, who bad him lay aside all Sollicitude, and to draw up his Army in Order of Battle very early that Morning and attack the Enemy. They told him they were *John* the Evangelist, and *Philip* the Apostle; and that they were sent to fight for him at the Head of his Troops. The Emperor wak'd and renew'd his Devotions, and address'd himself to Heaven with greater Fervency than before this Vision had come to his Relief. The same surprising Scene was vouchsaf'd a Common Soldier, who told his Captain of it; the Captain carry'd him to the Colonel, and the Colonel to the General, who inform'd the Emperor what they had heard from him. The Emperor told the General that the same Divine Horsemen had been sent to him too; that, for his own part, he rested secure of the good Success which they had promis'd him; and that they came to this Man that he might confirm and establish the truth of what his Majesty had to



communicate, which, otherwise, might have been thought only a Stratagem to raise the Spirits of the Army, and make them eager to fight; and his Application of the whole was this, *As few as we are, let it be consider'd under what Leaders we advance, and then let us boldly follow them 'till they Conduct us to Victory.\**

Accord-

\* Tho' I would not undertake to account for these Notices convey'd to us by Dreams, or by waking Impulse, by Voice, or by Apparition; yet I think some probable Conjectures may be made that may Entertain, if not Improve the Understanding. 'Twill perhaps not in any Instance, be in our Powers to find the Residence of those Spirits that may be Interposing in our Favour, and doing us kind Offices; neither the Circumstances they are in, nor the manner of their access to our Understandings. This is certain, and what we must admit as a fact, if we pay any regard to *Divine Revelation*, that they have a Power of Conveying their Notices by some means or other, tho' we are Ignorant how.

'Twill appear very Reasonable to suppose we are never to expect any kind Intelligence, or Notice from the *Devil*, nor from any bad Spirit, nor is it to be Imagin'd either of these could Personate the *Divine Horsemen* that were sent to the *Emperor*, or to the common Soldier, 'Twas too kind an Office ever to be expected from a *bad Spirit*, admitting its Power to be ever so unlimited. On the other Hand, there seems to lie several Objections against the Appearance or Interposition of *Angels*; except in some Extraordinary Cases, such as may relate to the Deliverance of Nations, and Kingdoms; as particularly, that of the whole Nation of Israel, when the *Angel of the Lord* appeared to Gideon at the Threshing Floor, &c.—— And likewise to David, with his Drawn Sword, threatening the Destruction of *Jerusalem*,——To the Shepherds, at the birth of *Christ*, to the *Virgin Mary* during her Pregnancy,——To  
Christ







hot and obstinate [and many fell] on both sides; but the *Eugeians* press'd very hard upon the *Barbarians*, who had flock'd from *Thrace*, and off'r'd themselves in great Numbers Volunteers in this Expedition, and disorder'd them, [which they might very easily do, securely

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its happy Situation can be Interrupted, on every Trivial Occasion; if it be unhappy, we are told there's a Gulf fix'd, that those that would, cannot come to us, nor we have any access to them; nor should we expect *Spirits in Prison*, able to obtain a Liberty of returning back to our Earth on any such Errands.

Here you see the Difficulty of such Suppositions on either Hand. But if it may be admitted (which to me does not appear in the least Improbable) that the great Governor of the World, may have fix'd and deputed a sort of *Stationary Spirits* in the Invisible World, or if you please, you may call them *Angels*, of a Rank and degree Inferior to those that attend round the *Imperial Throne*, that may on certain Occasions have a Power of Conversing with embodied Spirits, and by Dreams, Impulses &c; be able to move the thoughts, elevate, or sink the Mind, and so far operate on the Passions and Affections, by raising our Hope, or our Fear, and by that means give us some proper Intimations both of the good we are to pursue, and the evil we are to avoid. I see nothing in such a Supposition that's Inconsistent with our Ideas of God, as the moral Governour of the World, that Consequently may depute what Powers he will, and those to act and Operate where he pleases, as the proper Agents of the divine Government, tho' it might be Inconsistent with our Rational Powers to suppose they should Influence us in any Superior degree, such as might Interfere with the Principles of free Agency.

I might Instance in that Remarkable case of *Julius Cæsar*, so well known to those acquainted with the *Roman History*; where he had several friendly hints given him of his approaching Fate; but  
although



securely gauling their Flank and Rear from the  
Tops of the Mountains;] when the good Em-  
peror [Seeing all human Expectations cut off,  
and] throwing himself prostrate on the Ground,  
recommended his Cause to God with Prayers and  
Tears, and had his Petition granted, [for the Officers  
of

although he had the very Day pointed out to him by the kind In-  
telligencer viz. *The Ides of March*, yet we don't find that he gave  
him any farther Assistance to avoid the Impending Danger; he is  
not led by the Hand, and told he must not enter the *Senate House*,  
or bid to Escape for his Life, as *Lot* was by the Angel, neither told  
he must avoid, *Brutus*, *Cassius* and *Casca*, but without regard goes  
on bold and unalarm'd, into the *Senate House*, mocks the Southsayer  
by whom the Intelligence is convey'd; and tells him the *Ides of*  
*March* are come, to whom the other sharply returns, *But they are*  
*not pass*, and was accordingly that Day Murther'd in the *Senate*  
*House*.

And *Plutarch* informs us, that *Brutus* after the Commission of this  
horid Crime, slept only a little while after Supper, and spent all the  
rest of the Night waking; and being thus awake in his Chamber,  
says the same Historian, he was disturb'd by a terrible Apparition,  
which told him that *he was his evil Genius, and that he would*  
*meet him again at Phillippi*; where he did appear to him again, to  
his great Terror, so that at last he retir'd out of the Battle and fell  
upon his own Sword. *Cassius*, another of *Cesars* Murderers, as  
mention'd above, being slain a little before, by his Man *Pindarus*  
at his own Command.

But to come nearer home, we find a very Remarkable Letter  
that may not be Forreign to the present purpose wrote by the right  
Honourable *James Earl of Marlborough*, a little before his Death  
in the Battle at Sea, on the Coast of *Holland* A. D. 1665, directed  
to the Right Honourable *Sir Hugh Pollard* Comptroler of his Ma-  
jesties Household; which take in the *Earls* own Words, with Dr.  
Wood.



of the Parties that lin'd the Mountains sent him Assurances, that they would come over to him if he would promise, that they should hold the same Posts under him which they held under *Eugenius*; and this he had no sooner done under his own Hand, but they deserted

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*Woodwards* remarks upon it, in his treatise call'd *fair Warnings to a Cureless World*.

S I R,

I Believe the Goodness of your Nature, and the Friendship you have always born me, will receive with Kindness the last Office of your Friend. I am in Health enough of Body, and (through the Mercy of God in Jesus Christ] *well* disposed in Mind. This I premise, that you may be satisfied that what I write proceeds not from *phantastick* Terror of Mind, but from a *sober Resolution* of what concerns my self, and earnest Desire to do you more Good after my Death, than mine Example (God of his Mercy pardon the Badness of it) in my Life-time may do you Harm. I will not speak ought of the *Vanity* of this World; your own Age and Experience will save that Labour: But there is a certain Thing that goeth up and down the World, called *Religion*, dressed and pretended *phantastically*, and to Purposes bad enough, which yet by such evil Dealing loseth not its *Being*: The Great Good God hath not left it without a Witness, more or less, sooner or later, in every Man's *Bosom*, to direct us in the Pursuit of it; and for the avoiding of those inextricable Disquisitions and Entanglements our own frail Reason would perplex us withal, God in his infinite Mercy hath given us his *Holy Word*; in which, as there are many things *hard to be understood*, so there is enough *plain and easie*, to quiet our Minds, and direct us concerning our future Being. I confess to God and you, I have been a great Neglector, and, I fear, a Despiser of it: God of his infinite Mercy pardon me the dreadful Fault.



serted to him.] *Bacurius* also, one of the Emperor's Generals, inspir'd with a sudden Resolution, and putting himself in the Front of the retreating Troops, broke the Enemy, and routed them; and (which was yet a more signal Evidence of Heaven's especial Intervention) there

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Fault. But when I retired my self from the Noise and deceitful Vanity of the World, I found no true Comfort in any other Resolution, than what I had from thence: I commend from the Bottom of my Heart the same to your (*I hope*) happy Use. Dear Sir *Hugh*, let us be more generous than to believe we die as the *Beasts* that perish; but with a *Christian, Manly Brave* Resolution, look to what is *eternal*. I will not trouble you farther, The only great God, and Holy God, *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost*, direct you to an happy End of your Life, and send us a joyful Resurrection.

So prays

Your true Friend

Old James, near  
the Coast of Hol-  
land April 24.  
1665.

Marlborough.

I beseech you commend my Love to all my Acquaintance; particularly, I pray you that my Cousin *Glastock* may have a Sight of this Letter, and as many Friends besides as you will, or any else that desire it.

*I pray grant this my Request.*

Give



there arose, on a sudden, a violent Storm of Wind, so violent that it not only carry'd the Weapon's of the Emperor's Army with redoubled force upon the Enemy, and return'd those of the Rebels, upon themselves, [but even forc'd their shields out of their Hands, and whirl'd them back again, cover'd with Dust and Stubble, upon those that put them to so ill a Use, [and rais'd such vast and violent Clouds of Dust as almost put out their eyes; In a word, it entirely disarm'd them, and put them into Confusion, and so the greater Part of them were either kill'd upon the Spot, or soon overtaken in the Rout, and made Prisoners.

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‘ This Letter, tho’ very weighty in the *Matter* of it, and very serious in the *Phrase* and *Expression*, yet is most remarkable for the *Time* in which it was written; namely, but a few Days before the *Soul* of this Noble Lord departed into the *Invisible State*. He now saw the *Infinite Worth* of Religion, and the *pernicious Folly* of offending God; And he kindly imparts these Sentiments to those *Friends* of his, for whose *Eternal Welfare* he had Reason to be *particularly concerned*.

‘ Such *supernatural Impulses* on the Souls of Men, sometimes by *suggestions* relating to the *Good* or *Evil* Conduct of their Lives; and at other times by *Impressions fore-shewing* the punctual *Time* of their *Deaths*, as in the Case of this Noble Lord, are another Argument of the Agency of *Invisible Beings* on our Minds, and of our being *capable* of a more free and intimate Conversation with them in a state of separation from our Bodies at *Death*, and in the spiritual state of our Bodies after the *Resurrection*.



ners ;] and as many as threw down their Arms, and implor'd the Emperor's Pardon, obtain'd it. Thus the impious Usurper lost the Day, and [those, from whose Hands he expected the Person of his Sovereign, were sent by his Master to fetch him down from his Hill. As soon as he saw them Climbing it, and making haste towards him, he ask'd them, *Whether they had brought Theodosius along with them.* Their Answer was, They came, by the Appointment of God, to carry him to *Theodosius*: And immediately they pull'd him from his Seat, in-folded him with the Ensigns of Captivity, and brought him to the Emperor, who severely reproach'd and expostulated with him for the Murder of *Valentinian*, and for all his Treason and Rebellion, and made himself merry with his Image of *Hercules*, and the ridiculous Confidence the infatuated Man had repos'd in it.] In the Conclusion, the Soldiers struck off his Head as he was begging Quarter, at the Emperor's Feet, where he hoped to obtain the Grant of his Life. The Day of this Overthrow and Execution was the Sixth of September, in *Arcadius's* third, and *Honorius's* second Consulat. And the traiterous General *Arbogastes*, the Occasion and Principal of all this Mischief, after he had preserv'd himself, by Flight, three Days, finding it impossible to escape the Stroke of Justice, put an End to his Life by his own Sword. [We are told, That, within the Time of this Action, a Demoniack



that happen'd to be in the Church which the Emperor built in Honour of St. *John* the Baptist, (and where, (tis said) in his March, he had implor'd the Blessing of God upon his Arms) was carry'd up from the Ground, rail'd at, and revil'd St. *John*, satyriz'd upon him for losing his Head, and roar'd out aloud in these Terms. *'Tis you that are defeating and destroying my Army.* Those that were there present made a *Memorandum* of the Day on which they were thus surpriz'd; and found it afterwards to be that on which the Battle was fought.

*An Account of a most surprising Apparition;  
sent from Launceston in Cornwall. Attest-  
ed by the Revd. Mr. Ruddle, Minister there;*

**I**N the beginning of this Year, a Disease happened in this Town of *Launceston*, and some of my Scholars died of it. Among others who fell under the Malignity then triumphing, was, *John Eliott* the eldest Son of *Edward Eliott* of *Treberse*, Esq; a Stripling of about Sixteen Years of Age, but of more than common Parts and Ingenuity. At his own particular Request I Preached at the Funeral, which happened on the 20th Day of *June*, 1665. In my Discourse (*ut mos rei; loci; postulabat*) I spake some Words in Commendation of the Young Gentleman; such as might endear his Memory to those that knew him, and withall tended to pre-



preserve his Example to those which went to School with him, and were to continue there after him. An *Ancient Gentleman*, who was then in the Church, was much affected with the Discourse, and was often heard to repeat the same Evening, one Expression I then used out of *Virgil*.

*Et Puer ipse fuit cantari dignus.*——

¶ The reason why this grave Gentleman was so concerned at the Character, was a Reflection he made upon a Son of his own, who being about the same Age, and but a few Months before, not unworthy of the like Character I gave of the Young Mr. *Elliott*; was now by a strange Accident quite lost as to his Parents hopes, and all expectations of any farther Comfort by him.

The Funeral Rites being over, I was no sooner come out of the Church, but I found my self most courteously accosted by this Old Gentleman; and with an unusual importunity, almost forced against my Humour to see his House that Night; nor could I have rescued my self from his kindness, had not Mr. *Elliott* interposed and pleaded title to me for the whole Day, which (as he said) he would resign to no Man. Hereupon I got loose for that time, but was constrained to leave a Promise behind me, to wait upon him at his own



House the *Monday* following. This then seemed to satisfy, but before *Monday* came, I had a new Message to request me that if it were possible I would be there the *Sunday*. The second attempt I resisted, by answering that it was against my convenience, and the Duty which mine own People expected from me. Yet was not the Gentleman at Rest, for he sent me another Letter the *Saturday* by no means to fail the *Monday*, and so to order my Business as to spend with him two or three Days at least. I was indeed startled at so much eagerness, and so many dunnings for a Visit, without any Business; and began to suspect that there must needs be some design in the Bottom of all this excess of Courtesy. For I had no Familiarity, scarce common Acquaintance with the Gentleman, or his Family; nor could I imagine whence should arise such a flush of Friendship on the sudden.

On the *Monday* I went and paid my promised Devoir, and met with Entertainment as free and plentiful, as the Invitation was importunate. There also, I found a Neighbouring Minister, who pretended to call in accidentally, but by the Sequel I suppose it otherwise. After Dinner this Brother of the Coat undertook to show me the Gardens, where as we were Walking, he gave me the first discovery of what was mainly intended in all this Treat and Complement.

First



First he began to Inform me of the Infelicity of the Family in general, and then gave Instance in the Youngest Son. He related what a hopeful sprightly Lad he lately was, and how Melancholick and Sottish he was now grown. Then did he with much Passion lament, that his ill Humour should so incredibly subdue his Reason; (saith he) the poor Boy believes himself to be haunted with Ghosts, and is confident that he meets with an Evil Spirit in a certain Field about half a Mile from this Place, as often as he goes that way to School. In the midst of our Discourse, the Old Gentleman and his Lady (as observing their Cue most exactly) came up to us. Upon their Approach, and pointing me to the Arbour, the Parson renews the Relation to me, and they (the Parents of the Youth) confirmed what he said, and added many minute Circumstances, in a long narative of the whole: In fine they all Three desired my Thoughts and Advice in the Affair.

I was not able to collect my Thoughts enough on the sudden, to frame a Judgment upon what they had said. Only I answered, that the thing which the Youth reported to them, was strange, yet not incredible, and that I knew not then what to think or say of it, but if the Lad would be free to me in talk, and trust me with his Counsels, I had hopes to give them a better Account of my Opinion the next Day.



I had no sooner spoken so much, but I perceived my self in the Springle their Courtship had laid for me ; for the old Lady was not able to hide her impatience, but her Son must be call'd immediately ; this I was forced to comply with, and consent to, so that drawing off from the Company to an Orchard near by, she went her self, and brought him to me, and left him with me.

It was the main drift of all these Three to perswade me, that either the Boy was lazy, and glad of any excuse to keep from the School, or that he was in love with some Wench, and ashamed to confess it ; or that he had a Fetch upon his Father to get Money and new Clothes, that he might range to *London* after a Brother he had there ; and therefore they begg'd of me, to discover the Root of the Matter ; and accordingly to dissuade, advise, or reprove him ; but chiefly by all means to undeceive him, as to the fancy of Ghosts and Spirits.

I soon enter'd a close Conference with the Youth, and at first was very cautious not to displease him, but by smooth Words to ingratiate my self and get within him, for I doubted he would be too distrustful, or too reserved. But we had scarce past the first Scituation and began to speak to the Business, before I found, that there needed no Policy to skrew my self into his Heart ; for he most openly and with  
all



all obliging Candour did aver, that he loved his Book, and desired nothing more than to be bred a Scholar; that he had not the least respect for any of Womankind as his Mother gave out; And that the only request he would make to his Parents was, that they would but believe his constant Assertions, concerning the Woman he was disturbed with, in the Field, called the *Higher-Broom-Quartils*. He told me with all naked freedom and a Flood, of Tears, that his Friends were unkind and unjust to him, neither to believe nor pity him; and that if any Man (making a bow to me) would but go with him to the Place he might be convinc'd that the Thing was real, &c.

By this Time he found me apt to compassionate his Condition, and to be attentive to his Relation of it; and therefore he went on in this Manner.

This Woman which appears to me (said he) lived a Neighbour here to my Father; and dyed about Eight Ears since; her Name *Dorothy Dingley*, of such a Stature, such Age, and such Complexion. She never speaks to me, but passeth by hastily, and always leaves the footPath to me, and she commonly meets me twice or three Times in the breadth of the Field.

It was about two Months before I took any Notice of it, and though the Shape of the Face  
was



was in my Memory, yet I could not recall the Name of the Person; but without more thoughtfulness, I did suppose it was some Woman who lived thereabout, and had frequent Occasion that way. Nor did I imagine any Thing to the contrary, before she began to meet me constantly Morning and Evening, and always in the same Field, and sometimes twice or thrice in the breadth of it.

The first Time I took notice of her, was about a Year since; and when I first began to suspect and believe it to be a Ghost, I had Courage enough not to be afraid; but kept it to my self a good while, and only wondred very much at it. I did often speak to it, but never had a Word in Answer. Then I changed my Way and went to School the under Horse Road, and then she always met me in the narrow Lane, between the Quarry Parke and the Nursery, which was worse.

At length I began to be terrified at it, and prayed continually, that God would either free me from it, or let me know the meaning of it. Night and Day, sleeping and wakeing, the Shape was ever running in my Mind; and I often did repeat these Places of Scripture (with that he takes a small Bible out of his Pocket) Job. 7. 14. *Thou scarest me with Dreams, and terrifiest me through Visions*; and Deut. 28. 67. *In the Morning thou shalt say, would God*  
it



*it were Evening, and at Evening thou shalt say would God it were Morning, for the fear of thine Heart, wherewith thou shalt fear, and for the sight of thine Eyes which thou shalt see.*

I was very much pleased with the Lad's Ingenuity, in the Application of these pertinent Scriptures to his Condition, and desired him to proceed. (Thus said he) by degrees I grew very pensive, infomuch that it was taken Notice of by all our Family; whereupon being urged to it, I told my Brother *William* of it; and he privately acquainted my Father and Mother; and they kept it to themselves for some Time.

The success of this discovery was only this; they did sometimes laugh at me; sometimes chide me, but still commanded me to keep my School, and put such Fopperies out of my Head.\*

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\* The Boy seems to have more Courage and Resolution; then could be expected from one of his Years; if we Consider on the one Hand, how frequently he must be Terrified with the Apparition, and on the other constantly treated with contempt, and Laugh'd at by his Friends; tho' it seems at last by the Sequel of the Story to be grown Familiar to him, which might probably by degrees abate the Shock and Terror of the Appearance. How Terrified and Disorder'd does that great King *Belsazzar* appear, upon a Message from the Invisible World! tho' in the midst of his whole Court, having the Lords of one Hundred and twenty Seven Provinces, and a full Assembly of Courtiers and Ladies about him; when he saw but a piece of an Apparition, only a single Hand appear'd Writing upon



I did accordingly go to School often, but always met the Woman in the way.

This and much more to the same purpose (yea as much as held a Dialogue of near two Hours

upon the Wall, yet we find *his Countenance chang'd, and the Joints of his Knees were loosed, and his Knees smote one against another.* Dan. 5. 6. And we are told, upon very good Authority, that *Charles* the eighth of *France*, was not only frighted, but so far Terrified, as never after to recover his Senses, by an *Apparition* he saw in the Forrest of *Mans*. Many other Instances might be produc'd, of Men of the greatest Resolution, that have lost all their Courage on the Appearance of one of these Messengers; and it might perhaps be a very Difficult Task to Assign Reasons why it should not be so, at least, such as would hold good in all Cases. 'Tis no wonder to find the mind in a Discomposure, as it knows not from whence the Messenger comes, nor what Commission it brings, nor what Power it may have to execute its Commission: These Uncertainties, must throw a Terror upon the Spirits, and the Suddenness of its Appearance shock the Soul, and allarm all its Powers; a mind Conscious of Guilt must feel this with a double force, here it is no wonder to find the *Atheist* and the *Unbeliever* shrinking back, and Shuddering, turning Pale, and startling at the Sight of what has perhaps been the Subject of their Laughter, Ridicule, and Buffoonery, and whether they'll believe in God and Christ or not, they begin to believe there may be *Devils*, when the pains of *Hell* seem to take hold on them. And perhaps, this fear of the *Devil* may give them some sense, of the Homage they owe to God.

'Tis certainly one of the highest degrees of Prophaneness and Immorality, to throw Scorn and Contempt upon the Terrors of the Invisible World; or upon the Messengers, we may have any Reason to believe are sent from thence; nor is there any thing but Innocence of Heart, founded in *Religion* and *Virtue*, and such a Rectitude of Behaviour in Temper and Life, as by a settled Composure

of



Hours) was our Conference in the Orchard ; which ended with my proffer to him, that (without making any privy to our Intent) I would next Morning, walk with him to the Place about Six o' Clock. He was even transported with Joy at the mention of it, and replied, but will you sure, Sir? Will you sure, Sir?

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of Soul founded on that noble Basis of *peace of Conscience*, that can enable a Man undisturb'd and with Calmness to receive a Messenger or a Message from the unseen Worlds.

But to enter a little farther into the Case, and shew that the difficulty of Conversing with *Spirits*, may not be so great to those that are duly Qualified for it, as some may Imagine ; tho' it may not be an Office fit for every *Hot-Headed bold Pretender* to Resolution and Courage ; 'Tis Reasonable to suppose a mind rightly inform'd, and well Establish'd in the abovemention'd Principles, that has a sufficient Firmness, and Steadiness, will be able to form some Judgment from the Messenger, or the nature of the Message ; whether it be a Beneficent and good Spirit, an Agent of Mercy, a Messenger of Peace, or whether it be an Evil one from the Empire and Region of *Satan* ; the former he will easily see come too him in the Character of a Friend, and the latter he will very justly conclude can have no power to hurt, or annoy him ; for if we can suppose, the good Spirits are under a divine Direction, we must Naturally conclude, the bad ones are under certain Limitations, and therefore as the one has no will, so the other has not any Power to hurt us. A steady Confidence in the supreme Disposer of all things, is sufficient to Evince the Security of the truly good Man, tho' in the midst of ten Thousand Spirits from the Regions of the Prince of the Power of the Air. What has been said upon this Subject, I think may sufficiently Justifie the Conduct and Behaviour of the *Revd Mr. Ruddle* in this Affair, and I think there's a Variety of Circumstances in the Relation itself, that have a very strong Tendency to prove the Truth of it, where Men are not blinded by *Scepticism* or *Infidelity*.



Sir? Thank God, now I hope I shall be believed. From this Conclusion we retired into the House.

The Gentleman, his Wife and Mr. *William* were impatient to know the Event, inasmuch that they came out of the Parlour, into the Hall to meet us; and seeing the Lad look cheerfully, the first Complements from the Old Man was, come Mr. *Ruddle*, you have talked with *Sam*. I hope now he will have more Wit; an idle Boy, an idle Boy. At these Words the Lad ran up the Stairs to his Chamber without replying; and I soon stop'd the Curiosity of the three Expectants, by telling them I had promis'd Silence, and was resolved to be as good as my Word; but when things were ripe they might know all; at present, I desired them to rest in my faithful Promise, that I would do my utmost in their Service, and for the good of their Son. With this they were silenced, I cannot say, satisfied.

The next Morning before five a Clock, the Lad was in my Chamber, and very brisk; I arose and went with him. The Field he led me too, I guess'd to be twenty Acres, in an open Country, and about three Furlongs from any House. We went into the Field, and had not gone above a third part, before the Spectrum, in the shape of a Woman, with all the Circumstances he had described her to me in the Orchard



chard the Day before, (as much as the suddenness of its Appearance, and evanition would permit me to discover) met us and passed by. I was a little surpris'd at it; and though I had taken up a firm Resolution to speak to it, yet I had not the power, nor indeed durst I look back, yet I took care not to shew any fear to my Pupil and Guide, and therefore only telling him, that I was satisfis'd in the Truth of his Complaint, we walked to the end of the Field, and returned, nor did the Ghost meet us at that Time above once. I perceived in the young Man a kind of Boldness mixt with Astonishment; the first caused by my Presence, and the Proof he had given of his own Relation, and the other by the sight of his Persecutor.

In short, we went home; I somewhat puzzled, he much animated. At our return, the Gentlewoman (whose inquisitiveness had mis'd us) watch'd to speak with me, I gave her a convenience, and told her that my Opinion was, that her Son's Complaint was not to be slighted, nor altogether discredited, yet that my Judgement in his Case was not settled. I gave her Caution moreover, that the Thing might not take wind, least the whole Country should ring, with what we yet had no Assurance of.

In this juncture of Time, I had Business, which would admit no delay; wherefore I went for *Lanceston* that Evening, but promised  
to



to see them again next Week. Yet I was prevented by an Occasion which pleaded a sufficient excuse. For my Wife was that Week brought home from a Neighbours House very ill. However my Mind was upon the Adventure; I studdied the Case; and about three Weeks after went again; resolving by the help of God to see the utmost.

The next Morning being the 27th Day of *July* 1665. I went to the haunted Field by my self, and walked the breadth of it without any encounter, I returned, and took the other Walk, and then the Spectrum appeared to me, much about the same Place I saw it before when the young Gentleman was with me: In my Thoughts it moved swifter than the Time before, and about ten Foot distant from me on my right Hand; infomuch that I had not Time to speak as I determined with my self before Hand.

The Evening of this Day, the Parents, the Son, and my self, being in the Chamber where I lay; I propounded to them, our going altogether to the Place next Morning, and some asseveration, that there was no danger in it, we all resolved upon it. The Morning being come, lest we should alarm the Family of Servants, they went under the pretence of seeing a Field of Wheat, and I took my Horse, and

fetcht



fetcht a Compass another way, and so met at the Stile we had appointed.

Thence we all four walked leisurely into the Quarrils; and had past above half the Field, before the Ghost made its Appearance. It then came over the Stile just before us, and moved with that Swiftneſs, that by the Time we had gone six or seven Steps it passed by. I immediately turn'd my Head and ran after it, with the young Man by my side; we saw, it pass over the Stile at which we entered, but no farther, I stept upon the Hedge at one Place, he at another but could discern nothing, whereas I dare averr, that the swiftest Horse in *England* could not have conveyed himself out of sight, in that short space of Time. Two Things I observed in this Days Appearance.

1. That a Spaniel Dog, who followed the Company unregarded, did bark and run away, as the Spectrum passed by; whence 'tis easy to conclude that 'twas not our Fear or Fancy which made the Apparition.

2. That the motion of the Spectrum was not gradual, or by Steps, and moving of the Feet; but a kind of gliding as Children upon the Ice, or a Boat down a swift River, which punctually answers the Descriptions, the Ancients gave of the Motion of their *Lemures*.

But



But to proceed, this ocular Evidence clearly convinc'd, but withal strangely affrighted the Old Gentleman and his Wife; who knew this *Dorothy Dingly* in her Life Time, were at her Burial, and now plainly saw her Features in this present Apparition. I encourag'd them as well as I could; but after this they went no more. However I was resolved to proceed, and use such lawful Means as God hath discovered, and learned Men have successfully practised, in these un-vulgar Cases.

The next Morning being *Thursday*, I went out very early by my self, and walked for about an Hours space in Meditation and Prayer in the Field next adjoining to the Quarts. Soon after Five I stept over the Stile, into the disturb'd Field; and had not gone above thirty or forty Paces before the Ghost appeared at the farther Stile. I spake to it with a loud Voice, in some such Sentences as the way of these dealings directed me, whereupon it approached but slowly, and when I came near it moved not. I spake again and it answered, in a Voice neither very Audible nor Inteligible. I was not in the least terrify'd, and therefore persisted, until it spake again, and gave me Satisfaction. But the Work could not be finish'd at this Time; wherefore the same Evening an Hour after Sun-set, it met me again near the same Place, and after a few Words of each side it quietly vanished, and neither doth appear since,



since, nor ever will more, to any Man's disturbance. The discourse in the Morning lasted about a quarter of an Hour.

These Things are true, and I know them to be so with as much certainty as Eyes and Ears can give me, and until I can be perswaded that my Senses do deceive me about their proper object; and by that perswasion deprive myself of the strongest Inducement to believe the *Christian Religion*, I must and will assert, that these Things in this Paper are true.

As for the manner of my Proceeding, I find no Reason to be asham'd of it, for I can justify it, to Men of good Principles, Discretion, and recondite Learning. Though in this Case I chose to content myself in the assurance of the Thing, rather than be at the unprofitable trouble to persuade others to believe it. For I know full well with what difficulty, Relations of so uncommon a Nature and Practice, obtain Belief. He that tells such a Story, may expect to be dealt withal, as a Traveller in *Poland* by the Robbers. *viz.* first Murdered and then Search'd, first condemn'd for a Lyar, or Superstitious, and then (when 'tis too late) have his Reasons and Proofs examined. This Incredulity may attributed,

i. To the infinite abuses of the People, and impositions upon their Faith by the cunning  
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Monks



*Monks and Friars, &c.* in the Days of Dark-ness and Popery. For they made Apparitions as often as they pleased, and got both Money and Credit by quieting the *terrificamenta Vulgi*, which their own Artifice had raised.

2. To the prevailing of *Somatism* and the *Hobbean* Principle in these Times; which is a Revival of the Doctrine of the Sadduces, and as it denies the Nature, so cannot consist with the Apparition of Spirits, of which see, *Leviath.* p. 1 c. 12.

3. To the Ignorance of Men in our Age, in this peculiar and Mysteious Part of Philosophy and Religion, namely the Communication between Spirits and Men. Not one Scholar of ten Thousand (though otherwise of excellent Learning) knows any Thing of it, or the way how to manage it. This Ignorance breeds fear, and abhorrence of that, which otherwise might be of incomparable benefit to Mankind.

But I being a Clergy Man, and young, and a Stranger in these Parts, do apprehend silence and secrecy to be my best security.

*In rebus abstrusissimis abundans cautela non nocet,*

September 4th. 1665.



*The Account of the Apparition of Sir George Villers, relating to the Murder of the Duke of Buckingham his Son, as taken from the Lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion; is as follows.*

There were many Stories scatter'd abroad at that time of several Prophecies and Predictions of the Duke's untimely and violent Death; amongst the rest, there was one which was upon a better Foundation of Credit than usually such Discourses are founded upon.

There was an Officer in the King's Wardrobe in *Winsor-Castle*, of a good Reputation for Honesty and Discretion, and then about the Age of fifty Years or more.

This Man had in his Youth been bred in a School in the Parish where Sir *George Villers*, the Father of the Duke, liv'd, and had been much cherish'd and oblig'd in that Season of his Age by the said Sir *George*, whom afterwards he never saw.

About six Months before the miserable End of the Duke of *Buckingham*, about Midnight, this Man being in his Bed at *Winsor*, where his Office was, and in very good Health, there appeared to him on the side of his Bed, a Man



of a very venerable Aspect, who drew the Curtains of his Bed, and fixing his Eyes upon him, ask'd him if he knew him.

The poor Man, half dead with Fear and Apprehension, being ask'd the second time, whether he remembred him, and having in that time called to his Memory the Presence of Sir *George Villers*, and the very Cloaths he used to wear, in which at that time he seem'd to be habited, he answer'd him, That he thought him to be that Person; he reply'd, He was in the right, that he was the same, and that he expected a Service from him, which was, That he should go from him, to his Son the Duke of *Buckingham*, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the People, or at least to abate the extreme Malice which they had against him, he would be suffer'd to live but a short time.

After this Discourse he disappear'd, and the poor Man (if he had been at all waking) slept very well 'till Morning, when he believed all this to be a Dream, and consider'd it no otherwise.

The next Night, or shortly after, the same Person appear'd to him again, in the same Place, and about the same time of the Night, with an Aspect a little more severe than before, and asked him, Whether he had done as he had required of him; and perceiving he had not, gave him very severe Reprehensions, told him  
he



he expected more Compliance from him, and that if he did not perform his Commands, he should enjoy no Peace of Mind ; but should always be pursu'd by him : Upon which, he promised him to obey. But the next Morning, waking out of a good Sleep, tho' he was exceedingly perplex'd with the lively Representation of all Particulars to his Memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dream'd, and consider'd that he was a Person at such a distance from the Duke, that he knew not how to find out any Admission to his Presence, much less had any Hope to be believed in what he should say ; so with great Trouble and Unquietness he spent some time in thinking what he should do ; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

The same Person appeared to him the third Time with a terrible Countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor Man had, by this time, recover'd the Courage to tell him, that in Truth he had deferred the Execution of his Commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any Access to the Duke, having Acquaintance with no Person about him ; and if he should obtain Admission to him, he should never be able to persuade him that he was sent in such a manner ; that he should at least be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employ'd by his own,  
or



or the Malice of other Men to abuse the Duke; and so he should be sure to be undone.

The Person reply'd, as he had done before, that he should never find Rest 'till he should perform what he required, and therefore he were better to dispatch it; that the Access to his Son was known to be very easy, and that few Men waited long for him; and for the gaining him Credit, he would tell him two or three Particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any Person living but to the Duke himself; and he should no sooner hear them but he should believe all the rest he should say; and so repeating his Threats, he left him.

In the Morning the poor Man, more confirm'd by the last Appearance, made his Journey to *London*, where the Court then was; he was very well known to Sir *Ralph Freeman*, one of the Masters of Requests, who had married a Lady that was nearly ally'd to the Duke, and was himself well received by him: To him this Man went, and tho' he did not acquaint him with all the Particulars, he said enough to let him know there was something extraordinary in it; and the Knowledge he had of the Sobriety and Discretion of the Man, made the more Impression on him: He desired that by his means he might be brought to the Duke in such a Place and in such a Manner as  
should



should be thought fit, affirming that he had much to say to him, and of such a Nature as would require much Privacy, and some Time and Patience in the hearing.

Sir *Ralph* promis'd he would speak first with the Duke of him, and then he should understand his Pleasure; and accordingly, the first Opportunity he did inform him of the Reputation and Honesty of the Man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter.

The Duke, according to his usual Openness and Condescension, told him, that he was the next Day early to hunt with the King; that his Horses should attend him at *Lambeth* Bridge, where he should land by five of the Clock in the Morning; and if the Man attended him there at that Hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

Sir *Ralph* carried the Man with him the next Morning, and presented him to the Duke at his Landing, who receiv'd him courteously, and walk'd aside in Conference near an Hour; none but his own Servants being at that Hour in that Place; and they and Sir *Ralph* at such a Distance, that they could not hear a Word, tho' the Duke sometimes spoke loud, and with great Commotion, which Sir *Ralph* the more easily observ'd and perceived, because he kept his Eyes always fix'd upon the Duke, having

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procur'd the Conference upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary.

The Man told him, in his Return over the Water, that when he mention'd those Particulars which were to gain him Credit, (the Substance whereof he said he durst not impart unto him) the Duke's Colour chang'd, and he *swore* he could come at that Knowledge only by the *Devil*, for that those Particulars were only known to himself and to one Person more, who he was sure would never speak of it.

The Duke pursu'd his Purpose of Hunting, but was observed to ride all the Morning with great Pensiveness and in deep Thoughts, without any Delight in the Exercise he was upon ; and before the Morning was spent, left the Field, and alighted at his Mother's Lodgings in *Whitehall*, with whom he was shut up for the Space of two or three Hours ; the Noise of their Discourse frequently reaching the Ears of those who attended in the next Rooms. And when the Duke left her, his Countenance appear'd full of Trouble, with a Mixture of Anger ; a Countenance that was never before observed in him in any Conversation with her towards whom he had a profound Reverence ; and the *Countess* her self (for though she was married to a private Gentleman, Sir *Thomas Compton*, she had been created *Countess of Buck-*



*Buckingham* shortly after her Son had first assumed that Title) was at the Duke's leaving her found over-whelm'd in Tears, and in the highest Agony imaginable.

Whatever there was of all this, it is notorious Truth, that when the News of the Duke's Murther (which happen'd within a few Months after) was brought to his Mother, she seem'd not in the least degree surprized, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of Sorrow as was expected from such a Mother for the Loss of such a Son.

This Story is related with some little Circumstantial Difference by several Considerable Authors, who all seem to agree in the most material Parts of it.\*

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\* Fame, tho' with some Privacy, says, that the secret Token was an incestuous Breach of Modesty between the Duke and a certain Lady too nearly related to him; which it surprized the Duke to hear of; and that as he thought he had good Reason to be sure the Lady would not tell it of her self, so he thought none but the Devil could tell it besides her; and this astonished him, so that he was very far from receiving the Man slightly, or laughing at his Message.



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*The Learned Dr. Isaac Walton, in his Account of the Life of Dr. Donne, gives the following Remarkable Story.*

**D**R. Donne and his Wife living with Sir Robert Drury, who gave them a free Entertainment at his House in *Drury-lane*; it happen'd that the Lord *Haye* was by King *James* sent in an Ambassy to the *French King Henry IV.* whom Sir *Robert* resolv'd to Accompany, and ingag'd Dr. *Donne* to go with them, whose Wife was then with Child, at Sir *Robert's* House. Two Days after their arrival at *Paris* Dr. *Donne* was left alone in that Room, in which Sir *Robert* and he, and some other Friends, had dined together. To this Place Sir *Robert* return'd within half an Hour; and as he left, so he found Dr. *Donne* alone, but in such an Extasy, and so alter'd in his Looks, as amaz'd Sir *Robert* to behold him, insomuch that he earnestly desir'd Dr. *Donne* to declare, what had befallen him in the short time of his Absence. To which Dr. *Donne* was not able to make a present Answer; but after a long and perplex'd Pause, did at last say, I have seen a dreadful Vision, since I saw you, I have seen my dear Wife pass Twice by me, through  
this



this Room, with her *Hair hanging* about her *Shoulders*, and a *dead Child* in her *Arms*, this I have seen since I saw you. To which Sir Robert reply'd, *sure*, Sir, you have *slept*, since I saw you, and this is the Result of some *melancholy Dream*, which I desire you to *forget*, for you are now *awake*. To which Dr. Donne's reply was, I cannot be *surer* that I *now live*, than that I have *not slept* since I saw you, and am as *sure* at her *Second appearing* she stop'd and *look'd* me in the *Face* and *vanish'd*. Rest and Sleep had not *alter'd* Dr. Donne's *Opinion* the *next Day*; for he then affirm'd *this Vision* with a *more deliberate* and *so confirm'd* a *Confidence*, that he *inclin'd* Sir Robert to a *faint Belief*, that the *Vision* was *true*, who immediately *sent* a *Servant* to *Drury House*, with a *Charge* to hasten back and bring him Word whether Mrs. Donne were alive; and if alive, what *Condition* she was in as to her *Health*; The Twelfth Day the Messenger return'd with this Account: That he found and left Mrs. Donne very *Sad* and *Sick* in Bed, and that after a *long* and *dangerous* Labour, she had been deliver'd of a *dead Child*, and upon *Examination* the Abortion prov'd to be the *same Day*, and about the *very Hour*, that Dr. Donne affirm'd he *saw* her pass by in his Chamber. Mr. Walton adds this as a Relation; which will beget some Wonder, and well it may, for most of our World are at present possess'd with an Opinion, that *Visions* and *Miracles* are *ceas'd*; and



though 'tis most certain that Two Lutes being both Strong and tuned to an equal Pitch, and then one play'd upon, the other, that is not touched, being laid upon the Table at a fit distance will (like an Eccho to a Trumpet) warble a faint audible Harmony in answer to the same Tune, yet many will not believe that there is any such thing as a Sympathy with Souls, &c.

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*The following Account was Communicated by Sir Charles Lee, to the Lord Bishop of Gloucester, and afterwards Publish'd by Mr. Beaumont in his Treatise of Spirits.*

SIR Charles Lee, by his first Lady, had only one Daughter, of which she died in Child-birth; and when she died, her Sister, the Lady *Everard* desir'd to have the Education of the Child; and she was by her very well educated, till she was Marriageable; and a Match was concluded for her with Sir *William Perkins*, but was then prevented in an extraordinary manner. Upon a Thursday Night she thinking she saw a Light in her Chamber  
after



after she was in Bed, knock'd for her Maid, who presently came to her; and she ask'd why she left a Candle burning in her Chamber? The Maid said she left none, and there was none, but what she brought with her at that Time. Then she said it was the Fire: But that the Maid told her was quite out, and said she believ'd it was only a Dream; whereupon she said it might be so, and compos'd herself again to Sleep; but about Two of the Clock she was awaken'd again, and saw the Apparition of a little Woman between her Curtain and her Pillow, who told her she was her Mother, and that she was Happy, and that by Twelve of the Clock that Day, she should be with her; whereupon, she knock'd again for her Maid, called for her Cloaths, and when she was dress'd, went into her Closet, and came not out again till Nine; and then brought out with her a Letter sealed to her Father, brought it to her Aunt, the Lady *Everard*, told her what had happen'd, and desir'd, that, as soon as she was Dead, it might be sent to him; but the Lady thought she was suddenly fallen Mad; and thereupon sent presently away to *Chelmsford* for a Physician and Surgeon, who both came immediately, but the Physician could discern no Indication of what the Lady imagined, or of any Indisposition of her Body; notwithstanding the Lady would needs have her let Blood, which was done accordingly; and when the young Woman had patient-

ent.



ently let them do what they would with her, she desir'd that the Chaplain might be called to read Prayers, and when Prayers were ended she took her *Gittar* and *Psalm-book*, and sat down upon a Chair without Arms, and play'd and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her Musick-master, who was then there, admired at it; and near the Stroke of Twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great Chair with Arms, and presently fetching a strong Breathing or Two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly Cold, as was much wonder'd at by the Physician and Surgeon. She died at *Waltham* in *Essex*, Three Miles from *Chelmsford*; and the Letter was sent to Sir *Charles* at his House in *Warwickshire*: But he was so afflicted with the death of his Daughter, that he came not till she was buried; but when he came he caus'd her to be taken up, and to be buried by her Mother at *Edmuntton*, as she desir'd in her Letter. This was about the Year one Thousand six Hundred and sixty Two, or sixty Three.

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*Mr. James Douch's account of the  
Apparition of Major Syden-  
ham to Capt. William Dyke.*

CONCERNING the Apparition of the Ghost  
of Major *George Sydenham* (late of *Dul-*  
ver-



verton in the County of *Somerset*) to Captain *William Dyke* (late of *Skilgate* in this County also, and now likewise deceased) be pleased to take the Relation of it as I have it from the Worthy and Learned Dr. *Tho. Dyke*, a near Kinsman of the Captains, thus: Shortly after the Majors Death, the Doctor was desired to come to the House to take care of a Child that was there sick, and in his way thither he called on the Captain, who was very willing to wait on him to the place, because he must, as he said, have gone thither that Night, though he had not met with so encouraging an Opportunity. After their arrival there at the House, and the civility of the People shewn them in that Entertainment, they were seasonably conducted to their Lodging, which they desired might be together in the same Bed; Where, after they had lain a while the Captain knockd and bids the Servant bring him two of the largest and biggest Candles lighted that he could get. Whereupon the Doctor enquires what he meant by this? The Captain answers, you know Cousin what disputes my Major and I have had touching the Being of a God, and the Immortality of the Soul. In which points we could never yet be resolved, though we so much fought for and desired it. And therefore it was at length fully agreed between us, That he of us that dyed first should the third Night after his Funeral, between the Hours of Twelve and One come to the little house  
that



that is here in the Garden, and there give a full account to the survivor touching these matters, who should be sure to be present there at the set time, and so receive a full Satisfaction. And this, says the Captain, is the very Night, and I am come on purpose to fulfil my promise. The Doctor dissuaded him, minding him of the danger of following those strange Counsels, for which we could have no Warrant, and that the Devil might by some cunning device make such an advantage of this rash attempt, as might work is utter ruine. The Captain replies, that he had solemnly engaged, and that nothing should discourage him: and adds, That if the Doctor would wake a while with him, he would thank him, if not, he might compose himself to his rest; but for his own part he was resolved to watch, that he might be sure to be present at the hour appointed. To that purpose he sets his Watch by him, and as soon as he perceived by it that it was half an Hour past Eleven, he rises, and takes a Candle in each Hand, goes out by a back Door, of which he had before gotten the Key, and walks to the Garden-house, where he continued two Hours and an half, and at his return declared that he had neither saw nor heard any thing more than what was usual. But I know, said he, that my Major would surely have come, had he been able.

About six Weeks after the Captain rides to  
*Eaton*



*Eaton* to place his Son a Scholar there, when the Doctor went thither with him. They lodged there at an Inn, the Sign was the *Christopher*, and tarried two or three Nights, not lying together now as before at *Dulverton*, but in two several Chambers. The Morning before they went thence, the Captain stayed in his Chamber longer than he was wont to do before he called upon the Doctor. At length he comes into the Doctors Chamber, but in a visage and form much differing from himself, with his Hair and Eyes staring, and his whole Body shakeing and trembling. Whereat the Doctor wondering, presently demanded, What is the matter, Cousin Captain? The Captain replies, I have seen my Major. At which the Doctor seeming to smile, the Captain immediately confirms it, saying, If ever I saw him in my Life I saw him but now. And then he related to the Doctor what had passed, thus: This Morning after it was light, some one comes to my Beds side, and suddenly drawing back the Curtains, calls *Cap. Cap.* (which was the term of Familiarity that the Major used to call the Captain by) To whom I replied, What my Major? To which he returns, I could not come at the time appointed, but I am now come to tell you, *That there is a God, and a very just and terrible one, and if you do not turn over a new leaf* (the very Expression as is by the Doctor punctually remembered) *you will find it so.* (The Captain proceeded) On  
H the



the Table by, there lay a Sword which the Major had formerly given me. Now after the Apparition had walked a turn or two about the Chamber, he took up the Sword, drew it out, and finding it not so clean and bright as it ought, *Cap. Cap. says he, this Sword did not use to be kept after this manner when it was mine.* After which Words he suddenly disappeared.

The Captain was not only thoroughly persuaded of what he had thus seen and heard, but was from that time observed to be very much affected with it. And the humour that before in him was brisk and jovial, was then strangely altered. Insomuch as very little Meat would pass down with him at Dinner, though at the takeing leave of their Friends there was a very handsome Treat provided. Yea, it was observed that what the Captain had thus seen and heard had a more lasting influence upon him, and it is judged by those who were well acquainted with his Conversation, that the remembrance of this Passage stuck close to him, and that those Words of his dead Friend were frequently sounding fresh in his Ears, during the Remainder of his Life, which was about two Years.









G. Anderson Sculp.



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*The Apparition of a Gentleman  
who had liv'd in the West of  
England, to the late Rev'd and  
Learned Dr. Scot, on account of  
an Original Deed belonging to  
his Grandsons Estate.*

THE Doctor, as I have the Story related, was sitting alone by the Fire, either in his Study or his Parlour, in *Broadstreet* where he liv'd, and reading a Book, his Door being shut fast and lock'd; he was well assured there was no body in the Room but himself, when accidentally raising his Head a little, he was exceedingly surpriz'd to see sitting in an Elbow Chair, at the other side of the Fire-place or Chimney, an Ancient grave Gentleman in a black Velvet Gown, a long Whig, and looking with a pleasing Countenance towards him (*the Doctor*) as if just going to speak.\*

The Doctor as we may Reasonably Suppose, was greatly surpriz'd at the sight of him; and indeed the seeing him as sitting in a Chair was the most likely to be surprizing; be-

H 2

cause

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\* Another Person relating this Story, says the Ancient Gentleman appear'd standing, and having just opened the Door of the Doctor's Study, he was come in; and saluting the Doctor spoke first to him; but the Difference is but small.



cause the Doctor knowing the Door to be lock'd, and then seeing a Man sitting in the Chair, he must immediately and at first sight conclude him to be a Spirit, or Apparition, or *Devil*, call it as you will; had he seen him come in at the Door, he might at first sight have supposed him to be really a Gentleman come to speak with him, and might think he had omitted fastning the Door, as he intended to have done.

The Doctor appear'd in great disorder at the sight, as he acknowledg'd to those to whom he told the Story, and from whom (says my Author) I receiv'd this Account, with very little remove of Hands between.

The Spectre it seems began, for the Doctor had not Courage at first, as he said, to speak to it; I say the Spectre or Apparition spoke first, and desir'd the Doctor not to be frightened, not to be surpriz'd, for that he would not do him any hurt; but that he came to him upon a Matter of great Importance to an injur'd Family, which was in great danger of being Ruin'd; and that tho' he (the Doctor) was a Stranger to the Family, yet knowing him to be a Man of Integrity, he had pitch'd upon him to do an act of very great Charity, as well as Justice; and that he could depend upon him for a punctual Performance.

The Doctor was not at first compos'd enough



ough to receive the Introduction of the Business with a due attention ; but seem'd rather inclin'd to get out of the Room if he could, and once or twice made some attempt to knock for some of the Family to come up, at which the Apparition appear'd a little displeas'd.

But it seems he need not ; for as the Doctor said, he had no power to go out of the Room if he had been next the Door, or to knock for Help if any had been at Hand.

But here the Apparition seeing the Doctor still in Confusion, desir'd him again to compose himself, for he would not do him the least Injury, or offer any thing to make him uneasie ; but desir'd that he would give him leave to deliver the Business he came about, which when he had heard, perhaps he would see less cause to be surpriz'd or Apprehensive than he did now.

By this time, and by the calm way of Discourse above mention'd, the Doctor recover'd himself so much, tho' not with any kind of Composure, as to speak.

In the Name of God, *says the Doctor*, what art thou ?

I desire you would not be frighted, *says the Apparition* to him again ; I am a Stranger to you, and if I tell you my Name, you do not  
know



know it ; but you may do the Business without enquiring.

The Doctor continu'd still discompos'd and uneasie, and said nothing for some time.

The Apparition spoke again to him not to be surpriz'd, and receiv'd only for Answer the old ignorant Question,

In the Name of God, what art thou ?

Upon this the Spectre seem'd displeas'd, as if the Doctor had not treated him with Respect ; and expostulated a little with him, telling him he could have terrify'd him into a Compliance, but that he chose to come calmly and quietly to him ; and used some other Discourses, so civil and obliging, that by this time he began to be a little more Familiar, and at length the Doctor ask'd,

What is it you would have with me ?

At this the Apparition, as if gratify'd with the Question, began his Story thus.

I liv'd in the County of——

*I do not exactly Remember the County he named; but it was in some of the Western Counties of England.*

where I left a very good Estate, which my Grandson enjoys at this time. But he is sued for the Possession by my two Nephews, the Sons of my younger Brother.

Here



*Here he gave him his own Name, the Name of his younger Brother, and the Names of his two Nephews; but I am not allow'd to publish the Names in this Relation, nor might it be proper for many Reasons.*

The Doctor then interrupted, and ask'd him how long the Grandson had been in Possession of the Estate; which he told him was ——— Years, intimateing that he had been so long dead.

Then he went on, and told him, that his Nephews would be too hard for his Grandson in the Suit, and would OUT him of the Mansion-House and Estate; so that he would be in danger of being entirely ruin'd, and his Family be reduc'd.

Still the Doctor could not see into the Matter, or what he could do to help or remedy the Evil that threaten'd the Family; and therefore ask'd him some Questions: for now they began to be a little better acquainted than at first.

*Says the Doctor, And what am I able to do in it, if the Law be against him?*

*Why, says the Spectre, it is not that the Nephews have any Right; but the grand Deed of Settlement, being the Conveyance of the Inheritance, is lost; and for want of that Deed they will not be able to make out their Title to the Estate.*

*Well,*



Well, *says the Doctor*, and still what can I do in the Case?

Why, *says the Spectre*, if you will go down to my Grandson's House, and take such Persons with you as you can trust, I will give you such Instructions as that you shall find out the Deed or Settlement, which lies concealed in a Place where I put it with my own Hands, and where you shall direct my Grandson to take it out in your Presence.

But why then can you not direct your Grandson himself to do this? *says the Doctor*:

Ask me not about that, *says the Apparition*; there are divers Reasons which you may know hereafter. I can depend upon your Honesty in it, in the mean time; and I will so dispose Matters that you shall have your Expences paid you, and be handsomely allow'd for your Trouble.

After this Discourse, and several other Expostulations, (for the Doctor was not easily prevail'd upon to go 'till the Spectre seem'd to look angrily, and even to threaten him for refusing,) he did at last Promise to go.

Having obtain'd a Promise of him, he told him he might let his Grandson know that he had formerly convers'd with his Grandfather, (but not how lately, or in what Manner,) and ask to see the House; and that in  
such



such an upper Room or Loft, he should find a great deal of old Lumber, old Coffers, old Chests, and such Things as were out of Fashion now, thrown by, and pil'd up upon one another, to make room for more modish Furniture, Cabinets, Chests of Drawers, and the like.

That in such a particular Corner was such a certain old Chest, with an old broken Lock upon it, and a Key in it, which could neither be turn'd in the Lock, or pull'd out of it.†

In that Chest, *says he*, and in that Place, lyes the grand Deed, or Charter of the Estate, which conveys the Inheritance, and without which the Family will be ruin'd, and turn'd out of Doors.

After this Discourse, and the Doctor promising to go down into the Country and dispatch this important Commission; the Apparition putting on a very pleasant and smiling Aspect, thank'd him, and disappear'd.

After some Days, and within the time limited by the Proposal of the Spectre, the Doctor went down accordingly into ———shire; and  
I find.

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† Here he gave him a particular Description of the Chest, and of the Outside, the Lock and the Cover, and also of the Inside, and of a private place in it, which no Man could come to, or find out, unless the whole Chest was pull'd in Pieces.



finding the Gentleman's House very readily, by the Direction, knock'd at the Door, and ask'd if he was at home; and after being told he was, and the Servants telling their Master it was a Clergyman, the Gentleman came to the Door, and very courteously invited him in.

After the Doctor had been there some time, he observ'd the Gentleman receiv'd him with an unexpected Civility, tho' a Stranger, and without Business: They enter'd into many friendly Discourses, and the Doctor pretended to have heard much of the Family, (as, indeed, he had) and of his Grandfather; from whom, Sir, *says he*, I perceive the Estate more immediately descends to yourself.

Ay, *says the Gentleman*, and shook his Head, my Father died young, and my Grandfather has left Things so confus'd, that for want of one principal Writing, which is not yet come to Hand, I have met with a great deal of trouble from a couple of Cousins, my Grandfather's Brother's Children, who have put me to a great deal of Charge about it. And with that the Doctor seem'd a little Inquisitive.

But I hope you have got over it, Sir? *says he*.

No truly, *says the Gentleman*, to be so open with you, we shall never get quite over it unless we can find this old Deed; which, however.



ever, I hope we shall find, for I intend to make a general Search for it.

I wish with all my Heart you may find it, Sir, *says the Doctor.*

I don't doubt but I shall; I had a strange Dream about it but last Night, *says the Gentleman.*

A Dream about the Writing! *says the Doctor,* I hope it was that you should find it then?

I dream'd, *says the Gentleman,* that a strange Gentleman came to me, that I had never seen in my Life, and help'd me to look it. I don't know but you may be the Man.

I should be very glad to be the Man, I am sure, *says the Doctor.*

Nay, *says the Gentleman,* you may be the Man to help me to look it.

Ay, Sir, *says the Doctor,* I may help you to look it indeed, and I'll do that too with all my Heart; but I wou'd much rather be the Man that should help you to find it: Pray when do you intend to make a search?

To-morrow, *says the Gentleman,* I had appointed to do it.

But, *says the Doctor,* in what manner do you intend to search?



Why, *says the Gentleman*, 'tis all our Opinions that my Grandfather was so very much concern'd to preserve this Writing, and had so much Jealousy that some that were about him would take it from him if they could, that he has hid it in some secret Place; and I'm resolv'd I'll pull half the House down but I'll find it, if it be above Ground.

Truly, *says the Doctor*, he may have hid it so, that you must pull the House down before you find it, and perhaps not then neither. I have known such things utterly lost, by the very Care taken to preserve them.

If it was made of something the Fire wou'd not destroy, *says the Gentleman*, I'd burn the House down but I'd find it.

I suppose you have search'd all the old Gentleman's Chests, and Trunks, and Coffers over and over? *says the Doctor*.

Ay, *says the Gentleman*, and turn'd them all inside outward, and there they lie of a heap up in a great Loft, or Garret, with nothing in them; nay, we knock'd three or four of them in Pieces to search for private Drawers, and then I burnt them for Anger, tho' they were fine old Cypress Chests, that cost Money enough when they were in Fashion.

I'm sorry you burnt them, *says the Doctor*.

Nay,



Nay, *says the Gentleman*, I did not burn a scrap of them 'till they were all split to Pieces; and it was not possible there cou'd be any thing there.

*This made the Doctor a little easy; for he began to be surpriz'd when he told him he had split some of them out, and burnt them.*

Well, Sir, *says the Doctor*, if I can do you any Service in your Search, I'll come and see you again to-morrow, and wait upon your Search with my good Wishes.

Nay, *says the Gentleman*, I don't design to part with you ; since you are so kind to offer me your Help, you shall stay all Night then, and be at the first of it.

The Doctor had now gain'd his Point so far as to make himself acquainted and desirable in the House, and to have a kind of Intimacy ; so that tho' he made as if he would go, he did not want much Entreaties to make him stay ; so he consented to lie in the House all Night.

A little before Evening the Gentleman ask'd him to take a Walk in his Park, but he put it off with a Jest ; I had rather, Sir, *said he smiling*, you'd let me see this fine old Mansion House that is to be demolish'd to-morrow ; me-thinks I'd fain see the House once, before you pull it down.

With



With all my Heart, *says the Gentleman*. So he carry'd him immediately up Stairs, shew'd him all the best Apartments, and all his fine Furniture and Pictures; and coming to the Head of the great Stair-Case where they came up, offer'd to go down again.

But, Sir, *says the Doctor*, shall we not go up higher?

There's nothing there, *says he*, but Garrets and old Lofts full of Rubbish, and a Place to go out into the Turret, and the Clock-house.

O, let me see it all, now we are a going, *says the Doctor*. I love to see the old lofty Towers and Turrets, the Magnificence of our Ancestors, tho' they are out of Fashion now; Pray let us see all, now we are going.

Why, it will tire you, *says the Gentleman*.

No, no, *says the Doctor*, if it don't tire you that have seen it so often, it won't tire me, I assure you: Pray let us go up. So away the Gentleman goes, and the Doctor after him.

After they had rambled over the wild Part of an old-built great House, which I need not describe, he passes by a great Room, the Door of which was open, and in it a great deal of old Lumber: And what Place is this, pray? *says the Doctor*, looking in at the Door, but not offering to go in.

O!



O! that's the Room, *says the Gentleman softly*, because there was a Servant attending them, that's the Room I told you of, where all the old Rubbish lay, the Chests, the Coffers, and the Trunks; look there, see how they are pil'd up one upon another almost to the Ceiling.

With this the Doctor goes in and looks about him; for this was the Place he was directed to, and which he wanted to see: He was not in the Room two Minutes but he found every thing just as the Spectre at *London* had describ'd, went directly to the Pile he had been told of, and fixes his Eye upon the very Chest with the old rusty Lock upon it, with the Key in it, which would neither turn round, nor come out.

On my Word, Sir, *says the Doctor*, you have taken Pains enough, if you have rumag'd all these Drawers, and Chests, and Coffers, and every thing that may have been in them.

Indeed, Sir, *says the Gentleman*, I have emptied every one of them myself, and look'd over all the old musty Writings one by one; with some help, indeed; but they, every one, past thro' my own Hand, and under my Eye.

Well, Sir, *says the Doctor*, I see you have been in earnest, and I find the thing is of great Consequence to you: I have a strange Fancy come into my Head this very Moment; will you



you gratify my Curiosity with but opening and emptying one small Chest or Coffer that I have cast my Eye upon? there may be nothing in it, for you are satisfy'd, I believe, that I was never here before; but I have a strange Notion that there are some private Places in it which you have not found; perhaps there may be nothing in them, when they are found.

The Gentleman looks at the Chest smiling, I remember opening it very well; and turning to his Servant, *Will*, says he, don't you remember that Chest? Yes, Sir, says *Will*, very well, I remember you were so weary you sat down upon the Chest when every thing was out of it, you clap'd down the Lid and sat down, and sent me to my Lady to bring you a Dram of Citron; you said you were so tir'd you was ready to faint.

Well, Sir, 'twas only a Fancy of mine, and very likely to have nothing in it.

'Tis no matter for that, says the Gentleman, you shall see it turn'd bottom up again before your Face, and so you shall all the rest, if you do but speak the Word.

Well, Sir, says the Doctor, if you will oblige me but with that one, I'll trouble you no farther.

Immediately the Gentleman causes the Coffer



fer to be drag'd out, and open'd; for it would not be lock'd, the Key would neither lock it nor unlock it: when the Papers were all out, the Doctor turning his Face another way, as if he would look among the Papers, but taking little or no Notice of the Chest, stoop'd down, and as if supporting himself with his Cane, chops his Cane into the Chest, but snatcht it out again hastily, as if it had been a Mistake, and turning to the Chest he claps the Lid of it down, and sits down upon it, as if he was a weary too.

However he takes an Opportunity to speak to the Gentleman softly, to send away his Man a Moment; for I wou'd speak a Word or two with you, Sir, *says he*, out of his hearing; and then recollecting himself, Sir, *says he aloud*, can you not send for a Hammer and a Chisel?

Yes, Sir, *says the Gentleman*. Go, *Will*, *says he to his Man*, fetch a Hammer and Chisel.

As soon as *Will* was gone, Now, Sir, *says he*, let me say a bold Word to you; I have found your Writing; I have found your Grand Deed of Settlement; I'll lay you a hundred Guineas I have it in this Coffer?

The Gentleman takes up the Lid again, handles the Chest, looks over every Part of it; but could see nothing; he is confounded and amaz'd! What do ye mean? *says he to the Doctor*, you have no unusual Art I hope, no Conjuring in hand; here's nothing but an empty Coffer?



Not I upon my Word, *says the Doctor*, I am no *Magician*, no *Cunning-Man*, I abhor it; but I tell you again the Writing is in this Coffre.

The Gentleman knocks, and calls as if he was frighted, for his Man with a Hammer, but the Doctor sat compos'd again upon the Lid of the Coffre.

At last up comes the Man with the Hammer and Chisel, and the Doctor goes to work with the Chest, knocks upon the flat of the Bottom; *Hark!* says he, *don't you hear it, Sir*, says he, *don't you hear it plainly?*

Hear what? *says the Gentleman*. I don't understand you, indeed.

Why the Chest has a double Bottom, Sir, a false Bottom, *says the Doctor*; don't you hear it found hollow?

In a Word, they immediately split the inner Bottom open, and there lay the Parchment spread abroad flat on the whole breadth of the Bottom of the Trunk, as a Quire of Paper is laid on the flat of a Drawer.

It is impossible for me to describe the Joy and Surprize of the Gentleman, and soon after of the whole Family; for the Gentleman sent for his Lady, and two of his Daughters, up into the Garret among all the Rubbish, to see not the Writing only, but the Place where it was found, and the Manner how.

You may easily suppose the Doctor was caressed with uncommon Civilities in the Family, and sent up (after about a Week's stay) in  
the



the Gentleman's own Coach to *London*. I do not remember whether he disclos'd the Secret to the Gentleman, or no; I mean the Secret of the Apparition, by which the Place where the Writing was to be found, was discover'd to him, and who oblig'd him to come down, on purpose to find it: I say, I do not remember that Part, neither is it material. As far as I had the Story related, so far I have handed it forward; and I have the truth of it affirmed in such a manner, as I cannot doubt it.

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The History of a *Mother-in-Law*, that Attempted to Prevail with her Husband to Disinherit his (Son by his first Lady) who was then Abroad, and settle the Paternal Estate upon one of her own Children.

A Gentleman of a very good Estate married a Lady also of a good Fortune, and had one Son by her, and one Daughter, and no more, and after a few Years his Lady died. Soon after which he married again; and his second Wife, tho' of an inferior Quality and Fortune to the former, took upon her to discourage and discountenance his Children by his



first Lady, and made the Family very uncomfortable, both to the Children and to their Father also.

The first thing of Consequence which this Conduct of the Mother-in-Law produced in the Family, was that the Son, who began to be a Man, ask'd the Father's Leave to go abroad to Travel. The Mother-in-Law, tho' willing enough to be rid of the young Man, yet because it would require something considerable to support his Expences abroad, violently oppos'd it, and brought his Father also to refuse him, after he had freely given him his Consent.

This so affected the young Gentleman, that after using all the dutiful Applications to his Father that he could possibly do, as well by himself as by some other Relations, but to no purpose; and being a little encouraged by an Uncle, who was Brother to his Mother, his Father's first Lady, he resolv'd to go abroad without Leave, and accordingly did so.

What Part of the World he travelled into I do not remember; it seems his Father had constantly Intelligence from him for some time, and was prevail'd with to make him a reasonable Allowance for his Subsistence, which the young Gentleman always drew Bills for, and they were honourably paid; but after some time, the Mother-in-Law prevailing at home,  
one



one of his Bills of Exchange was refus'd, and being protested, was sent back without Acceptance; upon which he drew no more, nor did he write any more Letters, or his Father hear any thing from him for upwards of four Years or thereabouts.

Upon this long Silence, the Mother-in-Law made her Advantage several Ways; she first intimated to his Father that he must needs be dead; and consequently, his Estate should be settled upon her eldest Son, (for she had several Children.) His Father withstood the Motion very firmly, but the Wife harrafs'd him with her Importunities; and she argued upon two Points against him, I mean the Son.

*FIRST*, If he was dead, then there was no room to object, her Son being Heir at Law.

*SECONDLY*, If he was not dead, his Behaviour to his Father in not writing for so long a Time was inexcusable, and he ought to resent it, and settle the Estate as if he were dead; that nothing could be more disobliging, and his Father ought to depend upon it that he was dead, and treat him as if he was so; for he that would use a Father so, should be taken for one dead, as to his filial Relation, and be treated accordingly.

His Father however stood out a long time, and told her that he could not answer it to his  
Con-



Conscience; that there might happen many things in the World, which might render his Son unable to write; that he might be taken by the *Turks*, and carried into Slavery; or he might be among the *Persians* or *Arabians* (which it seems was the Case) and so could not get any Letters convey'd; and that he could not be satisfied to disinherit him, 'till he knew whether he had Reason for it or no, or whether his Son had offended him or no.

These Answers, however just, were far from stopping her Importunities, which she carried on so far, that she gave him no Rest, and it made an unquiet Family; she carried it very ill to him, and in a word, made her Children do so too; and the Gentleman was so wearied out with it, that once or twice he came to a kind of Consent to do it, but his Heart fail'd him, and then he fell back again, and refused.

However, her having brought him so near it, was an Encouragement to her to go on with her restless Sollicitations, 'till at last he came thus far to a provisional Agreement, that if he did not hear from his Son by such a time, or before it, he would consent to a re-settling the Estate.

She was not well satisfied with the conditional Agreement, but being able to obtain no other, she was oblig'd to accept of it as 'twas; tho', as she often told him, she was far from  
being



being satisfied with it as to the Time, for he had fix'd it for four Years, as above.

He grew angry at her telling him so, and answer'd, that she ought to be very well satisfied with it, for that it was time little enough, as his Son's Circumstances might be.

Well, she teiz'd him however so continually, that at last she brought him down to one Year: But before she brought him to that, she told him one Day in a Heat, that she hoped his Ghost would one time or other appear to him, and tell him, that he was dead, and he ought to do Justice to his other Children, for he should never come to claim the Estate.

When he came, so much against his Will, to consent to shorten the time to one Year, he told her, that he hoped his Son's Ghost, tho' he was not dead, would come to her, and tell her he was alive, before the Time expired: For why, says he, may not injur'd Souls walk while embodied, as well as afterwards?

It happen'd one Evening after this, that they had a most violent Family Quarrel upon this Subject, when on a sudden a Hand appeared at a Casement, endeavouring to open it; but as all the Iron Casements, used in former Times, open'd outward, but hasp'd or fasten'd themselves in the Inside; so the Hand seem'd to try to open the Casement, but could not.

The



The Gentleman did not see it, but his Wife did, and she presently started up, as if she was frightened, and forgetting the Quarrel they had upon their Hands, Lord bless me! *says she*, there are Thieves in the Garden. Her Husband ran immediately to the Door of the Room they sat in, and opening it, look'd out.

There's no body in the Garden, *says he*; so he clapt the Door again, and came back.

I am sure, *says she*, I saw a Man there.

It must be the Devil then, *says he*, for I'm sure there's no Body in the Garden.

I'll swear, *says she*, I saw a Man put his Hand up to open the Casement; but finding it fast, and I suppose, *adds she*, seeing us in the Room, he walk'd off.

It is impossible he could be gone, *says he*; did not I run to the Door immediately? and you know the Garden Walls on both sides hinder him going.

Pry'thee, *says she angrily*, I an't drunk nor in a Dream, I know a Man when I see him, and 'tis not dark, the Sun is not quite down.

You're only frightened with Shadows, *says he*, very full of Ill-nature: Folks generally are so that are haunted with an evil Conscience: It may be 'twas the Devil.

No,



No, no, I'm not soon frightened, *says she* ; if 'twas the *Devil*, 'twas the Ghost of your Son : it may be come to tell you he was gone to the *Devil*, and you might give your Estate to your eldest Bastard, since you won't settle it on the lawful Heir.

If it was my Son, *says he*, he's come to tell us he's alive, I warrant you, and to ask you how you can be so much a *Devil* to desire me to disinherite him ; and with those Words, *Alexander*, *says he aloud*, repeating it twice, starting up out of his Chair, if you are alive show your self, and don't let me be insulted thus every Day with your being dead.

At those very Words, the Casement which the Hand had been seen at by the Mother, open'd of itself, and his Son *Alexander* look'd in with a full Face, and staring directly upon the Mother with an angry Countenance, cry'd *Here*, and then vanish'd in a Moment.

The Woman that was so stout before, shriek'd out in a most dismal manner, so as alarm'd the whole House ; her Maid ran into the Palour, to see what was the matter, but her Mistress was fainted away in her Chair.

She was not fallen upon the Ground, because it being a great easie Chair, she sunk a little back against the side of the Chair, and Help coming immediately in, they kept her up ; but



it was not 'till a great while after, that she recover'd enough to be sensible of any thing.

Her Husband run immediately to the Par-lour Door, and opening it went into the Garden, but there was nothing; and after that he run to another Door that open'd from the House into the Garden, and to two other Doors which open'd out of his Garden, one into the Stable-yard, and another into the Field beyond the Garden, but found them all fast shut and barr'd; but on one side was his Gardener, and a Boy, drawing the Rolling-stone: he ask'd them if any body else had been in the Garden, but they both constantly affirmed no body had been there, and they were both rolling a Gravel-walk near the House.

Upon this he comes back into the Room, sits him down again, and said not one Word for a good while; the Women and Servants being busy all the while, and in a Hurry, endeavouring to recover his Wife.

After some time she recover'd so far as to speak, and the first Words she said,

Lord bless me! what was it?

Nay, says her Husband, 'twas *Alexander* to be sure.

With that she fell into a Fit, and Skream'd and shriek'd out again most terribly.

Her



Her Husband not thinking that would have affected her, did what he could to persuade her out of it again; but that would not do, and they were oblig'd to carry her to Bed, and get some help to her; but she continued very ill for several Days after.

However this put an end for some considerable time to her Solicitations about his Disinheriting her Son-in-Law.

But Time, that hardens the Mind in cases of a worse Nature, wore this off also by degrees, and she began to revive the old Cause again, tho' not at first so eagerly as before.

Nay he us'd her a little hardly upon it too, and if ever they had any Words about it he would bid her hold her Tongue, or that if she talked any more upon that Subject, he would call *Alexander* again to open the Casement.

This aggravated Things much; and tho' it terrify'd her a great while, yet at length she was so exasperated, that she told him she believ'd he dealt with the *Devil*, and that he had sold himself to the *Devil* only to be able to fright his Wife.

He jested with her, and told her any Man wou'd be beholden to the *Devil* to hush a noisy Woman, and that he was very glad he had found the Way to do it, whatever it cost him.



She was so exasperated at this, that she threaten'd him if he play'd any more of his hellish Arts with her, she wou'd have him Indicted for a Wizard, and having a Familiar ; and she could prove it, she said, plain enough, for that he had rais'd the *Devil* on purpose to fright his Wife.

The Fray parted that Night with ill Words and ill Nature enough, but he little thought she intended as she said, and the next Day he had forgot it all, and was as good-humour'd as if nothing had happened.

But he found his Wife chagreen'd and disturbed very much, full of Resentment, and threatening him with what she resolv'd to do.

However he little thought she intended him the Mischief she had in her Head, offering to talk friendly to her ; but she rejected it with Scorn, and told him she would be as good as her Word, for she wou'd not live with a Man that should bring the *Devil* into the Room as often as he thought fit, to murther his Wife.

He strove to pacify her by fair Words, but she told him she was in earnest with him : and in a Word she was in earnest ; for she goes away to a Justice, and making an Affidavit that her Husband had a Familiar Spirit, and that she went in Danger of her Life, she obtain'd a Warrant for him to be apprehended.

In



In short, she brought home the Warrant, shew'd it him, and told him she had not given it into the Hands of an Officer, because he should have the Liberty to go voluntarily before the Justice of the Peace, and if he thought fit to let her know when he would be ready, she would be so too, and would get some of her own Friends to go along with her.

He was surpriz'd at this, for he little thought she had been in earnest with him, and endeavour'd to pacify her by all the Ways possible; but she found she had frightened him heartily, and so indeed she had, for tho' the thing had nothing in it of Guilt, yet he found it might expose him very much, and being loth to have such a Thing brought upon the Stage against him, he used all the Entreaties with her that he was able, and begged her not to do it.

But the more he humbled himself, the more she triumph'd over him; and carrying Things to an unsufferable height of Insolence, she told him at last she would make him do Justice, as she call'd it; that she was sure she cou'd have him punish'd if he continu'd obstinate, and she wou'd not be expos'd to Witchcraft and Sorcery; for she did not know to what length he might carry it.

To bring the Story to a Conclusion; she got the better of him to such a degree, that he offer'd to refer the thing to indifferent Persons,  
Friends



Friends on both Sides; and they met several Times, but could bring it to no Conclusion. His Friends said there was nothing in it, and they would not have him comply with any thing upon the Pretence of it; that he called for his Son, and some body open'd the Casement and cry'd *here*; that there was not the least Evidence of Witchcraft in that, and insisted that she cou'd make nothing of it.

Her Friends carried it high, instructed by her: She offer'd to swear that he had threatened her before with his Son's Ghost; that now he visibly rais'd a Spectre; for that calling upon his Son, who was dead to be sure, the Ghost immediately appear'd; that he could not have called up the *Devil* thus to personate his Son, if he had not dealt with the *Devil* himself, and had a familiar Spirit, and that this was of dangerous Consequence to her.

Upon the whole, the Man wanted Courage to stand it, and was afraid of being expos'd; so that he was grievously perplex'd, and knew not what to do.

When she found him humbled as much as she cou'd desire, she told him if he would do her Justice, as she call'd it, (that is to say, settle his Estate upon her Son,) she would put it up, on Condition that he should promise to fright her no more with raising the *Devil*.

That



That part of the Proposal exasperated him again, and he upbraided her with the Slander of it, and told her he defy'd her, and she might do her worst.

Thus it broke off all Treaty, and she began to threaten him again; however, at length, she brought him to comply, and he gives a Writing under his Hand to her, some of her Friends being by, promising that he would comply if his Son did not arrive, or send an Account of himself, within four Months.

She was satisfy'd with this, and they were all made Friends again, and accordingly he gave the Writing; but when he deliver'd it to her in Presence of her two Arbitrators, he took the Liberty to say to her, with a grave and solemn kind of Speech:

Look you, says he, you have worry'd me into this Agreement by your fiery Temper, and I have sign'd it against Justice, Conscience and Reason; but depend upon it, I shall never perform it.

One of the Arbitrators said, Why, Sir, this is doing nothing; for if you resolve not to perform it, what signifies the Writing? Why do you promise what you do not intend shall be done? This will but kindle a new Flame to begin with, when the Time fix'd expires.

Why,



Why, *says he*, I am satisfy'd in my Mind that my Son is alive.

Come, come, *says his Wife*, speaking to the Gentleman that had argued with her Husband, let him sign the Agreement, and let me alone to make him perform the Conditions.

Well, *says her Husband*, you shall have the Writing, and you shall be let alone; but I am satisfy'd you will never ask me to perform it; and yet I am no Wizard, adds he, as you have wickedly suggested.

She reply'd that she would prove that he dealt with the *Devil*, for that he rais'd an evil Spirit by only calling his Son by his Name; and so began to tell the Story of the Hand and the Casement.

Come, *says the Man* to the Gentleman that was her Friend, give me the Pen; I never dealt with but one *Devil* in my Life, and there it sits, turning to his Wife; and now I have made an Agreement with her, that none but the *Devil* wou'd desire any Man to sign: and I will sign it; I say, give me the Pen, but she nor all the *Devils* in Hell will ever be able to get it executed, remember I say so.

She began to open at him, and so a new Flame would have been kindled, but the Gentlemen



tlemen moderated between them; and her Husband setting his Hand to the Writing put an end to the Fray at that time.

At the end of four Months she challeng'd the Performance, and a Day was appointed, and her two Friends that had been the Arbitrators were invited to Dinner upon this Occasion, believing that her Husband would have executed the Deeds; and accordingly the Writings were brought all forth, engross'd, and read over; and some old Writings which at her Marriage were sign'd by her Trustees in order to her quitting some part of the Estate to her Son, were also brought to be cancell'd. The Husband being brought over by fair Means or foul, I know not whether, to be in a Humour for Peace sake to execute the Deeds, and disinherit his Son: alledging that, indeed, if he was dead it was no wrong to him, and if he was alive he was very unkind and undutiful to his Father in not letting him hear from him in all that time.

Besides it was urg'd that if he should at any time afterwards appear to be alive, his Father (who had very much encreas'd, it seems, in his Wealth,) was able to give him another Fortune, and to make him a just Satisfaction for the Loss he should sustain by the Paternal Estate.

M

Upon



Upon these Considerations, I say, they had brought over the poor low-spirited Husband to be almost willing to comply ; or at least, willing or unwilling, it was to be done, and (as above) they met accordingly.

When they had discoursed upon all the Particulars, and (as above) the new Deeds were read over, she or her Husband took the old Writings up to cancel them ; I think the Story says it was the Wife, not her Husband, that was just going to tear off the Seal, when on a sudden they heard a rushing Noise in the ParLOUR where they sat, as if some body had come in at the Door of the Room which opened from the Hall, and went thro' the Room towards the Garden Door, which was shut.

They were all surpriz'd at it, for it was very distinct, but they saw nothing. The Woman turn'd pale, and was in a terrible Fright ; however, as nothing was seen, she recover'd a little, but began to ruffle her Husband again.

What, says she, have you laid your Plot to bring up more Devils again ?

The Man sat compos'd, tho' he was under no little Surprise too.

One of her Gentlemen said to him, What is the meaning of all this ?



I protest, Sir, says he, I know no more of it than you do.

What can it be then? *said the other Gentlemen.*

I cannot conceive, *says he*, for I am utterly unacquainted with such Things,

Have you heard nothing from your Son? says the Gentleman.

Not one Word, *says the Father*, no not the least Word these five Years.

Have you wrote nothing to him, *says the Gentleman*, about this Transaction?

Not a Word, says he, for I know not where to direct a Letter to him.

Sir, *says the Gentleman*, I have heard much of Apparitions, but I never saw any in my Life, nor did I ever believe there was any thing of Reality in them; \* and indeed I saw nothing

*M. 2* now:

† It may not perhaps be amiss to Enliven this Story, (in which there appears but too much vain Presumption in the *Lady*, as well as a Sceptical Disposition in her Friend) by a very Remarkable Accident that attended a *Gentleman* in *London*, of the same turn of mind some few Years ago, and tho' well known, may be new to many of my Readers.



now : but the passing of some Body, or Spirit, or something, cross the Room just now, is plain ; I heard it distinctly. I believe there is some unseen Thing in the Room, as much as if I saw it.

Nay,

A good pleasant Instance of this Nature happened between seven and eight Years ago, when the Royal Vault in King *Henry's* Chapel was opened for the Interment of her late Majesty.

Every one knows that on those Occasions *Westminster-Abbey* is a Place of great Resort ; some flocking thither out of Curiosity, others to indulge their more solemn Meditations : By the former of these Motives it was, that five or six Gentlemen, who had dined together at a Tavern, were drawn to visit that famous Repository of the titled Dead : As they look'd down the steep Descent, by which so many Monarchs had been carry'd, to their last resting Place on Earth, one cry'd, '*Tis hellish dark* ; — Another stopp'd his Nostrils, and exclaimed against the *noisome Vapour* that ascended from it. — All had their different Sayings, but as it is natural for such Spectacles to excite some moral Reflections, even in the most gay and giddy, they all returned with Countenances more serious than those with which they had enter'd.

Having agreed, however, to pass the Evening together, they all went back to the same Place where they had dined, and the Conversation turning on a Future State, Apparitions, and such like Topics ; one among them, who was a perfect Infidel in these Matters, especially as to Spirits becoming visible, took upon him to rally the others, who seem'd rather inclinable to the contrary way of thinking.

As it is much easier to deny than it is to prove, especially where those that maintain the Negative will not admit, as valid, any Testimonies which can be brought in Contradiction to their own Opinion, he singly held out against all they had to alledge ; at length, to end the Contest, they propos'd him a Wager of twenty Guineas, that as great a Hero as he pretended, or really imagined himself,



Nay, *says the Arbitrator*, I felt the Wind of it as it pass'd by me, Pray, adds he, turning to the Husband, do you see nothing yourself?

No, upon my Word, *says he*, not the least Appearance in the World.

I

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himself, he had not Courage enough to go alone, at Midnight, into the Vault they had been seeing that Day: This he readily accepted, and was very merry on getting such a Sum with so much Ease.

The Money on both Sides was deposited in the Hands of the Man of the House; and one of the Vergers of the Abbey was sent for, whom they engag'd, for a Piece of Gold, to attend the adventrous Gentleman to the Gate of the Cathedral, then shut him in and wait his Return.

Every thing being thus settled, the Clock no sooner struck Twelve than they all set out together; those who had the Wager being resolved not to be imposed upon by his tampering with the Verger:—As they pass'd along, another Scruple arose; which was, that tho' they saw him enter the Church, how they should be convinced he went as far as the Vault; but he instantly removed it by pulling out a Penknife he had in his Pocket:—*This*, said he, *will I stick into the Earth, and leave it there, and if you do not find it in the Inside of the Vault, I will own the Wager lost.*

These Words left them nothing to suspect, and they agreed to wait at the Door his coming out, beginning now to believe he had no less Resolution than he had pretended.

'Tis possible the Opinion they had was no more than Justice, but whatever Stock of Courage he had on his first Entrance into that Antique and Reverend Pile, he no sooner found himself shut into it alone, than, as he afterwards confess'd, he found a kind of shuddering all over him, which, he was sensible, proceeded from something more than the Coldness of the Night.

Every Step he took was eccho'd by the hollow Ground, and  
tho'



I have been told, says the first Arbitrator, and have Read that an Apparition may be seen by some People, and be Invisible to others, tho' all in the same Room together.

However the Husband solemnly protested to them all that he saw nothing.

Pray,

tho' it was not altogether dark, the Verger having left a Lamp burning just before the Door that led to the Chappel, otherwise it would have been impossible for him to have found the Place, yet did the faint Glimmering it gave, rather add to, than diminish the solemn Horrors of every thing around.

He pass'd on, however, but protested, that had not the Shame of being laugh'd at prevented him, he would have forfeited more than twice the Sum he had stak'd, to have been out again.

At length, sometimes groping his Way, and sometimes directed by the distant Lamp, he reach'd the Entrance of the Vault;—his inward Tremor increased, yet determined not to be over-power'd by it, he descended, and being come to the last Stair, stoop'd forward, and stuck his Pen-knife, with his whole Force, into the Earth; but as he was rising, in order to turn back and quit that dreadful Place, he felt something, as he thought, suddenly catch hold of him, and pluck him forward; the Apprehensions he before was in made an easy Way for Surprise and Terror to seize all his Faculties, he lost, in one Instant, every thing that could support him, and fell into a Swoon, with his Head in the Vault, and Part of his Body on the Stairs.

'Till after One, his Friends waited with some Degree of Patience, tho' they thought he stay'd much longer in that Habitation of the Dead, than they could imagine a living Man would chuse to do; but finding he came not then, began to fear some Accident might have befallen him, as indeed there had, tho' they were far from suspecting of what Kind ——— but there being many Windings



Pray, Sir, *says the first Arbitrator*, have you seen any thing at any other time, or heard any Voices or Noises, or had any Dreams about this Matter?

Indeed,

Windings and intricate Turnings among the Tombs, it seem'd probable he might have mistook his Way, and be unable to find it again thro' those Recesses.

They debated among themselves what they should do in the Affair; the Verger they found, tho' accustomed to the Place, did not care to go alone; therefore they resolv'd to accompany him, and accordingly, preceded by a Torch which a Footman belonging to one of the Company had with him, went into the Abbey, calling as they went, as loud as they could, thinking, that wherever he might be wandered he could not but hear their Voices.

No, Answer, however, being returned, they moved on till they came to the Stairs of the Vault, where looking down they soon perceiv'd in what Posture he lay, and the Condition he was in;—they immediately ran down to him, they rubb'd his Temples, unbutton'd his Cloaths, and did every thing they could think on to bring him to himself, but all in vain, and they were oblig'd to take him up, and carry him between two 'till they got out of the Abbey, when the Air coming fresh upon his Face he recovered of himself.

After two or three deep Groans, *Heaven help me,—Lord have mercy upon me*, cry'd he, these Words, and others of the like Nature, often repeated, very much surpriz'd them, but imagining he was not yet perfectly come to his Senses, they forbore saying any thing to him till they had got him into a Tavern, where, having placed him in a Chair by the Fire side, they began to ask him how he did, and how he came to have been so much disordered; on which he acquainted them with the Apprehensions he was seiz'd immediately after he had left them, and how having struck his Penknife into the Floor of the Vault, according to his Agreement, he was about to return with all the haste he could, when something pluck'd him forward into the Vault; but added, that he



Indeed, *says he*, I have several times dream'd my Son is alive, and that I had spoken with him; and once that I ask'd him, why he was so

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he had neither seen nor heard any thing but what his Reason might easily account for, and should have come back with the same Sentiments he went, had not this unseen Hand convinced him of the Injustice of his Unbelief.

While he was making his Narrative, one of the Company saw the Penknife sticking through the Fore Lappet of his Coat, on which presently conjecturing the Truth, and finding how deeply affected his Friend was by his Mistake, as indeed were all the rest, not doubting but his Return had been impeded by a supernatural Hand he pluck'd out the Penknife before them all, and cry'd out, *Here is the Mystery discovered;—in the Attitude of stooping to stick this into the Ground, it happen'd, as you see, to pass through the Coat, and on your attempting to rise, the Terror you were in magnify'd this little Obstruction into an imaginary Impossibility of withdrawing yourself, and had an Effect on your Senses before Reason had any Time to operate.*

This, which it is plain was the Case, set every one, but the Gentleman who had suffer'd so much by it, a laughing immoderately for a good while; but it was not easy to draw a single Smile from him:—He ruminated on the Affair, while the others were talking gaily on it, and well remembering the Agitations he had been in, even while he pass'd through the Cathedral cry'd out, *Well, there is certainly a Something after Death, or the strange Impulses on the Mind could never be:—What is there in a Church more than in any other Buildings?—What in Darkness more than Light, which in themselves should have the Power to raise Ideas such as I have now experienced?—Yes, continued he, I am convinc'd that I have been too presumptuous; and whether Spirits be, or be not permitted to appear, that they exist I ever shall believe.*

In this Opinion he has ever since continued, nor is it in the Power of any of those who pretend to ridicule this Change in him, to bring him back to his former Sentiments.



so undutiful, and flighted me so; as not to let me hear of him in so many Years, seeing he knew it was in my Power to disinherit him.

Well, Sir, and what Answer did he give?

I never dream'd so far on as to have him answer; it always wak'd me.

And what do you think of it yourself, *says the Arbitrator*, do you think he is dead?

No, indeed, *says the Father*, I do believe in my Conscience he is alive, as much as I believe I am alive myself; and I am going to do as wicked a Thing of its Kind as ever any Man did.

Truly, *says the second Arbitrator*, it begins to shock me, I don't know what to say to it; I don't care to meddle any more with it, I don't like driving Men to act against their Consciences.

With this the Wife, who, as I said, having a little recover'd her Spirits, and especially encourag'd, because she saw nothing, started up; What's all this Discourse to the Purpose, *says she*, is it not all agreed already? What do we come here for?

Nay, *says the first Arbitrator*, I think we meet now not to enquire into why it is done, but to execute Things according to Agreement, and what are we frightened at?

I'm not frightened, *says the Wife*, not I; come, *says she to her Husband haughtily*, sign the Deed; I'll cancel the old Writings if forty Devils were in the Room; and with that



she takes up one of the Deeds, and went to tear off the Seal.

That Moment the same Casement flew open again, tho' it was fast in the Inside, just as it was before; and the Shadow of a Body was seen, as standing in the Garden without, and the Head reaching up to the Casement, the Face looking into the Room, and staring directly at the Woman with a stern and an angry Countenance; HOLD, said the Spectre, as if speaking to the Woman; and immediately clapp'd the Casement to again, and vanish'd.

It is impossible to describe here the Consternation this second Apparition put the whole Company into; the Wife, who was so bold just before, that she wou'd do it though forty *Devils* were in the Room, skream'd out like a Woman in Fits; and let the Writing fall out of her Hands. The two Arbitrators were exceedingly terrify'd, but not so much as the rest; but one of them took up the Award which they had sign'd, in which they awarded the Husband to execute the Deed to dispose of the Estate from the Son.

I dare say, said he, be the Spirit a good Spirit or a bad, it will not be against cancelling this; so he tore his Name out of the Award, and so did the other, by his Example, and both of them got up from their Seats, and said they would have no more to do in it.

But



But that which was most unexpected of all was, that the Man himself was so frightened, that he fainted away ; notwithstanding it was, as it might be said, in his favour.

This put an End to the whole Affair at that time ; and, as I understand by the Sequel, it did so for ever.

The Story has many Particulars more in it, too long to trouble you with ; but two Particulars, which are to the Purpose, I must not omit, *viz.*

1. That in about four or five Months more after this second Apparition, the Man's Son arriv'd from the *East-Indies*, whither he had gone four Years before in a *Portuguese* Ship from *Lisbon*.

2. That upon being particularly enquired of about these Things, and especially whether he had any Knowledge of them, or any Apparition to him, or Voices, or other Intimation as to what was doing in *England*, relating to him ; he affirmed constantly that he had not, except that once he dreamed his Father had written him an angry Letter, threatening him that if he did not come home he would disinherit him, and leave him not one Shilling. But he added, that he never did receive any such Letter from his Father in his Life, or from any one else.



*The ACCOUNT of a GENTLEMAN that committed a Murther in London, with the remarkable Manner by which he was brought to Justice by the Influence of his own Guilty Conscience.*

A Gentleman, and a Man in good Circumstances too, committed a Murther in or near *St. Pancras Soaper Lane, London*, many Years ago; the Murther was attended with some very cruel and barbarous Circumstances, such as he could not expect to be pardoned for, so he fled, and making his Escape into *France*, got out of the Reach of Justice.

His personal Safety was for a-while so much Satisfaction to him, that he did not make any Reflections at all upon the Fact; but after a-while, he took shipping from *France*, and went over to *Martinico*, where he liv'd several Years; and even for two or three Years he carried it off well enough; but the first Shock given to his Soul was in a Fit of Sicknes, when being in Danger of Death, he saw, as he was between sleeping and waking, the Spectre, as he thought, of the murther'd Person, just in the Posture as when he killed him, his Wound bleeding, and his Countenance ghastly; the Sight of which exceedingly terrify'd him, and at length awaken'd him.

But



But being awake, and finding it was but a Dream, and that the murther'd Person did not really appear to him, and, as he call'd it, haunt him, he was easy as to that Part; but being in a high Fever, and believing he should die, Conscience began to stare at him, and to talk to him; he resisted a long time, but Death approaching, he grew very pensive, tho', as he said, still more afraid of dying, than penitent for his Crime.

After he recover'd he grew easy, and began to forget Things again; came over to *Europe* again, and being at *Roan* in *Normandy*, he dream'd he saw the murther'd Man again, and that he look'd frightful and terrible; and with a threat'ning Aspect, and this threw him into a Kind of Melancholy, which encreas'd exceedingly; the Spectre, as he call'd it, coming to him every Night.

But this was not all; for now as he dreamed of it all Night, so he thought of it all Day; it was, as we say, before his Eyes continually, his Imagination form'd Figures to him, now of this Kind, then of that, always relating to the murther'd Man; so that, in short, he could think of nothing else: And though he was satisfied there was no real Ghost, as he called it, or Apparition, yet his own terrified Conscience made the Thought be to him like one continued Apparition, and the murther'd Man was never out of his Sight.

He



He was so reduced by the constant Agitation of his Soul, that he was in a very weak Condition, and in a deep Consumption: But in the Midst of these Tumults of his Soul, he had a strong Impression upon his Mind, that he could never die in Peace, nor ever go to Heaven, if he did not go over to *England*, and either get the Parliament's Pardon (for it was in those Days when there was no King in *Israel*) or that if he could not obtain a Pardon, that then he should surrender into the Hands of Justice, and satisfy the Law with his Life, which was the Debt he owed to the Blood of the Man he kill'd, and cou'd no other Way be expiated.

He withstood this as a wild distracted Thing, and the Fruit of his disturb'd Mind: What, *said he to himself*, should I go to *England* for? To go there is to GO and DIE; and these Words GO and DIE, run daily upon his Mind: But though they came first into his Thoughts, as an Answer to his other Distractions, yet they turn'd upon him soon after, and he dream'd that the dead murther'd Man said to him, GO and DIE; and repeating it said, GO to *England* and DIE; and this follow'd him by Night and by Day, asleep and awake, that he had it always in his Ears, GO to *England* and DIE.

In short, and to pass over some Circumstances, though worth telling, which happened to him in the mean time, he was so continually



continually terrify'd by the Reproaches of his Conscience, and the Voice which he thought follow'd him, that he answer'd it once in his Sleep thus; Well, if it must be so, let me alone, I will GO and DIE:

It was some time however before he did; but at last, unable to support the Torture of his Mind, he resolv'd to come over to *England*, and did so: He landed at *Gravesend*, and there took Passage in the Tilt-boat for *London*.

When he arriv'd at *London*, intending to land at *Westminster*, he took a Wherry at *Billingsgate*, to carry him through Bridge. It happen'd, that two Lighters loaden with Coals run foul of the Boat he was in, and of one another, over-against *Queen-hithe*, or thereabouts; and the Watermen were so very hard put to it, that they had much ado to avoid being crush'd between the Lighters, so that they were oblig'd to get into one of the Lighters, and let the Boat sink.

This occasion'd him, contrary to his Design, to go on Shore a little to the Eastward of *Queen-hithe*; from thence he walk'd up on Foot towards *Cheapside*, intending to take a Coach for *Westminster*.

As he pass'd a Street, which crosses out of *Bread-street* into *Bow-lane*, being almost Night, and he not well knowing the Streets, having been absent eighteen Years, he heard some body cry, Stop him, stop him! It seems  
a Thief



a Thief had broke into a House in some Place, as he pass'd by, and was discover'd, and run for it, and the People after him, crying, Stop him, stop him!

It presently occur'd to him, that being so near to the Place where the Murther was committed, and where he had lived, some body that knew him had seen him, and that it was him they cry'd after; upon which he began to run with all his Might.

Had the People cry'd, Stop Thief, he had had no need to be alarm'd, knowing, as he said, that he had stolen nothing; but the Crowd crying only, Stop him, stop him, it was as likely to be him as not; and his own Guilt concurring, he run, as above.

As he run with all his Might, it was a good while before the People overtook him; but just at the Corner of *Soaper-lane*; near about where now stands the *Rummer Tavern*, his Foot slipt, and his Breath failing him too, he fell down.

The People, not knowing who he was, had lost their Thief, and pursu'd him; but when they came up to him, they found he was not the right Person, and began to leave him; but his own Guilty Conscience, which at first set him a running, and which alone was his real Pursuer, continuing to follow him close, and which at last had thrown him down too, so encreas'd his Fright, that believing



lieving they all knew him, he cry'd out, *It is very true, I am the Man, it was I did.*

It seems, when he first fell, some People, who upon hearing the Noise in the Street came running to their Doors, as is usual in such Cafes; I say, some People, at the Door of a House, just against where he fell, said one to another, There he is, that's he, they have catch'd him; and it was upon that Saying that he answer'd, *It is very true, I am the Man, and I did it*; for still he imagin'd they knew him to be the Murtherer, that kill'd the Man so long ago; whereas there was nobody there that had any Knowledge of the Matter, and the very Memory of the Thing was almost forgotten in the Place, as it might well be, having been done eighteen Years before.

However, when they heard him cry, *I am the Man, and I did it*, one of the People that came about him said, What did you do? Why, I kill'd him, says he; I kill'd Mr. ——— and then repeated his Name; but no-body remember'd the Name.

Why, you are mad, says one of the People, and then, *added another*, the Man's a distracted, disorder'd Man. They pursu'd a little Shoplifting Thief, and here they have frightened a poor Gentleman, that they own is not the Person, but is an unhappy disorder'd Man, and fancy'd they pursu'd after him.

But are you sure he is not the Man?

Sure? says another; Why, they tell you  
O so



so themselves. Besides, the Man is distracted.

Distracted! *says a third*, how do you know that?

Nay, *says the other*, he must be distracted, or in Drink; don't you hear how he talks? *I did it, I kill'd him*, and I don't know what. Why, here's no-body kill'd, is there? I tell you the poor Man is craz'd. Thus they talk'd a-while, and some run forward towards *Cheapside*, to look for the real Thief, and so they were about to let him go. But one grave Citizen, and wiser than the rest, cry'd, *nay hold*, let's enquire *a little farther*; though he's not the Thief they look for, *there may be something in it*; let us go before my Lord Mayor with him: And so they did. I think the Lord Mayor then in Being, was Sir *William Turner*.

When he came before the Lord Mayor he voluntarily confess'd the Fact, and was afterwards executed for it: And I had the Substance of this Relation from an Ear-witness of the Thing, so that I can freely say that I give entire Credit to it.

It was remarkable also, that the Place where this Man fell down when he run, believing he was pursued and known, though at first he really was not, was just against the very Door of the House where the Person liv'd that he had murther'd.

Many Inferences might be drawn from this Story, but that which is particularly to my Purpose,





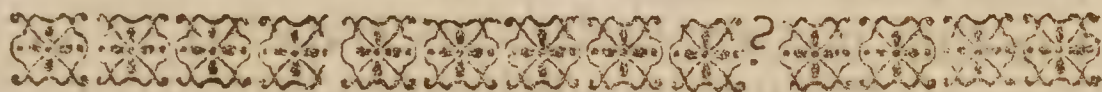




G. Anderton Sculp



Purpose, is, to shew how Men's Guilt crowds their Imagination with sudden and surprizing Ideas of Things; brings Spectre and Apparitions into their Eyes, when there are really no such Things; forms Ghosts and Phantasms in their View, when their Eyes are shut: They see sleeping, and dream waking; the Night is all Vision, and the Day all Apparition, 'till either by Penitence or Punishment they make Satisfaction for the Wrong they have done, and either Justice or the injur'd Person are appeased.



*The remarkable STORY of the Two Brothers that quarrelled about a Lady, and met to fight, but were prevented by the Apparition of their Father.*

I AM not permitted to mention the Name of a Gentleman of Fortune, eldest Son of the Family, his Father a Baronet, and of an honourable Line, and then living, being a young Man, and a Man of Pleasure, had an Intrigue with a certain Lady, in which his younger Brother (of the two rather more Gay, and given that way than himself) was his Rival: The Lady was handsome, and of no despicable Fortune, but much inferior to the eldest Son of the Family, whose Fortune



was near two thousand Pound *per Annum*, after his Father Sir G—— H——.

The younger Gentleman was really in love with the Lady, and inclin'd to marry her, if he could bring his Father to consent to it, and had two or three times spoken to the old Knight about it; nor was his Father much averse to it, only he thought her Fortune too small.

Sir G—— told his Son, if he had been his Eldest, he should have been easier in the Proposal, because his Paternal Estate being Free, and perfectly unincumber'd, he thought the Heir was not under that Necessity of making his Fortune by a Wife; but that a younger Brother ought always to seek a Fortune to mend his Circumstances. He us'd to jest with his Son, and tell him, it was this made him connive at his way of Life; that a younger Brother should be handsome, be a Scholar, dress, and be gay; the first to recommend him to the Court, the second to recommend him to the Ladies; that the Heir having no need, was often left to be a Booby Knight, just able to write his own Name, Halloo to his own Dogs, and ride the light Saddle; but as he had seldom any Share of Brains, Nature wisely gave the Wit to one, and the Estate to the other; so, says the Knight, your Brother has his Affairs in a quite different Situation.

These good-natur'd kind of Arguments the old Knight us'd with his younger Son, to persuade



suade him against marrying the Lady; but he did not absolutely forbid him on pain of his Displeasure, and of withdrawing his Hand from him, with respect to Money, so that the young Gentleman kept the Lady Company openly; and though he had not yet made the Proposal to her, yet did really design it; I mean the honourable Proposal, (*viz.*) of Marriage.

On the other hand, the Esquire, as they call'd him, kept her Company, on another and far worse Account, designing to make a Mistress of her, and not a Wife.

Upon these different Views, the Brothers often met at the Lady's House, that is to say, at her Aunt's where she liv'd; for she had no Father, and her Mother had chang'd Circumstances, so that her Daugther was as it were in her own Hands.

The elder Brother had this Advantage in his Interest, (*viz.*) that the Lady lov'd him, and would have been very well pleas'd if he had courted her for Marriage, but that was not his Design; so that in a word, the Case stood thus, the younger Brother lov'd the Lady, but the Lady lov'd the Esquire.

The elder Brother laid Siege to her Virtue, and the younger laid Siege to her Affection; but, as I said, the Stream running in Favour of the Eldest, the Lady was in some Danger of sacrificing her Honour to her Passion, and the honest Pretensions of the young Gentleman



Gentleman were in some Hazard of a Mis-carriage.

The Gentlemen carry'd on their Affairs separately, and their own way; but were neither of them so close as to conceal it from one another that they had some Designs, tho' they did not fully discover what their Pretensions were; however as I have said that they often met at the Lady's Apartment, it could not be long before they came to a Conversation upon the Subject, and this unhappily embroil'd them together at last, as you shall see presently.

The eldest Brother began one Evening to be a little rough with his Brother upon the Subject; *Jack, says the Eldest*, you and I often meet here, I don't understand it, pray what do you pretend to? 'tis a little odd that two Brothers should have but one Mistress; prithee, *Jack*, don't let us turn *Italians*.

Nay, *says Jack*, what do you pretend to? If either of us is in the Wrong, I believe 'tis always on your Side.

No, *says I*——, I don't allow that neither, I am right I am sure of it; I am always right, and I will be right, pray take no notice of that.

I take notice of nothing about it, not I, *says Jack*; all the World knows that I am right, and that they shall know it, and you shall know it too, *Tom*——.

Well, prithee, *Jack, says Tom*, alter one Piece of your Conduct, I desire that of you.

What



What Conduct? I don't understand you; but if I did, I know no Conduct of mine that is amiss, and I shall alter none of it, I assure you.

Why, this it is, that when I meet you here, which I think is a little too often, *says the Esquire*, I observe you always strive to stay after me, and to have me go away first; I tell you, I don't like it.

I shall alter nothing about that, I assure you, *says Jack*. I think I have some Business here more than you have; and as for your meeting me here too often, I think so too, I think you do come a little too often, unless you came with an honest Design.

You are very pert, Mr. *Jack*, to your elder Brother; I think I must handle you a little, *says Tom*.

Why, good Mr. elder Brother Esquire *Thomas*, *says Jack*, when you are Baronet, you may take upon you a little; but 'till then, the Cap and the Knee is not so much your due, as you may think it is.

Look you, *Jack*, *says the Esquire*, I am not jesting with you, nor I won't be jested with by you; the best Answer a Gentleman gives to a Jest, is a Box on the Ear; or *la coup de Batton*.

Why, Sir, *says Jack*, I must call myself a Gentleman as well as you, or else I could not have the Honour to call you Brother; and since you are dispos'd to be in Earnest, I take leave



leave to tell you, Sir, I will be us'd like a Gentleman, and if you don't know how to do it, I am able to teach you.

They were now both very hot; for upon the last Words of his Brother, the Esquire laid hold of his Cane, at which the younger laid hold of his Sword. Look you, Sir, says he, if you are dispos'd to treat your Brother thus, take notice, Sir, my Father's Son may be kill'd, but he can't be can'd, and I won't take the least Offer towards it at your Hand; I am ready for you when you please.

Some Company that were not far off, and Friends to both, in upon this, and kept them asunder for that time; but they soon met again at the same Place; and tho' it was two or three Days or more, yet they soon began the same kind of Discourse; and which was still worse, the elder Brother, who was certainly in the Wrong, yet always began the Discourse.

It happen'd they met the last Time at the Lady's Lodgings, and were let into her Par-lour, but the Lady was very unhappily abroad; she had charg'd her Maid, if ever the Gentlemen came when she was abroad, she should never let them both in, or at least not both into the same Room; for she had perceiv'd they began to be very uneasy one with another; she knew they were both hot and angry, and she was afraid of some Mischief between them, notwithstanding they were Brothers.

But



But some of her Aunt's Servants happening to come to the Door, when the eldest of the Gentlemen knock'd, they carry'd him into the same Parlour where the younger Brother was waiting before for the Lady's Return:

This was as unluckily pointed for what follow'd, as if the *Devil*, who is always ready for Mischief, had contriv'd it on Purpose; for the Brothers were no sooner met; but they fell to quarrelling.

Well, *Jack*, says the elder Brother, you will it seems keep your Haunt here, notwithstanding what I said to you.

I do not really understand what you mean by your way of talking, says *Jack*; you seem to take a Liberty with me, you have no right to.

What Liberty do I take? says the Esquire. I ask'd you what Business you had here with Mrs. —, was that taking too much Liberty? and I ask you again, is that an Offence?

And I told you, says *Jack*, I should give you no Account of myself, did not I? was that an Offence to you? If it was, I see no help for it, I shall give you the same Answer now: I cannot imagine what you mean by asking me such a Question:

I know what I mean by it, and I shall expect a better Answer, I tell it you in a few Words, says the Esquire.

Nay, if you have a Mind to make a Quarrel of it you are welcome, says *Jack*, I'll make



as few Words as you please ; only let me know your Pleasure, tell me what you would have, and you shall have a direct Answer, or a direct Refusal at once.

Why, my Question is short, *says the Esquire*, What do you visit Mrs. — for? you may easily understand me.

I shall answer it with the same Question, *says Jack*; pray what do you visit her for?

Why, that's as rude as you can answer an elder Brother, *says the Esquire*, and as spiteful; but few Words are best, *Jack*, I visit her for that which bears no Rivals; I hope you understand me now.

Well, and I do the same, *says Jack*; but there is one Question between us then, that carries matter of Right with it, and that is, who visited her first?

Why, that's true, *Jack*, *says the Esquire*, in some Cases, but not *in Love*; Priority is no Claim there, I shall not trouble myself about it.

Then I'm sure, *says Jack*, being an elder Brother is no Claim; so I shall take no notice of that.

No, no, *says the Esquire*, I don't expect it; there are no Relatives in whoring, *Jack*. I know no Brother, or Father, or Uncle or Cousin, when I talk of my Mistress.

Very well, *says Jack*, now you have answer'd me more particularly than it may be you intended; and perhaps we may come to an



an Understanding sooner than I expected.

What do you mean, *says the Esquire*, by an Understanding?

Nay, what can I mean? I mean, that you give me to understand, that you court Mrs. ——— to make a Whore of her.

Better Language, *says Jack*, however, *says the Esquire*: a Mistress, you would say?

Not I, *says Jack*, 'twill bear no better Language; a Whore's a Whore, you know, call it what you will, 'tis the same Thing to me.

Well, and suppose it then, what Business have you with it?

Why, suppose then that I court the same Lady for a Wife, I hope I have the better of you there?

Not at all *says the Esquire*, I shan't allow you should make a Wife of my Mistress.

Nor I can't allow, *says Jack*, that you shall make a Whore of my Wife.

But I shall make no Scruple of it I assure you, *says the Esquire*, if she is willing, for all you are my Brother, I shall do it if I can.

And I won't flatter you, that let her be willing or not willing, if you really do it, *says Jack*, I shall make no Scruple to cut your Throat for it if I can, for all you are my Brother.

Very well, *says the Esquire*, then I know what I have to trust to.

It's very true, *says Jack*, 'tis the old Road  
P 2 of



of Knight Errantry, Sir, win her and wear her, is the Word.

And what must be done then? *says the Esquire.*

Nay, *says Jack*, I need not tell you what to do; I tell you she's my Wife, I think that's enough to tell you what you ought to do.

And I tell you, *says the Esquire*, she's my Mistress, that's enough to tell you, you are a Cuckold, or shall be so, I think that's fair, to tell you before-hand.

And I think, *says Jack*, that's telling me I must cut your Throat before-hand too; for I will neither be a Cuckold, or be call'd so by you, or any Man alive.

*N.B.* At this the younger Brother rose up in a violent Rage, and went away; and the elder Brother, as hot as he, told him as he went out, *he did well* to leave him *in Possession.*

This urg'd him yet more, and he turn'd back, and said, I hope you will have the Manners to follow me?

No, *Jack*, *says the Esquire*, and swore to him, you shan't fight for my Mistress, and my Estate too; I'll take care first you shall get nothing by me.

With all my Heart, *says Jack*, we give a Rogue time at the Gallows to say his Prayers, you know.

I shall



I shall correct you for your Impudence, Sir, to-morrow Morning, without fail, *says the Esquire.*

Must I wait upon your Worship so long? *says Jack*, and added something very bitter, as if his Brother was too much a Coward to go on with it. But it appeared otherwise, for that very Evening he receiv'd a Challenge from the Esquire, appointing Time and Place to meet the next Day by Five in the Morning.

These two rash hot-headed young Fellows were carried into this Fit of Rage by the Violence rather of their fiery Spirits and Passions, than of their real Jealousy, for they had scarce either of them begun to engage with the Lady one way or another; but being hot and heady, they raised the Storm between themselves, and the Match and the Tinder meeting, the Flame broke out by the meer Nature of the Thing.

But my Business is not to moralize upon the Story, but to relate the Fact. The Challenge being given, they had no more to do but to meet, fight, play the Butcher upon one another, and leave the Consequences to Time.

The Father, the good old Knight, who was then living, could know nothing of what had pass'd between his Sons, for he was at that very time down at his Country Seat in *W—shire*, at least Sixty Miles from *London*.

On the Morrow early, according to Agreement, the Brothers prepared themselves for the



the Business, and out they went, but by several Ways, to the Place appointed, their Lodgings being in different Parts of the Town.

The younger Brother, whose Blood it seems was warmest, was first out, and it was scarce Day-light when he came within Sight of the Place appointed; there he saw his Brother, as he supposed him to be, walking hastily to and fro, as if he waited with Impatience for his coming.

Nay, *says he to himself*, I am sure I am within the Time; however, don't be impatient, Brother *Tom*, I'll be with you presently; and with that he mended his Pace. He had not gone many Steps more, but he saw his Brother (as he still thought him to be) coming forward, as if it was to meet him, and with his Sword drawn in his Hand.

You are mighty nimble with your Sword (said he again to himself) what, did you think I would not give you time to draw? But how was he surprized when he came up to him, and found it was not his Brother but his Father, and that instead of a Sword in his Hand he had nothing but a small little Cane, such as the old Knight generally walk'd with!

He was the more at a stand, because he supposed his Father was, as is said above, at his Seat in the Country, about sixty Miles off: However he was out of doubt when he not only saw him nearer hand, but that his Father spoke to him?

Why



Why how now *Jack*, says the old Gentleman, What, \* challenge and draw upon your Father.

\* When he thought he saw his Brother with his Sword in his Hand, he had laid his Hand on his Sword.

You may be sure, Sir, says he, I did not suppose it was you. I don't doubt you know whom I expected here; 'tis a poor cowardly Shift for him first to challenge his Brother, and then send you in his stead; you would not have done so your self, when you was a young Man.

'Tis no time to talk now, *Jack*, says his Father, I have your Challenge here, and I am come to fight you, not to talk to you; therefore draw, says he, you know there's no Relation in Love; and with that his Father draws his Sword, and advances upon him?

Draw! says *Jack*: What, and upon my Father! Heaven's forbid! No, I'll be murther'd first.

But his Father advancing again, and with a furious Countenance, as if he would indeed kill him, *Jack* pulls out his Sword and Scabbard, and throwing it on the Ground, cry'd out, There, Sir, take it, kill me with it; for God's Sake, what do you mean?

But his Father as it were running upon him, *Jack* turns from him, and giving a spring out of his Power, seems resolv'd to run from him;  
at



at which his Father stoops, takes up his Sword, and stood still.

The young Gentleman, surpriz'd and amaz'd at the Rencounter, was all in Terror and Confusion, and knew not what to do; but going back a considerable Way, and observing that his Father was gone, as he thought, he resolv'd, though he had no Sword, he would go to the Place appointed, and see if his Brother was come; for he should not be able to say he did not meet him, however he was thus strangely disarm'd:

Accordingly he went back to the Place, and sat him down upon the Ground, waiting near two Hours there, but heard nothing of his Brother; but as he came away again at the End of the two Hours, he found his Sword lying just in the Place where it was thrown down, or as near the Place as he could imagine, though he was sure it was not there when he went the second time by the Place.

This amus'd him more, and he knew not what to make of it; but he took up the Sword and went home, wondering at what the meaning of all this should be.

He had not been long at home, but his Brother's Servant comes to his Lodging with a very civil Message from the Esquire, to know how he did; and the Servant was bid to ask him from his Brother, if he had not met with something extraordinary that Morning, and  
to



to tell him that he (his Brother) was very ill, or he would have come to see him.

The Oddness of the Message added to the Surprise he was in before; upon which, he call'd the Messenger up Stairs, and parlied with him a little thus:

*J.* What's the Matter, *Will*? how does my Brother do?

*Will.* My Master gives his Service to your Worship, and sent me to know how you do.

*J.* Indeed I'm out of order a little; but how is your Master? What's the Matter?

*Will.* Why truly, and't please your Worship, I don't know what's the Matter; I think my Master has been frightened this Morning.

*J.* Frighted, *Will*! With what, prithee? Your Master is not easily frightened.

*Will.* Why no, and't please you, I know he is not; but this has been something extraordinary; I don't know how 'tis, for I was not with my Master, but they talk in the House, that he has seen his Father, or seen an Apparition in the Shape of his Father.

*J.* Why so I have too, *Will*; now you fright me indeed, for I made light of it before; why, it was my Father to be sure.

*Will.* No Sir, alas your Father! Why, my old Master was at ——— in *W——shire*, and very ill in his Bed but a *Friday* last; I came from him, my Master sent me to him on an Errand.

Q

*J.* And

*J.* And did you see him your self, *Will*?

*Will.* If your Worship please to give me my Oath, I'll take my Oath I saw him and spoke with him in his Bed, and very ill he was; I hope your Worship will believe I know my old Master?

*J.* Yes, yes, you know him, no doubt, *Will*.

*Will.* I dress'd him, and undress'd him five Years and a half, *and't please you*. I think I may say I know him in his Cloaths, or out of them.

*J.* Well, *William*, and I hope you will allow that I may know my own Father too, or him I have call'd Father these thirty Years?

*Will.* Yes to be sure, *and't please you*.

*J.* Well then, tell my Brother, it was either my Father or the *Devil*; I both saw him, and spoke with him, and I'm frightened out of my Wits.

Away went *Will* with this Message back to his Master, and his Master immediately goes again with *Will* to see his Brother.

As soon as he came into the Room to his Brother, he runs to him and kisses him; Dear *Jack*, *says he*, What has been the Matter with us To-day? We have both play'd the Fool, but forgive me my Part, and tell me what has happen'd.

*Jack* received him with all the Passions and Tendernefs imaginable, and they fell immediately to comparing things with one another. *Will* had told his Brother in general how it was,



was, as the younger Brother had order'd him; that he had seen his Father and spoke to him; and now he told him all the Particulars himself, as I have related them above, and how he came at him with such Fury, that he really thought he would have run him through the Body, and that he run away.

The Squire related his Story much to the same purpose, How that as he was coming to the Place appointed, his Father met him, and ask'd him whither he was going; that he put him off with a slight Answer, and told him, he was going to *Kensington* to meet some Gentlemen there, who were to go with him to *Hampton Court*.

That upon this, his Father turn'd very angry; and I observ'd, *said he*, his Face look'd as red as Fire; he stamp'd with his Foot, as he us'd to do when he was provok'd, and told me I put him off with a Sham; that he knew my Errand as well as I did myself; that I was going to murther my younger Brother, and that he was come to satisfy my Fury with his Blood, and I should murther him, not my Brother.

I was so confounded, *said the Esquire*, I could not speak to him a good while; but recovering myself a little, and going to excuse myself, he grew more angry; when I said my Pretensions were as honest to Mrs. ——— as yours were, he gave me the Lye, and indeed, *Jack*, I deserv'd it; though I could not ima-

gine he knew : but he told me in short, that I courted her to debauch her, but that you courted her honourably, to marry her, and he had given his Consent to it.

I was confounded, then begg'd his Pardon ; so he bad me go Home and be reconciled to my Brother, or that he would talk other Language to me the next time he saw me ; and now, dear *Jack*, *says the Esquire*, I am come to ask your Pardon, not only in Obedience to my Father, but really on my own Account, for I am convinc'd I was in the wrong to you very much.

You may be sure the Brothers were immediately as good Friends as ever they were in their Lives. But still *Jack* was uneasy about this being the real Appearance of his Father ; and his Brother's Man *William's* Words run in his Mind all that Night ; for as to this first Meeting, it was so taken up with the Ecstasies of their Reconciliation, that they had no time for any thing else.

But the next Morning the young Gentleman went to see his Brother, to return his Visit, and talk Things over again.

Dear Brother, *says Jack*, I am very uneasy about one Part of our Story still ; I am glad from my Soul that you and I are brought to understand one another, and I hope it shall never be otherwise ; but I cannot be thoroughly satisfy'd about who it was that was the  
Peace-



Peace-maker; if what your Man Will says be true, it cou'd never be my Father.

Nay, *says his Brother*, Will told me that you said it was my Father, or the *Devil*.

Why, yes, I did say so, *says Jack*, but that was to intimate my Certainty of its not being my Father; not that I suppos'd it was the *Devil*. But, pray, how long has my Father been in Town?

Nay, *says the Esquire*, I did not know that he is in Town, but that I saw him I know well enough.

But did not you send Will down to him, *says Jack*, into the Country? and is it possible he could come up since that, in so little time?

Yes, yes, he might come up, *says the Esquire*; he often drives it in a Day and a Piece, sometimes in a Day; six Horses go at a great Rate, you know.

But, pray, what think you of it yourself? you saw him as well as I. Was it really my Father? Your Man Will talks that 'twas impossible; besides, he says my Father was very ill, and kept his Bed.

Will does say he was much out of Order, but he did not say he kept his Bed; but I confess, I never enter'd into that Dispute in my Thoughts: 'Twas my Father sure! What else could it be? As you said, Brother, it must be my Father or the *Devil*:

Nay,

Nay, I don't know what to say neither; Brother, *says Jack*, as to its being the *Devil*. I believe the *Devil* and my Father have no manner of Correspondence.

Besides, Brother, *says the Esquire*, how should the *Devil* owe you and I so much Good-will, as to concern himself to reconcile us? I believe he had much rather have seen us murther one another, as we were in a fair Way to have done.

I rather believe, *says Jack*, he had a Hand in making us quarrel.

Ay, indeed, so do I, *says the Esquire*; I think, for my Part, I was mad; and, as Folks commonly say, the *Devil* was in me, or I should never have been such a Fool.

Well, but Brother, *says the young Gentleman*, how shall we come at the Bottom of this Matter? We both think it was my Father, and we both think it can hardly be him neither, and we both think it was not the *Devil*.

Ay, and *says the Esquire*, if it should not be my Father nor the *Devil* neither, what shall we say then?

Why that, indeed, makes me so impatient to have it out: Now I'll tell you one Thing which alarms me a little too; I have sent to Mr. ———'s, where you know my Father always lodges, and to the *Black Swan Yard*, where you know his Coach stands, and they all say he is not in Town, and that he is to be in Town about six Weeks hence.

Why



Why that's extraordinary too, I confess, *says the Esquire*; I never thought of it, because I never entertain'd any Jealousy of this kind, it was quite out of my Head; but, upon my Word, you make me very uneasy about it now.

For my Part, *says his younger Brother*, I would give any Thing to come to a Certainty about it, I cou'd almost take my Horse, and go down on purpose:

I'll go with you, with all my Heart, *says the Esquire*.

To bring the Matter to a Conclusion, the two Brothers agreed, and they went both away to see their Father. The very Day they took Horse to go down, but some Hours after they were gone, a Letter came to the elder Brother's House from their Father; the Contents of which I shall take Notice of presently.

And first I am to observe, that when they came to their Father they found him at home, and very ill, nor had he been from home; and was greatly concern'd for the Safety of his Sons, upon the following Occasion.

The Night before he wrote the Letter, spoken of above, he was surpriz'd in his sleep with a Dream, or rather a Vision, that his two Sons had fallen out about a Mistress; that they had quarrell'd to that Degree, that they had challeng'd one another, and were gone out into the Fields to fight; but that somebody had given him Notice of it, and that he



he had got up in the Morning by four a Clock to meet and prevent them.

Upon this Dream he awak'd in great Disorder and Terror; however finding it but a Dream he had compos'd his Mind, and gotten to sleep again: but that he dream'd it again in so lively a Manner, that he was forc'd to call up his Man that waited on him to sit up the rest of the Night with him; and he was frighted, and much out of order with the Fright.

That, in Consequence of this Dream, he had sent a Servant up Express, with Orders to ride Night and Day, to enquire how his Sons did, and to bring him Word if there had been any such Breach among them; and earnestly to press them, if such a Breach had been, that they would consent to let him mediate between them, that it might go no farther 'till he could come up, that so he might put an End to their Resentments, and make Peace among them, according to his Dreams: and this was the Letter mention'd above, that came to Hand in a few Hours after they were set out.

It cannot be doubted but it was very confounding to his Sons to hear the Account their Father gave them of his Dream, or Vision rather, about their Quarrel; and it was equally amazing to see it confirm'd by all the true Particulars; also that the old Gentleman, to be sure, had been so far from being at *London*,  
that



that he had scarce been a whole Day off from his Bed.

They conferr'd together seriously upon the private Question, (*viz.*) whether they should tell their Father the Story of their Quarrel, but especially of their seeing him severally, and his really parting them, or preventing their fighting.

Upon the Whole, they concluded not to let their Father know of his Likeness (as they call'd it) appearing to them, lest it might disquiet him too much; and for the rest, as they were perfectly reconcil'd again, they said there was no manner of Occasion to mention it at all, so they only paid their Compliment as a Visit of Duty, to see how he did, and to ask his Blessing; *Will* having told them that he was out of Order: and as for his Letter, they could happily tell him they had not seen it.

According to this Resolution they perform'd the Ceremony of visiting their Father, and made haste away again, that they might converse the more freely about this strange Conjunction of Circumstances, which had in it so many Things surprizing to their Thoughts, and even to their Understandings; for they knew not what to make of it, nor, indeed, could they resolve it into any thing but this, which is to my Purpose exactly, and which is the reason of my mentioning the whole Story, namely, that here was a double

R

Apparition

Apparition within the compass of our propos'd System.

1. Here was the Apparition of the living Person of their Father, without his Participation in the Action; his Face, Voice, and, perhaps, Habit was assum'd, and yet he himself knew nothing of the Matter, was not the least concerned in it, or acquainted with it.

2. Here was an Apparition to the Father in Dream; 'twas a plain Vision, the Thing that was true in Fact was reveal'd to him in his Sleep, which is the very Subject I am now speaking of. The Sons were represented, or appear'd to him, quarrelling, and in a State of Feud, as they really were, and yet neither of them knew any thing of the Matter.

From hence (supposing the Reality of the Story) it necessarily follows that a Spirit or invisible Being, let it be call'd what we please, may take upon it the Shape, Face, Voice of any living Person, whom it pleases to represent, without the Knowledge, Consent, or Concurrence of the Person so represented, in any manner whatsoever.

And from hence also it is evident that Dreams are sometimes to be call'd, and really are, Apparitions, as much as those other visible Apparitions which are seen when we are (as we call it) broad awake; that Apparition is to the Eyes of the Soul, and as it is so, it may be seen as well sleeping as waking, for the Imagination sleeps not: The Soul ceases  
indeed



indeed to act organically, but it ceases not to act as a Soul, and in a spirituous Manner, and consequently can act upon spirituous Objects; and that as well in Sleep as at any other time.



*The STORY of the Spectre appearing as an Evidence against his Murderer before the Judge on the Bench.*

THERE's a remarkable Story, which I believe to be true, of a certain Man who was brought to the Bar of Justice on Suspicion of Murder, which, however he knew it was not in the Power of human Knowledge to detect. When he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar, he pleaded *not Guilty*; and the Court began to be at a Loss for a Proof, nothing but Suspicion and Circumstances appearing; however such Witnesses as they had they examin'd as usual; the Witness standing up, as is usual, upon a little Step, to be visible to the Court.

When the Court thought they had no more Witnesses to examine, and the Man in a few Moments would have been acquitted; he gives a Start at the Bar, as if he was frightened; but recovering his Courage a little, he stretches out his Arm towards the Place where the Witnesses usually stood to give Evidence upon

Tryals, and pointing with his Hand, My Lord, says he, (aloud) that is not fair, 'tis not according to Law, he's not a legal Witness.

The Court is surpriz'd, and could not understand what the Man meant; but the Judge, a Man of more Penetration, took the Hint, and checking some of the Court that offer'd to speak, and which would have perhaps brought the Man back again to himself; Hold, *says the Judge*, the Man sees something more than we do, I begin to understand him; and then speaking to the Prisoner.

Why, *says he*, is not he a legal Witness? I believe the Court will allow his Evidence to be good, when he comes to speak.

No, my Lord, it cannot be just, it can't be allowed, *says the Prisoner*, (with a confused Eagerness in his Countenance, that shew'd he had a bold Heart but a guilty Conscience.)

Why not, Friend, what Reason do you give for it? *says the Judge*.

My Lord, *says he*, no Man can be allowed to be a Witness in his own Case; he is a Party, my Lord, he can't be a Witness.

But you mistake, *says the Judge*, for you are indicted at the Suit of the King, and the Man may be a Witness for the King, as in case of a Robbery on the Highway we always allow the Person robb'd is a good Witness; and without this the Highwayman could not be convicted;



convicted; but we shall hear what he says, when he is examined.

This the Judge spoke with so much Gravity, and so easy and natural, that the Criminal at the Bar answer'd, Nay, if you will allow him to be a good Witness, then I am a dead Man: The last Words he said with a lower Voice than the rest, but withal called for a Chair to sit down.

The Court order'd him a Chair, which if he had not had, 'twas thought he would have sunk down at the Bar; as he sat down he was observed to be in a great Consternation, and lifted up his Hands several Times, repeating the Words, *a dead Man, a dead Man*, several Times over.

The Judge, however, was at some Loss how to act, and the whole Court appear'd to be in a strange Consternation, though no body saw any thing but the Man at the Bar; at length the Judge said to him, Look you Mr. ——— calling him by his Name, You have but one Way left that I know of, and I'll read it to you out of the Scripture; and so calling for a Bible he turns to the Book of *Joshua*, and reads the Text, *Josh. vii. 19. And Joshua said unto Achan, my Son, give, I pray thee, Glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make Confession unto him, and tell me now what thou hast done, hide it not from me.*

Here the Judge exhorted him to confess his Crime, for he saw, no doubt, an Evidence  
ready

ready to convict him, and to discover the whole Matter against him; and if he did not confess, Heaven would, no doubt, send Witnesses to detect him.

Upon this the self-condemn'd Murderer burst out into Tears and sad Lamentations for his own miserable Condition, and made a full Confession of his Crime; and when he had done, gave the following Account of his Case, as to the Reasons of his being under such a Surprise, *viz.* That he saw the murder'd Person standing upon the Step as a Witness, ready to be examined against him, and ready to shew his Throat which was cut by the Prisoner, and who, as he said, stood staring full upon him with a frightful Countenance; and this confounded him: (as well it might) and yet there was no real Apparition, no Spectre, no Ghost or Appearance, it was all figur'd out to him by the Power of his own Guilt, and the Agitations of his Soul, fir'd and surpriz'd by the Influence of his Conscience \*.

The

\* The remarkable Account of *Plutarch* may be sufficient to terrify all bloody Murderers, and others, who so little set by Mens Lives: Which Vice our great Creator hath in so much Detestation, that he permitteth the brute Beasts to be Executors of his Justice; as it is evidently manifest by the History which follows. *The Antients who have written of the Nature of Animals, make mention of a King called Pyrrhus, who marching one Day with his Army, he came to a Place, where a Dog kept his Master who lay dead in the Highway; and having looked upon this piteous Spectacle, he was given to understand by some Peasants, that it was the third Day since the poor Creature had not stirred from the Place without Meat or Drink: wherefore the King caused the Corps to be interred,*  
and



The Soul of the murder'd Person seeks no Revenge; all that Part is swallowed up in the Wonders of the eternal State, and Vengeance entirely resign'd to him to whom it belongs; but the Soul of the Murderer is like the Ocean in a Tempest, he is in continual Motion, restless and raging; and the Guilt of the Fact, like the Winds to the Sea, lies on his Mind as a constant Pressure, and adds to that, (still like the Seas) 'tis hurry'd about by its own Weight, rolling to and again, Motion encreasing Motion, 'till it becomes a meer Mass of Horror and Confusion.

In this distracted Condition, Conscience, like a Storm at Sea, still breaks over him; first gathers about him in a thick black Cloud, threatening the Death that it comes loaded with; and after hovering about him for a-  
while,

*and that the Dog should be kept for his Fidelity, causing Inquisition to be made sometime after concerning the Murder; yet nevertheless without success in his enquiries and discovery of the Murderers: but it happened a while after, that the King mustering his Soldiers, and causing them all to pass before him, that he might see their Equipage; the Dog aforementioned, always kept near to the King, sad, mute and heavy, till those that had killed his Master passed by; then with a furious Impetuosity, he run and set upon them, and would have torn them in Pieces, turning and frisking up and down with such Barkings and Howlings, such strange kind of fury and vehemency, that it was taken notice of by every one, sometimes turning towards Pyrrhus, and looking on him so attentively, as if he demanded, and waited for Justice; by reason of which, the King immediately suspecting them to be guilty of the Murder, they were examin'd, convicted, and punish'd as for their fault as they deserved. A Thing certainly miraculous. And plainly shewing our God to be so just in his Judgments, and that his Hatred is so great against Murderers, that he sometimes permitteth the brute Beasts to accuse them.*



while, at last bursts with Lightnings and Thunder, and the poor shatter'd Vessel suffers Shipwreck, sinks, and is over-whelm'd in the Middle of it.

If Justice does not overtake him, if he is not discover'd and detected, and brought to publick Shame, as the Laws of God and Man require; How is he put to the Question? (so they call it in Countries abroad, when Men are put to the Rack to make them confess) how is he tortur'd with the Terrors of his own Thoughts, haunted with the Ghosts of his own Imagination, and Apparitions without Apparition? The murder'd Person is always in his Sight, and Cries of Blood are ever in his Ears; 'till at last, less able to bear the Torture of Mind than the Punishment of his Carcass, he even dies for fear of Death, murders himself, and goes away in Horror; or, if Heaven is merciful to him, delivers himself up to Justice, and dies a Penitent.



*The STORY of JAMES the Fourth, King of Scotland, as mentioned by Buchanan, and other Historians.*

**JAMES IV.** King of Scotland being persuaded by the Clergy and the Bishops to break with *England*, and declare War against *Henry VIII*, contrary to the Advice of his Nobility.



Nobility and Gentry, who were to bear both the Expence and the Blows of a Battle; *I say*, the King, thus over-ruled by the Clergy, raises an Army, and prepared to march to the Frontiers; but the Evening before he was to take the Field, as he was at Vespers in the Chappel Royal at his Palace of *Lithgo* or *Lanlithgow*, an antient Man appear'd to him with a long Head of Hair of the Colour of Amber, (some Accounts would represent it as a Glory painted round a Head by the Limners) and of a venerable Aspect, having on a rustick Dress, that is to say, in that Country Language, a belted Plaid girded round with a Linnen Sash. This Man was (as it seems by the Story) perceived by the King before he came close up to him, and before he was seen by any of the People; and the King also perceiv'd him to be earnestly looking at him, and at the noble Persons about him, as if desiring to speak to him.

After some little time he press'd through the Crowd, and came close up to the King, and, without any Bow or Reverence made to his Person, told him with a low Voice, but such as the King could hear very distinctly, That he was sent to him to warn him, not to proceed in the War which he had undertaken at the Solicitation of the Priests, and in Favour of the *French*; and that if he did go on with it he should not prosper. He added also, that he should abstain from his lewd and unchristian  
S Practices



Practices with wicked Women, for that if he did not, it would issue in his Destruction.

Having deliver'd his Message he immediately vanish'd; for though his pressing up to the King had put the whole Assembly in disorder, and that every one's Eye was fix'd upon him, while he was delivering his Message to the King; yet not one could see him any more, or perceive his going back from the King; which put them all into the utmost Consternation.

The King himself also was in great Confusion; he would fain have believ'd the Spectre was a Man, and would have spoken to it again, and would have ask'd some Questions of him. But the People constantly and with one Voice affirm'd that it was an Angel, and that it immediately disappear'd after the Message was deliver'd; that they plainly saw him and felt him thrusting to get by them as he went up, but not one could see him go back.

The King upon this was satisfisd that 'twas not a real Body, but an Apparition; and it put him into a great Consternation, and caused him to delay his March a-while, and call several Councils of his Nobility to consider what to do.

But the King being still over-persuaded by those Engines who were employ'd by Monsieur LA MOTTE, the *French* Ambassador; continu'd in his Designs for a War, and advanc'd afterwards with his Army to the *Tweed*,  
which



which was in those times the usual Boundary of the two Kingdoms.

Here the Army rested some time, and the King being at *Jedburgh*, a known Town in those Parts, as he was sitting drinking Wine very plentifully in a great Hall of the House, where his Head-quarters was then held, suppos'd to be the old Earl of *Morton's* House in that Town; the Spectre came to him a second Time, though not in the Form which it appear'd in at *Lithgo*; but with less Regard or Respect to the Prince, and in an imperious Tone told him, he was commanded to warn him not to proceed in that War, which if he did, he should lose not the Battle only, but his Crown and Kingdom: And that after this, without staying for any Answer, like the Hand to King *Abasuerus*, it went to the Chimney, and wrote on the Stone over it, or that which we call the Mantle-piece, the following Distich,

*Lata sit illa dies, Nescitur Origo secundi  
Sit labor an requies, sic transit gloria Mundi.*

That the King did not listen to either of these Notices, our Histories, as well as *Buchanan*, the Historian of *Scotland*, take Notice of very publickly; and that he march'd on, fought the *English* at *Flodden-field*, and there lost his Army, all his former Glory, and

his Life, is also recorded; I need not say no more of it †.

The

† These two Apparitions were certainly from such Spirits as we took some Notice of in a Note before, *viz.* such as mean well to Mankind, and being Good and Beneficent in their Nature, would prevent the Ruin or Destruction of those whom they appear to: But have not always Power to direct the Measures, or to oblige the Persons to hearken to their Advice.

Had it been a heavenly Vision, 'tis more than probable it would have laid hold of the King's Hand, as the Apparition of Angels did to *Lot*, and as it were dragg'd him away, and said you shall not go forward, that you may not be defeated and slain, both you and your Army.

Again, had it been the *Devil*, or an Apparition from Hell, the Message would never have been for Good; it would never have warn'd him to avoid the Battle, which should be so fatal to him, and in which so much innocent Blood should be shed to gratify the Priests, who 'twas not doubted were brib'd or otherwise influenc'd by *France*, and by which the King should be sure to lose his Life.

The *Devil* is too great a Lover of Mischief to concern himself in such an eminent Manner for a publick Good; too great an Enemy to Mankind to take the Trouble to caution the King twice, and send, as we may say, two Expresses to him to save his Life, and prevent a War; nor can we suppose the *Devil* concern'd to promote Peace in the World, but just the contrary; 'tis his Business to foment Distractions, publick Confusions, and War.

But should we suppose for once that the *Devil* standing neuter between the two Nations, should go so far out of his Way as to endeavour to keep the Peace for that Time on'y; yet what shall we say to the other Part of the Message at *Lithgo*, *viz.* That he should abstain from his Lewdness, and from his scandalous Life, his Familiarity with Women, and the like? Did ever the *Devil* pretend to this in his Life? If this could be the *Devil*, then he must be allow'd to act very much out of his ordinary Way, as some express it; 'tis not his profess'd, avow'd Practice.

What then must these Appearances be, and from whence? And how reasonable is it from all these Things to believe, that there are some other Spirits which we yet know nothing of, or but very little, who do so far concern themselves for the Good of Mankind, as that they frequently appear to us to warn us of Danger, to alarm us at the Approach of impending Mischief; advising and cautioning us from evil Courses, and evil Actions, as what is destructive to our present as well as future Felicity?

If



*The remarkable DREAM of a Gentleman's Steward, to whom his Master left the Care of his House and Effects, when his ill State of Health oblig'd him to use the Baths at Aix la Chapelle.*

A Certain Person of Quality, being with his Family at his Country-seat for the Summer Season, according to his ordinary Custom, was oblig'd upon a particular Occasion of Health to leave his said Seat, and go to *Aix la Chapelle*, to use the Baths there: This was it seems in the Month of *August*, being two Months sooner than the usual Time of his returning to Court for the Winter.

Upon thus removing sooner than ordinary, he did not then disfurnish the House, as was the ordinary Usage of the Family, or carry away his Plate and other valuable Goods, but left his Steward and three Servants to look after the House, and the *Padre* or *Parish Priest* was desired to keep his Eye upon them too, and

If it be objected, that some have owned themselves to be the Souls of departed Persons, as of near Relations, Wives, Husbands, &c. and have appear'd in their Likeness, and even in their Cloaths; it is answer'd, That is no Argument against the Thing at all; because as Spirits are allow'd in our present Discourse to assume any Shape, so it is not doubted but they may take up the Shape of the Dead as well as of the Living, and may assume the very Cloaths, Countenances, and even Voices of dead Persons; and it must be so, or else we must fall into all the Absurdities of Souls remaining in a wandering, unappointed, unsettled State after Life; which, if it should be granted, we must in many Things contradict the Scripture, and the receiv'd Opinions of all the reform'd Churches, and almost of all good Men even in all Ages.

and to succour them from the Village adjoining, if there was Occasion.

The Steward had no publick Notice of any Harm approaching; but for three or four Days successively he had secret strange Impulses of Dread and Terror upon his Mind that the House was beset, and was to be assaulted by a Troop of Banditti, or as we call them here, *House-breakers*, who would murther them all, and after they had robb'd the House, would set it on Fire; and this follow'd him so fast, and made such Impression upon his Mind, that he could think of nothing else.

Upon this the third Day he went to the *Padre*, or *Parish Priest*, and made his Complaint; upon which the Priest and the Steward had the following Discourse, the Steward beginning thus:

*Father*, said he, you know what a Charge I have in my Custody, and how my Lord has intrusted me with the whole House, and all the rich Furniture is standing; I am in great Perplexity about it, and come to you for your Advice.

*Pa.* Why, what's the Matter? You have not heard of any Mischief threatened, have you?

*St.* No, I have heard of nothing; but I have such Apprehensions, and it has made such Impression upon me for these three Days, that \* ———

\* Here he told him the Particulars of the Uneasiness



*Uneasiness he had been in, and added, besides what is said above, that one of the Servants had the same, and had told him of it, though he had communicated nothing to that Servant in the least.*

*Pa.* It may be, you dream'd of these Things?

*St.* No, indeed, *Padre*, I am sure I could not dream of them, for I could never sleep.

*Pa.* What can I do for you? What would you have me do?

*St.* I would have you first of all tell me what you think of these Things, and whether there is any Notice to be taken of them &—

*& Here the Padre examin'd him more strictly about the Particulars, and sent for the Servant and examin'd him apart; and being a very judicious honest Man, he answer'd him thus:*

*Pa.* Look you, *Mr. Steward*, I do not lay a very great Stress upon such Things, but yet I don't think they are to be wholly flighted; and therefore I would have you be upon your Guard, and if you have the least Alarm let me know.

*St.* That is poor Satisfaction to me to be upon my Guard, if I am over-power'd. I suppose, if any Villains have a Design to attack me, they know my Strength.

*Pa.* Shall I reinforce your Garrison?

*St.* I wish you would.

*Pa.* Well, I'll send you some Men with Fire-arms, to lye there this Night.

Accordingly

Accordingly the Priest sent him five stout Fellows with Fuzees, and a Dozen of Hand-granadoes with them, and while they continu'd in the House nothing appear'd; but the *Padre* finding nothing come of it, and being loth to put his Patron to so continued a Charge, sent for the Steward, and in a chiding angry Tone, told him his Mind:

*Pa.* I know not how you will answer it to my Lord, but you have put him to a prodigious Expence here, in keeping a Garrison in the House all this while.

*St.* I am sorry for it, *Padre*; but what can I do?

*Pa.* Do! Why, compose your Mind, and keep up your Heart, and don't let my Lord spend two or three hundred *Livres* here, to cure you of the Vapours.

*St.* Why, you said your self, *Padre*, that it was not to be wholly slighted?

*Pa.* That's true; but I said also, I would not lay too great a Stress upon it.

*St.* What must I do then?

*Pa.* Do! Why, dismiss the Men again, and take what Care you can; and if you have any Notice of Mischiefs that may be depended upon, let me have Notice too, and I'll assist you.

*St.* Well then, the good Angel must protect my Lord's House, I see, for no body else will.

*Amen*, says the *Padre*, I trust the good Spirits will keep you all; so he blest'd the Steward, (in his Way) and the Steward went away grumbling



grumbling very much that he took away his Garrison, and left him to the good Spirits.

It seems, for all this, that the Steward's Notices, however secret, and from he knew not who, were not of so light an Import as the *Padre* thought they were; for as he had this Impulse upon his Mind that such Mischief was brewing, so it really was, as you will see presently.

A Set of Robbers, who had Intelligence that the Nobleman with his Family was gone to *Aix la Chapelle*, but that the House was left furnish'd, and all the Plate and the Things of Value were left in it, had form'd a Design to plunder the House, and afterwards to burn it, just as the Steward had said.

They were two and twenty strong in the Whole, and thoroughly arm'd for Mischief. Yet while the additional Force, which the *Padre* had plac'd to reinforce the Steward, were in the House, of whom, including the other four, three sat up every Night, they did not dare to attempt it.

But as soon as they heard that the Guard was dismiss'd, they form'd their Design anew, and, to make the Story short, they attack'd the House about Midnight. Having, I suppose, proper Instruments about them, they soon broke open a Window, and twelve of them got into the House, the rest standing Centinel at such Places as they thought proper, to prevent any Succours from the Town:

T

The

The poor Steward and his three Men were in great Distress; they were indeed above Stairs, and barricadoed the Stair-cases as well as they could, hearing the Fellows were breaking in; but when they found they were got in, they expected nothing but to be kept above Stairs 'till the House was plunder'd, and then to be burnt alive.

But it seems the good Spirits the Priest spoke of, or some body else, made better Provision for them, as you will see presently.

When the first of the Fellows were gotten into the House, and had open'd the Door, and let in as many of their Gang as they thought fit, which (as above) was twelve in Number they shut the Door again, and shut themselves in; leaving two without the Door, who had a Watch-word, to go and call more Help if they wanted it.

The Twelve ranging over the great Hall, found little there to gratify their greedy Hopes; but breaking next into a fine well-furnish'd Parlour, where the Family usually sat, Behold, in a great easy Chair, sat a grave ancient Man, with a long full-bottom'd black Wig, a rich brocaded Gown, and a Lawyer's lac'd Band, but looking as if in great Surprize, seem'd to make Signs to them for Mercy, but said not a Word, nor they much to him, except that one of them starting, cry'd, HA! *who's here?*

Immediately the Rogues fell to pulling down the fine Damask Curtains in the Windows,  
and



and other rich Things; but one said to another with an Oath, Make the old Dog tell us where the Plate is hid; and another said, If he won't tell you, cut his Throat immediately.

The ancient Gentleman, with Signs of Entreaty, as if begging for his Life, and in a great Fright, points to a Door; which being open'd would let them into another Parlour, which was the Gaming Room, and serv'd as a Drawing Room to the first Parlour; and by another Door open'd into the great *Salon*, which look'd into the Gardens. They were some time forcing their way into that Room; but when they came in, they were surpriz'd to see the same old Man, in the same Dress, and the same Chair, sitting at the upper End of the Room, making the same Gestures, and silent Entreaties, as before.

They were not much concern'd at first, but thought he had come in by another Door, and began to swear at him, for putting them to the Trouble of breaking open the Door, when there was another Way into the Room. But, another wickeder than the first, said, with a heavy Curse, *the old Dog was got in by another Door*, on purpose to convey away the Plate and Money, and bad 'em knock his Brains out. Upon which the first swore at him, that if he did not immediately show them where it was, he was a dead Dog that Moment.

Upon this furious Usage, he points to the



Doors which opened into the *Salon*, which being a thin Pair of folding Doors open'd presently, and in they run into the great *Salon*; when looking at the farther End of the Room, there sat the ancient Man again, in the same Dress and Posture as before.

Upon this Sight, those that were foremost among them cry'd out aloud, *Why, this old Fellow deals with the Devil sure, he's here afore us again.*

But the Case differ'd a little now; for when they came out of the first Parlour, being eager for the Plate and Money, and willing to find it *all*, the whole Body of them run out into the second Parlour; but now the ancient Man pointing to the third Room, they did not all immediately rush out into the *Salon*, but four of them were left behind in the Parlour or Gaming Room mention'd just now, not by order or design, but accidentally.

By this Means they fell into the following Confusion; for while some of them call'd out from the *Salon*, that the old Rogue was there before them again; others answer'd out of the Parlour, How the *Devil* can that be? Why, he is here still in his Chair, and all his Rubbish: With that, two of them run back into the first Parlour, and there they saw him again sitting as before. Notwithstanding all this, far from guessing what the Occasion should be, they fancied they were gamed, or suggested that they were but jested with, and that



that there were three several old Men dress'd up in the same Habits for the very same Occasion, and to mock them, as if to let them know that the Men above in the House were not afraid of them.

Well, *says one of the Gang*, I'll dispatch one of the old Rogues, I'll teach one of them how to make Game at us : Upon which, raising his Fuzee as high as his Arm would let him, he struck at the antient Man, as he thought it was, with all his Force; but behold! There was nothing in the Chair, and his Fuzee flew into a thousand Pieces, wounding his Hand most grievously, and a Piece of the Barrel striking him on the Head, broke his Face, and knock'd him down backward.

At the same Time, one of those in the *Salon* running at the antient Man that sat there, swore he would tear his fine brocaded Gown off, and then he would cut his Throat: But when he went to take hold of him, there was nothing in the Chair.

This happening in both Rooms, they were all in most horrible Confusion, and cry'd out in both Rooms at the same Moment, in a terrible Manner.

As they were in the utmost Amazement at the Thing, so after the first Clamour they stood looking upon one another for some time, without speaking a Word more; but at length one said, Let's go back into the first Parlour and see if that's gone too; and with that  
Word,

Word, two or three that were on that Side, run into the Room, and there sat the antient Figure as at first; upon which they called to the Company, and told them, they believed they were all bewitch'd, and 'twas certain they only fancy'd they saw a Man in the other Rooms, for there was the real old Man sitting where he was at first.

Upon this they all run thither, saying, they would see whether it was the *Devil* or no; and one of them said, Let me come; I'll speak to him; 'tis not the first Time I have talk'd with the *Devil*.

Nay, *says another*, so will I; and then added with an Oath, Gentlemen that were upon such Business as they were, ought not to be afraid to speak to the *Devil*.

A Third (for now their Courage began to rise again) *calls aloud*, Let it be the *Devil*, or the *Devil's* Grandmother, I'll parley with it, I am resolv'd I'll know what it is: And with that he runs forward before the rest, and crossing himself, says to the antient Man in the Chair, *in the Name of St. Francis*, and St: ——— (and so reckon'd up two or three Saints Names that he depended were enough to fright the *Devil*) *What art thou?*

The Figure never mov'd or spoke; but looking at its Face, they presently found, that instead of his pitiful Looks, and seeming to beg for his Life, as he did before, he was chang'd into the most horrible Monster that ever was seen, and such as I cannot describe;  
and



and that instead of his Hands held up to them to cry for Mercy, there were two large fiery Daggers, not flaming, but red hot, and pointed with a livid blueish Flame, and in a Word, the *Devil* or something else, in the most frightful Shape that can be imagin'd. And it was my Opinion, when I first read the Story, the Rogues were so frightened, that their Imagination afterwards form'd a Thing in their Thoughts more terrible than the *Devil* himself could appear in.

But be that as it will, his Figure was such, that when they came up to him, not a Man of them had Courage to look in his Face, much less to talk to him; and he that was so bold, and thus came arm'd with Half a Regiment of Saints in his Mouth, fell down flat on the Ground, having fainted away (as they call it) with the Fright.

The Steward and his three Men were all this while above Stairs, in the utmost Concern at the Danger they were in, and expecting every Moment the Rogues would strive to force their Way up, and cut their Throats; they heard the confus'd Noise that the Fellows made below, but cou'd not imagine what it was, and much less the Meaning of it: But while it lasted it came into the Mind of one of the Servants, that as it was certain the Fellows were all in the Parlour, and very busy there, whatever it was about, he might go up to the Top of the House and throw one of  
their

their Hand-granadoes down the Chimney, and perhaps it might do some Execution among them.

The Steward approved of this Design, only with this Addition; if we throw down but into one Parlour, they will all fly into the Gaming-room, and so it will do no Execution; but, says he, take three, and put down one into each Chimney, for the Funnels go up all together, and then they will not know which Way to run.

With these Orders two of the Men, who very well knew the Place, went up, and firing the Fuzees of the Granadoes, they put one Shell into each of the Funnels, and down they went roaring in the Chimney with a terrible Noise, and (which was more than all the rest) they came down into the Parlour where almost all the Rogues were, just at the Moment that the Fellow that spoke to the Spectre was frightened into a swooning Fit, and fallen on the Floor.

The whole Gang was frightened beyond Expression; some run back into the gaming Parlour whence they came, and some run to the other Door which they came in at from the Hall; but all, at the same Instant, heard the *Devil*, as they thought it was, coming down the Chimney.

Had it been possible that the Fuzees of the Granadoes could have continued burning in the Funnel of the Chimnies, where the Sound

was



was a thousand Times doubled by the Hollow of the Place, and where the Soot burning fell down in Flakes of Fire, the Rogues had been frightened out of their Understandings; imagining, that as they had one dreadful *Devil* just among them in the Chair, so there were ten thousand more coming down the Chimney to destroy them all; and perhaps to carry them all away.

But that could not be; so after they had been sufficiently scared with the Noise, down came the Shells into the Rooms, all three together: It happen'd as luckily as if it had been contriv'd on purpose, that the Shell which came down into the Parlour where they all were, burst as soon as ever it came to the Bottom, so that it did not give them time so much as to think what it might be, much less to know that it was really a Hand-granadoe; but as it did great Execution among them, so they as certainly believ'd it was the *Devil*, as they believed the Spectre in the Chair was the *Devil*.

The Noise of the bursting of the Shell was so sudden and so unexpected, that it confounded them, and the Mischief was also terrible; the Man that fainted and who lay on the Ground was killed out-right, and two more that stood just before the Chimney; five of them were desperately wounded, whereof one had both his Legs broke, in so desperate a manner, that when the People from the Coun-



try came in, he shot himself thro' the Head with his own Pistol, to prevent his being taken.

Had the rest of them fled out of the Par-lour into the two other Rooms, 'tis probable they had been wounded by the other Shells; but as they heard the Noise in both the outer Rooms, and besides were under the Surprise of its being not a Hand-granadoe, but the *Devil*, they had no Power to stir; nor, if they had, could they know which way to go to be safe: So they stood stock still 'till both the Shells in the other Rooms burst also; at which being confounded, as well with the Noise as with the Smoke, and expecting more *Devils* down the Chimney where they stood, they run out all that Way, and made to the Door, helping their wounded Men along as well as they could; whereof one died in the Fields after they were got away.

It must be observ'd, when they were thus alarmed with they knew not what coming down the Chimney, they cryed out, that the *Devil* in the Chair had sent for more *Devils* to destroy them; and 'twas suppos'd that had the Shells never come down they would all have run away. But certain it was, that the artificial *Devil* joyning so critically as to Time with the visionary *Devils*, or whatever they were, compleated their Disorder, and forced them to fly.

When they came to the Door to the two  
Men



Men, they made Signals for their Comrades, who were posted in the Avenues to the House, to come to their Relief; who accordingly came up, and assisted to carry off their wounded Men: But after hearing the Relation of those that had been in the House, and calling a short Council a little Way from the Door, (which, tho' dark as it was, the Steward and his Men could perceive from the Window) they all resolved to make off.

There was another concurring Accident, which tho' it does not relate to my Subject, I must set down to compleat the Story, *viz.* That two of these Granadoes by the Fire of their Fuzees set the Chimnies on Fire; the third being in a Funnel that had no Soot in it, the Room having not been so much used, did not. This Fire flaming out at the Top, as is usual, was seen by some Body in the Village, who run immediately and alarmed the Priest, or *Padre*, and he again rais'd the whole Town, believing there was some Mischief fallen out, and that the House was set on Fire.

Had the rest of the Gang not resolv'd to make off, as is said above, they had certainly fallen into the Hands of the Townsmen, who ran immediately with what Arms came next to Hand, to the House. But the Rogues were fled, leaving, as above, three of their Company dead in the House, and one in the Field.

I must confess, I cannot draw many Inferences to my purpose from the Particulars of

this Story, which, however, I have told for your Diversion; but from the General I may; namely, This Apparition was certainly not in favour of the Robbery; and if all the Particulars are true in Fact as related, we can hardly with Justice place them to Satan's Account. Take him as a Destroyer and a Father of Mischief, he could not be suppos'd to have appear'd to prevent the robbing the House, or to assist the Steward in the House in defence of his Master's Goods: What good Spirit this must be, and from whence, is then a remaining Question, and that brings it to my purpose again.



*A diverting STORY of the Disappointment of Two LOVERS, who had made an Appointment to meet at a Neighbour's House, and how the Assignment was broken by the Appearance of one that personated the Minister of the Parish.*

**A** Certain young Lady of ———, born in the County of ———, had been long courted by a young Gentleman, whose Father had a very good Estate in the same Town: She had kept him Company too openly, but had not yielded to his Importunities for a criminal Conversation, tho' her Reputation suffer'd for it









it as if she had; but at length she was so far over-persuaded, that she made an Appointment to be at such a Time at a Farmer's House, a Tenant of his Father's, and who were, it seems, let into the wicked Secret. Accordingly she dresses herself up with the best of her Art, to recommend herself (to the *Devil*, I may say;) and away she goes to meet him, having her Servant Maid to attend her, because it was over some Fields that she was to go.

When she was near the House she finds some Excuse or Errand to send back her Maid to the Town; the Wench, it seems, not being privy to the Business.

As she turns about to dismiss her Maid, the Maid offer'd to go farther 'till she was nearer the House; but her Mistress sees the Minister of the Town coming along the Path, and making that the Excuse, O, says she, there's our Minister, Dr. ——— coming, so I shall have his Company; you may go back, *Mary*, I shall be safe enough.

The Maid sees the Minister also, and goes back accordingly.

As soon as the Minister came up to her, (for he seem'd to overtake her presently) he gives her the usual Compliment, and asks her how she came to be in the Fields alone?

She answer'd she had not been alone, but having Occasion to send back her Maid, she dismiss'd her the sooner because she saw him coming;  
ing;

ing; and besides, says she, I am going but to that House there, naming the Farmer's Name.

O, Madam, says the Doctor, are you going thither? Then I know your Errand.

She was surpriz'd, and blush'd; but recovering a little; What Errand, Sir? says she.

Why, Madam, says he, it may not be proper for me to name the Business; but you know it well enough.

What do ye mean, Sir? says she; I don't understand you.

Why, says he, your Favourite the young Esquire, is there before you.

She was terribly surprized then, and could hardly speak to him, being touch'd with Shame and Indignation; supposing the young Gentleman had boasted of her Favours before he had receiv'd them, and had betray'd her: However, she made still strange of it: And having, it may be suppos'd, conquer'd her Modesty so far as to make a Promise or Appointment to sacrifice her Virtue to him, she might the easier conquer the Surprize; so she seemed to slight it.

But, Madam, says the Minister, if you would take my Advice—and there he stop'd.

What Advice, Sir? says she; I don't understand what do ye mean.

Why, I wou'd advise you to go back to the Town again; and not go into the Way of Mischief.

She still withstood, and put him off with the



the usual Answer, I don't understand you; what do ye mean? And the like; but at last the Minister raising his Voice a little, like to that of a stern Reprover; Come, come, young Lady, says he, you can't conceal your wicked Purposes; you have made Mr. — an Appointment; he prevail'd on you last Night, and you have now deck'd yourself up with your Ornaments to meet him, and prostitute your Virtue, and your Honour, and your Conscience, all to his corrupt vicious Appetite; and I know it, you may see that I do; my Advice to you is to go back and break your wicked Promise, and repent that you made it: I shall give him the same Advice presently.

If she was surpriz'd before, she was confounded now, partly with Horror at the Fact itself, which now she was struck a little with the Sense of; and partly, but Tenfold more, with the Shame of its being known. It put her into such Confusion, that at first she could not answer a Word; but after a-while, she said, If you know the Gentleman is there, Sir, I shall not go, especially since you have such hard Thoughts of me: And upon saying this she turns about and goes directly back again, and the Minister went from her towards the House. As the Farmer liv'd but a very little Way from the Place where she stood talking with him, she look'd behind her and saw him go into the House, and the Door shut after him.

Any



Any one will suppose upon this Shock to her Design, and being not only disappointed in her wicked Pleasures, but expos'd and betray'd, as she imagin'd, by her Lover; she went directly home without any stay, and there gave vent to her Passions with the utmost Rage, and with all the Resentment that such base Treatment could inspire her with.

The Gentleman, on the other Hand, being extremely disappointed, and not knowing what could be the reason of it, after he had waited a long Time, came back to see what was the Matter, believing she must be taken ill, or that something had happen'd very extraordinary.

When he came to the House, (she liv'd it seems with an Aunt, whose Husband was also dependent upon the young Gentleman's Father) he enquir'd for his Mistress; but her Maid brought him Word, that she could not be spoken with.

That Answer not being satisfactory, and having refus'd to be answered with two or three more such Excuses, at last she sent him Word plainly, that she had nothing to say to him; and that she not only would not see him now, but would never see him more.

Surpriz'd with this, and not able to guess the Meaning of it, he goes away; but the next Morning writes her a very civil obliging Letter, wherein, among Abundance of the usual Expressions of Lovers, he begs to know what he had done, that should merit such Treatment,



Treatment, and that she would let him into so much at least of the Causes of her Displeasure, as should put him in a Way to clear himself; protesting that he knew not the least Step he had taken to disoblige her, except in punctually attending her Appointment; and having the Mortification of sitting five Hours by himself, in Expectation of her Company.

In Answer to this, she sent him a long Letter, full of Reproaches for his vile Usage of her, drawing her into a sinful, shameful Compliance with him, and then exposing her, and triumphing over her Weakness; making her with one hand the pretended Object of his Amour, and with the other the Sport of his Companions. She upbraided him with telling her that he sat five Hours alone, whereas he had much better Company than she could have been; seeing the good Doctor, who had admonished her not to expose herself in meeting him, had given him the same good Advice that he had done to her, and so had not made so bad a Use of his Treachery in betraying her, as he expected.

She concluded with telling him, 'twas her Happiness that this came to her Knowledge, before she had thrown herself into the Arms of a Traitor; and tho' he had done her the Injustice to boast of her Weakness, she thank'd God, he triumph'd when he had gain'd but half a Victory; that she was infinitely beholden to him for her Deliverance, and that

it was the only Obligation he had ever laid upon her.

If I could give you the Entertainment of all the Letters that pass'd between them, while they were both under the Amusement of the mysterious Part, and perfectly ignorant of the Occasion, and then add the Surprize of the Discovery, it would make two Acts of a good Comedy; but I must shorten the Story as much as I can.

He was so surpriz'd with this Answer from his Mistress, that he could not tell what to make of it, and especially those Paragraphs which related to the good Doctor's admonishing her, and being in his Company; all which as he really had known nothing of it, so there was no guessing at the meaning of it. 'Twas impossible so much as to have the least Notion about it; 'twas all Confusion and Darknes, and without the least Meaning that he could come at. In a Word, abundance of Letters pass'd between them, but still she continu'd using him after the same Manner, talk'd the same Style, about his betraying her, and that he acted the very Part of the *Devil*, first to tempt, and then to accuse; first to draw her in with a thousand Importunities, and then expose her for complying. She reproach'd him with the many Sollicitations and Protestations of Affection, and appeal'd to him to testify, whether he had made an easy Conquest, and whether she had not *so long* withstood his most incessant



incessant Assaults; challeng'd him to tell how long he had besieg'd her, and whether she had yielded at last but on an honourable Capitulation, tho' unhappily she had granted Possession without the due Securities. She ask'd him why, when he triumph'd over her Honour, he had not had so much Generosity to own what the Treaty had cost him, and how long it was before he had gain'd that little he had to boast of?

He protested at large, that he was perfectly surpriz'd at the whole Affair, understood not one Word of it, could not dive into her meaning, abhorr'd the Thought of what she charg'd him with; and at last very warmly insisted upon her explaining herself, and that otherwise, as she did him so much Injustice, he would do himself Justice; for he heard she made it too publick, and that tho' he had not done it yet, being tender of her Character, yet he could not bear to be treated in this manner, and not know something of the Reason of it.

At last he press'd her to let him but speak with her; which, tho' it was long before she would grant, yet she did at last consent to it, lest he should expose her.

At this Interview they began to come to an Understanding; she own'd that she was coming to the Place, but that she saw the Minister go in just before her, which made her go back again; but she did not tell him a Word of her seeing the Minister on the Way.

He protested there was no Minister came to him, or into the House; and afterwards brought the People of the House to testify the same; that he sat all the while in the Parlour reading a Book, and that no Creature came near him, nor so much as to the Door:

This startled her; and at last, with much Importunity, she told him the whole Story of her meeting with the Doctor in the Fields; and, in a Word, how the Doctor told her where she was going, and to who; that he was there waiting for her; and, which confounded her worse than all, had told her what she was going about; adding, that she had made the Promise the Night before, and that he, meaning the Gentleman, had told him so.

*N. B. In this Part she was mistaken; the Doctor said, he had been told of it as soon as she had made the Promise, and she in her Surprise understood it, that he said the Gentleman told him.*

He was so full of this heavy Charge, and himself in every Part so clear of it, that it was impossible he should sit still with it. He knew not what to make of it, he knew very well that he had never open'd his Mouth to any one, Man, Woman, or Child about it; that the Farmer, or any of his Family, knew not a Word of it, only that he was to meet her there, as they had frequently done before, and innocently



innocently enough ; and he could not suppose she could be so weak to talk of it herself ; so that he could not yet imagine what it could be.

A few Days furnish'd him with an Opportunity to talk with the Minister himself, who came frequently to his Father's House ; and being one Day very free with him, he jested with him, for hindering him of two or three Hours of very good Company.

The Doctor answer'd him, he should be very sorry to be guilty of any thing so rude, and desir'd to know how it could be.

Why, Doctor, says he, we were with some Friends very merry at such a House ; (insinuating that there was more Company ; ) and such a Lady, says he, (naming her) was coming to us, and you met her, and persuaded her to go back again.

Sir, says the Doctor, I have only one Satisfaction in the whole Story, and that is, that it cannot be true, as I shall soon satisfy you.

Nay, Doctor, says the Gentleman, I don't tell it you as of my own Knowledge.

No, Sir, says the Doctor, and I should not have so little Respect as to tell you it was false, if you had told it me as of your own Knowledge.

But do you assure me, says the Gentleman, that it is not true ?

I do assure you, says the Doctor, upon my Word, that I know nothing of it.

Why, Doctor, says the Gentleman, do you give me your Word that you did not meet her  
in

in the Fields, next to Farmer Gi——'s House on the eleventh Day of the very last Month, being *August*? For I have it all down in black and white here\*.

Not only not that Day, says the Doctor, but I never saw her in those Fields, or any other Fields, in my Life.

Why, you surprize me Doctor, says the Gentleman; it is impossible.

I appeal to the Lady herself, says the Doctor.

Nay, Doctor, says the Gentleman, if you appeal to her, you must be cast; for I will swear she told me so herself.

This confounded the Doctor for a little while, but he presently recover'd himself; Sir, says he, I was going to desire of you, that we might wait upon Mrs. —— together, and that I might hear it from herself; but upon recollecting all the Circumstances, I am very happy in one Thing, namely, that let her say so herself, and forty Ladies more, I can prove to you, that it is impossible it should be true.

That will indeed put an End to it all, says the Gentleman; but how can you do that?

Why, Sir, says the Doctor, are you sure she does not give you a wrong Day?

No, no, says the Gentleman, I have a Reason why it can't be a Mistake of the Day, for I have a Memorandum of the Day upon a remarkable Occasion †. And

\* He pulls out his Pocket-book, and looks for the Day of the Month

† He had set it down in his Book upon the Occasion of his being disappointed.



And it is not the Lady's Mistake then, says the Doctor; for you know Women are not always the exactest in their Accounts of Days, nor Months, unless it be on worse Accounts than I believe you were to meet about.

Well, Doctor, says the Gentleman, but I am sure of the Day, for I have it in my Book.

Nay, if it was mistaken a Day or two, says the Doctor, it matters not; for, as I said before, I never saw her in the Fields in my Life; or if I might see her among other People, I am sure I never spoke to her. But, besides, Sir, I tell you, this cannot be true, for I was at *London* all the last Month till the 27th Day, so that 'tis impossible.

Here the Discourse necessarily broke off: the Gentleman was loth to discover his Surprize, but told him he would enquire farther into it; and upon that he goes immediately back to the Lady, reproaches her a little with her forming such a Story to pick a Quarrel; but not telling her that he had been with the Minister at all; only, as he might easily know by other Circumstances, that the Doctor was out of Town, he told her, that he would not have charg'd her with such a Thing in such harsh Terms, if he was not, upon looking back a little upon Things, come to a Certainty, that it was not only false, but that it was impossible to be true.

They had a long Dialogue upon that Head; and as he did not presently tell her the Circumstances,

cumstances, thinking he had a little Advantage upon her, he jested with her pretty smartly upon it, seem'd to laugh that she should first put such a Sham upon him, and then to tell such a formal Story to make it good, and to excuse her Breach of Promise, and that not a Word of Truth should be in it.

She receiv'd his making a Jest of it with Disdain, and told him she began now to discover what a kind of a Man she was so near being ruin'd by; and that she had been in good Hands indeed, that could pretend to banter her thus; that she should have been finely us'd, if the good Minister had not been sent from Heaven to save her from being doubly undone.

He told her she was soon angry; but it touch'd her home; however, Madam, says he, you shan't slander the good Man, for he had no hand in it.

Well, well, says she, I can better laugh at you for that Folly, than I should have done for something too vile to name, if I had fallen into your Hands: For, says she, I had too much Reason to say now, that I was sure to have been both betray'd, and expos'd.

He said she grew scurrilous, and went from one Story to another; that she told him a false Story, and wanted to drop it; he desir'd her to stick to one Thing, and go through that first.

She colour'd, and raising her Voice, told him  
him



him 'twas below a Gentleman to give a Woman the Lie; that she believ'd, if she had been a Man, he durst not have said so to her.

He told her she was mad, and that she had happen'd to speak a false Thing, and was in a Rage because she could not come off of it.

She told him, he show'd her again that he was no Gentleman; that if he gave her *the Lie* again she would spit in his Face; and that if he would furnish her with a Sword, she would do herself Justice, and give him Satisfaction as fairly as if she was a Man; and that for his giving her the Lie, she threw it back in his Face, he might make the best of it.

That's gallantly done, says he, Madam, indeed, there's a Sword for you; and offers her his own, laying it down upon the Table before her.

You an't even with me yet, says she; I scorn as much to take up a Sword against a naked Man; as you ought to have scorn'd, if you had been a Gentleman, to give *the Lie* to a Woman.

He began now to find she was too hard for him; but he came back to the Question.

Well, Madam, says he will you own your self in the wrong, if I prove to you what I said just now, that what you charge me with not only is false, but can't be true?

Ay, ay, says she, what can't be true must be false; but what does that do for you?

Well, says he, will you venture so much upon it as—— Y Here

Here she interrupted him with some warmth: says she, I'll venture my Life upon it.

No, Madam, not your Life, says he, you shall only oblige yourself to perform your Promise, if I do prove it; and I'll promise never to ask you more, if I do not.

I can't go that Length again, to save Life; but I'll freely consent to die any Death in the World, that is not by lingring Torture, if you can do it.

Why, then Madam, says he, you know our Appointment was such a Day: So he reckon'd up the Days to her, 'till she understood the Calculation, and agreed that it was so.

Well, it was such a Day, says she, and that Day I saw and talk'd with the Doctor in such a Place.

Well, Madam, says he, and that Day, and all that Part of the Month for several Days both before and after it, the Doctor was at *London*. I remember it, and you shall know it by very good Circumstances, such as cannot be deny'd. I know it by several Particulars.

Here he related to her several Circumstances, as if he knew them by his own Affairs, not letting her know at all that he had seen the Doctor and talk'd with him about it.

She laugh'd at him at first, and told him, that he had been too old for her before; but she was too old for this now: That she might be imposed upon in many Things; but when she saw a Man that she knew, and had known  
from



from a Child, and talk'd with a Man she had talk'd to a thousand Times, and had heard preach for almost fifteen Years, he must not think to run her down with Words: That she assur'd him 'twas so, and there was an End of the Thing.

Well, Madam, says he, and you pretend he came to the House too while I was there? How do you pretend to prove that?

Only, says she, that I stood still with my Eyes open, saw him at the Door, saw little *Jacky G——s*, the Farmer's Son, open the Door to him, make him a Bow, saw the Doctor go in, saw the Door shut to again when he was in; that is all, says she, and smil'd.

Well, says he, I can only say this, I will have the Bottom of it out; for I will not be charg'd as guilty of using you ill, while I know nothing of it.

No, no, says she, I don't say I am us'd ill, I am us'd well, very well: And here she puts on an Air of Satisfaction, and sings,

*To flee from the Devil's to bid him pursue;  
And he certainly needs no inviting:  
But if you assail, he will quickly turn Tail,  
For the Devil was never for fighting.*

*The Devil can tempt, but he cannot compel;  
He can wheedle, delude, and invite us;  
But he never would fill up his Quota's in Hell  
If he only should bully and fright us.*

*But when once we're got out of his Clutches,  
He rages and roars like a Bull:  
His Malice and Emptiness such is,  
And yet he's of Venom so full.*

*The Way then to deal with the Devil,  
Is at his own Weapons to fight him:  
When he sets up his roar, provoke him the more  
And let him but see that you slight him.*

*For the Devil's a Coward in Nature,  
A pitiful sorry Poltroon;  
If you take but the Whip, he'll give you the Slip;  
And before you can lash him, he'll run.*

Her singing put him into a Passion; for he took her Song of the *Devil* to mean himself; and he told her 'twas all a scandalous Fiction of her own, and she should hear more of him; and so offered to go out.

She bad him do his worst, and made him a Curt'sy, as if she suppos'd he had been just going away; and now she laugh'd outright at him.

But he cou'd not go away yet; he told her he would not have her expose herself, that she ought not to use him so, and she would but force him to make her ashamed of it.

She told him it was good Advice, to bid her not expose herself, and she had the more need of it; because he had exposed her so much already.

Then



Then he told her he would bring the Farmer and all his Family to her, to prove that the Doctor had not been there that Day, nor for five Months before; and the Boy should testify that he never saw him, nor open'd the Door, nor let him in.

Well, Sir, says she, now you come close to the Point; pray let this be done: But let me ask one Thing for you to think of as you go on; do you think I know Doctor —— our Minister?

Yes, Madam, says he, I believe you know him well enough, and that makes me wonder at you the more.

Well, and do you think my Maid *Mary* knows him? says she.

Yes, says he, I believe she does; for she was born in the Town.

Well, says she, then I have one Witness of my Side; you shall hear what she says.

Why, Madam, says he, was *Mary* with you?

You shall hear presently, says she.

*So she rings a little Bell, and in comes the Maid.*

*Mist. Mary*, don't you remember you walk'd out into the Field with me one Day last Month?

*Ma.* What, when you went to Farmer *Gi——s's*, Madam, and sent me back again?

*Mist.* Yes; don't you remember you would fain a-gone further?

*Ma.* Yes, Madam, I was afraid you should go over the last Field alone. *Mist.*

*Mist.* But what did I say to you, *Mary*?

*Ma.* Why, you would make me go back; by the same Token we saw our Minister Dr. — a coming after us, and you said the Doctor would see you safe; and so I came away contented when I saw him.

*Mist.* Are you sure 'twas the Doctor, *Mary*?

*Ma.* Sure, Madam! yes; why he spoke to me.

*Mist.* What did he say to you?

*Ma.* He said, How d'ye do Mrs. *Mary*? and touch'd his Hat, just as he us'd to do.

Well, Sir, says she, then you see I was not drunk, nor I did not walk in my Sleep. If it were convenient I would send for the Doctor this Minute, and he should tell you what he said to me.

Convenient or not convenient, says he, I'll send for him, or go to him, for I will find it out: And then he swore a little.

That's much about as kind as all the rest, says she; rather expose any body than yourself; but do your worst, *the Snare is broken, and I am escap'd*, 'twill expose yourself at last.

Come, Madam, says he, you shall see I can talk it with the Doctor, and that before your Face; and yet he shall know nothing of the Matter.

I know a little too much of that, says she; he know nothing of it! And then she smil'd.

This put him almost out of all Temper, and he gave her ill Words again; and at last added the whole Story, and told her downright, that



that he had talk'd with the Doctor already; and that he solemnly protested he knew nothing of it, and had never seen her or spoken with her for so long a Time, naming the Time when he spoke last to her; likewise he told her what the Doctor said of his having been at *London* all those three Weeks when this happen'd.

She begun to be amaz'd, and a little confounded at this; but recovering herself, she told him, that if the Doctor was there himself, she had a direct Answer to give him, for she was not a Papist to believe a Priest against her own Senses:

What Answer can you give, Madam, says he, when the Doctor shall prove by twenty Witnesses, if need were, that he was at *London*, almost a hundred Miles off, all the while?

Why my Answer would be this, that 'twas either he or the *Devil*.

Well, then it was the *Devil*, says he; I won't dispute that with you, Madam.

No, no, says she, I can satisfy you that it could not be the *Devil*; I can convince you; you will acknowledge it presently: Do you think the *Devil* would have turn'd me back again, when he knew the dreadful Errand I was going on?

Nay, says he calmly, I confess, that's the best Thing you have said yet; who then cou'd it be? says he; for 'tis plain it could not be the Doctor.

Then,

Then, says she, it must be some heavenly Appearance in the Doctor's Cloaths, for I knew not his Face and his Voice only, but his very Gown; and if it was a good Angel, I have the more Reason to be thankful that he hindered me from running into the Arms of the *Devil*: And with that she fell a crying, she could hold out no longer \*.

Well, they parted after this Scuffle, for he was a little daunted himself.

But my Story does not end here; for a little while after something happen'd that explain'd all the rest: The Lady had a Visit to pay at a Neighbour's House, who liv'd a little out of the Town, only over one little Enclosure, which she was oblig'd to cross: Now as she was going over that Close or Enclosure, who should she meet but the Doctor again; and she saw him a good while before he came up to her.

She was surpriz'd at seeing him; and if she could have avoided him she would: But 'twas impossible

\* This must be certainly one of those Angelick Guards which the God of Nature, in Mercy to Mankind, has placed as a detach'd Body of Spirits to counter-act the *Devil*, prevent the Arch-enemy seducing his Creatures, and over-whelming the World with Crimes; and if the Story be as I have receiv'd it and now handed it down, it seems a merciful Disposition of Providence in Favour of the Gentleman, as well as the Lady; and be it a Parable or a History, the Moral is the same, and the Improvement of it the same too: They that are running the same Course of Folly would have Reason to be very thankful if they were sure to meet with the same kind of Disappointment, and would never say it was the *Devil* that told it them.



impossible. When he came up to her, he pull'd off his Hat very courteously, and immediately began to discourse of what he had said to her before; but took no Notice at all of its having been deny'd.

Sir, says she, I have been very ill us'd upon that Day's Work.

I know it, says he, I know it, repeating the Words: But your Innocence shall be cleared up, I will do it myself; do you be thankful that you escap'd the Snare: And so, giving her no time to answer, he pass'd by her without taking any farewell: which being a little Particular, made her turn her Head to look at him: But tho' it was in the Middle of the Field, which was too large for him to be out of it if he had flown as swift as a Pidgeon, (for it was not above a Moment, not a Second of Time) he was gone, and she saw nothing.

She was exceedingly surpriz'd, and ready to sink into the Ground; she was so frightened that she could not help sitting down even upon the Grass; for her Joints trembled under her, so that she could not stand.

It happen'd that a poor Woman of the Town came cross the Close at the very Juncture, and knowing her, she call'd to her to come and help her up. She did not tell the Woman what had happen'd to her, but that she was taken with a Fit of trembling, and that if she had not sat down she must have fallen down; all which was true: So the poor Wo-

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man help'd her up, and led her home, where she continued very ill of the Fright for several Days.

In this Time she had a very great Desire to see the Gentleman, for by what the Apparition said to her she made no doubt but he had seen it too.

After some Time he had heard that she was very ill, and thinking what he had said to her might have had some influence upon her, to hurt her, he resolv'd to go and see her; for though he had ruffled her pretty much; yet, as he said afterwards, he loved her very well; and the better for her so seasonably recovering her Virtue and good Principles; and much better than he believ'd he should have done, if he had had his Will of her, as he should certainly have had, if she had met him that time at the Farmer's.

With these kind Thoughts he went to visit her; and tho' she was very ill, yet she would be brought out of her Chamber to see him.

After some Civilities, he frankly told her the Reason of his Visit Word for Word as above, and that he came to chear her up a little.

She thank'd him; but told him it was true it had extremely troubled her, to think first how near she had been to her utter Ruin, and then how needlessly she had been expos'd for it; and that though she had no Guilt, as he very well knew, other than that which was in the first wicked consenting; yet she had been

as



as much expos'd, as if she had been really his Whore.

He protested to her that he never had opened his Lips of it to the Doctor, or any one else; and that it was the Resentment at the charging him with it, that had made him so angry, and nothing else; for that he scorn'd any thing so base.

She told him it was impossible for any one to believe otherwise before; but that she believ'd he was satisfy'd how it all was, now; and that something had happen'd since, which had open'd her Eyes, tho' it had almost kill'd her; and she believ'd he knew something of it too.

He wanted to know what it was, for he protested he knew nothing. What, says he, is there any more Mysteries?

She said, she could not tell him, because she suppos'd he would not believe her:

He answer'd, he would believe her in every Thing, that he ought to believe any body in.

She told him, she believ'd there would be no occasion to tell him, for that she did not doubt but he would be inform'd the same Way that she was, if he was not already.

He importun'd her earnestly to let him know what it was; and that with such a serious kind of Discourse, that she fancy'd he had seen something too; but it seems he had not: However he entreated her so much, that at

last she let him know the whole Story, as above \*.

There is a great deal more belongs to this Story, which would be very diverting, and not without its Uses too; but as the particular Relation does not come within the Verge of my own Knowledge, I cannot vouch all the Particulars, at least not sufficiently.

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\* The Gentleman it seems did not slight the Story so much as she expected he would, nor did he question the Truth of any or every Part of it; for she told it with so much Steadiness, always agreeing in every Particular, and gave so concurring Accounts of the Circumstances as they related to what had happened before, that it was apparent 'twas no Delusion.

That which made him most uneasy was, that the Apparition seem'd to promise to appear to him; and he had no Desire to be convinced that way. Indeed the Story, at least so far as I have the Particulars, breaks off a little abruptly there, and does not say whether he ever saw any thing or no. But it said, it made him be quite another Man in his Way of living than ever he was before; and particularly he was very thankful that he had been prevented being so wicked with her as in all Probability he had been, if this had not happened.

Now this Apparition, as is said above, could not with any manner of Reason, be supposed to be the *Devil*; for why should an *Evil Spirit* appear, to keep any Person from doing Evil? Why should it assume a real Shape, namely, that of a Minister in his Gown and Cassock, and that it was in Appearance the very Minister of the Parish; for all this she constantly affirmed, and two Things are natural Inferences from it.

*First*, That the Appearance was real.

*Secondly*, That it was a good Spirit.

Let the Divines read us Lectures upon the Nature of Spirits, and upon how far they can or cannot take Cognizance of human Affairs; that I have nothing to do with here; my Business is to observe the Matter of Fact, *viz.* that they do come hither, do appear, and are seen, talk'd to and convers'd with, and that they do come on good Errands, and therefore are not likely to be evil Spirits or *Devils*.



*The Intelligence a young Gentleman receiv'd at Boston, in New England, of the Murder of his Brother in London, by his Apparition to him one Morning in his Bed.*

I SHALL, says my Author, bring one Example now within my own Knowledge, and in which I had some Concern; not but that other Accounts may be as authentick as this, though I cannot so positively vouch them at second or third Hand. When I offer those to you, therefore, I tell you honestly that I have such and such Relations from good Hands, or I have such a Story by me in Manuscript, and I leave you to make such use of them as you please.

This Caution of mine, however, ought not to lessen the Credit of any of the Relations here publish'd; for why may not the Account given by another Hand be as true as this which I give you from my own Knowledge; and why must an Author, in such Cases as these, be made answerable for the Particulars of every History, or be bound to leave it out, which would be the Reader's Loss, not his own.

However the following I can vouch from my own Knowledge: *A. B.* was a Merchant in *London*, and as he drove a considerable Trade beyond Sea, he establish'd a Factor, or as the Language of Trade calls it a House, at a certain Port in the *English Colonies in America*,

*rica*, and sent over his Servants or Apprentices thither, as is usual for Merchants to do.

One of his said Apprentices being fitted out, and ready to embark, his Cargo being actually on board the Ship, and the Ship fallen down the River as far as *Gravesend*; his Master was getting his Letters and Invoyses, and other Dispatches, ready for him, he being to go down the River the same Evening.

The Hurry which thus dispatching him put his Master into, occasion'd, that when he was call'd to Dinner at the usual Hour, he did not take the young Gentleman with him as usual, but told him he must be content to stay in the Counting-house till he came to relieve him.

Accordingly Dinner being over, he goes down to send him up to Dinner. And when he came to the Counting-house Door, there sat his Man with the Book-keeper also, writing as he left him.

It happen'd just that Moment, some occasion extraordinary oblig'd him to step back again, and go up Stairs to the Dining-room, from whence he came; and intending not to stay, he did not speak to the young Man, but left him in the Counting-house, and went immediately up Stairs.

It was not possible that he, or any one else, except such as could walk invisible, could go by, or pass him unseen: Good Manners would have hindered the young Man from thrusting by his Master upon the Stairs, if he had been going



going up; but he is positive he did not, and could not pass without being seen.

But when he came to the Top of the Stairs there sat the young Man at Dinner with the other Servants; the Room they din'd in being a little Parlour, which open'd just against the Stairs, so that he saw him all the Way of the upper Part of the Stair-case, and could not be deceived.

The Master did not speak to him, which he was very sorry for afterwards; but the surprise made him pass by the Room, and go into the Dining-Room, which was to the right Hand of it, but he sent one immediately to look, and he was there really at Dinner; so that what he (the Master) saw below in the Counting-house, must be the Apparition, as it certainly was.

But this was not all: The young Gentleman embark'd as above, and arriv'd safe with all his Effects in *America*, tho' he never liv'd to return. However, I cannot say his Apparition in the manner as related could have the least Relation to his being sick, and dying abroad, which was not 'till three Years afterwards. But what follow'd was of another kind.

This young Man had an elder Brother, who liv'd in *London*; he was a fine Gentleman, and a Scholar, and was at that time studying Physick. He was also a stout brave Gentleman, and in particular understood a Sword, that is  
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to say how to use a Sword as well as most Gentlemen in *England*.

He had an accidental Rencounter with a Gentleman in the Street, in that short Street which goes out of *Fleet-Street* into *Salisbury-Court*; and being so compleat a Master of his Weapon, he wounded his Antagonist, and drove him into a Tavern in the Street, from whence came out two Men more upon him with their Swords, but both of them found the Gentleman so much an Over-match for them, that they left him as fast as the first; whereupon a fourth came out, not with a Sword, but a Fire-Fork taken hastily up out of the Tavern Kitchen, and running at this Gentleman with it, knock'd him down, and broke his Skull, of which Wound he afterwards died.

While this was done in *London*, his Brother, as far off as *Boston* in *New-England*, writing to his Master the Merchant, (and who gives this Account of it) after other Business, wrote this Postscript.

S I R, I beg you will be pleas'd in your Return to this to let me have some Account, as much as conveniently may be, of how my Brother does, and what Condition he is in; which you will excuse my Importunity for, when you read the following Account, (viz.)

The 20th of ————last, about six o'Clock in the Morning, lying in my Bed, and broad awake, my Brother, or an Aparition of my Brother



*Brother, came to the Bed's Feet, and open'd the Curtain, looking full in my Face, but did not speak. I was very much frighted, but however I so far recover'd as to say to him, Brother, what is the Matter with you?*

*' He had a Napkin-cap on his Head, which was very bloody, he look'd very pale and ghastly, and said, I am basely murther'd by ———, naming the Person, but I shall have Justice done me; and then disappear'd.'*

Now this Letter was so dated, that it was impossible any Account could be sent of the Disaster, that could reach thither in that time; for it was not dated above fourteen Days after the Fact was committed in *London*; and that it was genuine, I am well assur'd, because I saw the Letter within an Hour after it was receiv'd in *London*, read it myself, and knew the young Man's Hand, and the young Man also perfectly well, as I did his Brother that was kill'd also, very intimately.

The young Man was sober, religious and sensible, not given to whimsy, or light-headed Fancies, not vapourish or distemper'd, not apt to see double, or to dream waking, as many of our Apparition-making People are; he was besides that a Scholar, and very serious: The first I mention as a Protection to him from foolish Imagination, and the last from Falsehood; and I am satisfy'd, the Reader may de-

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pend upon both the Stories, I mean as to the Truth of them.

In my speaking of Apparitions as I have stated the Case, I must take leave to differ from the Notions of the Ancients, who, it is evident understood all Apparitions to be the Souls, or as we call them, the Ghosts of departed Persons; but when they came to make rational Conclusions from those first Opinions, What wild Additions were they driven to make, to the first just Conceptions which they had form'd in their Minds?

Their first Conceptions, I say, were indeed just, consistent with Reason, and with Nature; for they concluded, that when the Body is dead, and the Soul separated, the State was determin'd. This Mr. *Pope* expresses very well in his Translation of *Homer*,

*For to the farther Shore*  
*When once we pass, the Soul returns no more.*

This was, I say, a rational and just Sentiment; but then they were confounded in all those Imaginations, by seeing the Apparitions of their departed Friends; as if come back from those eternal Shades; and how to reconcile this they did not know.

To get over this Difficulty, they were driven to strange Shifts, and some of them it must be confess'd were very foolish ones: Such as these;

1. That



1. That the Soul wandered about in the Air, till such Time as the Body obtain'd its due Funeral Rites: From this Notion, the Friends of the Deceased were mightily concern'd to see the Funeral Pile erected for their departed Friends, and to have the Body honourably burn'd; then the Ashes of the Bones were deposited in an Urn, and that Urn bury'd in the Earth; when this was done the Soul was admitted to pass the Flood, (that is) to be transported into the *Elysian* Fields, from whence they never should return any more; but in case these Rites were not perform'd for any Person, the Soul wander'd restless, and unfix'd, in a State of Perplexity, for an hundred Years. Hence those Lines in *Virgil*, *Æneid*. vi.

*Hæc omnis, quam cernis inops inhumataque turba est:*

*Portitor ille, Charon: hi, quos veluit unda, sepulti.*

*Nec ripas datur borrendas nec rauca fluentia Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa quierunt. Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc littora circum:*

*Tum demum admissi stagna exoptata revisant:*  
*Æneid. lib. vi. line 325.*

Now between this Time, or during this Interval, that is to say, between Death and the Funeral Pile, they pretended they allow'd the separated or unembodied Souls of Men might

appear, and visit their Friends, or harrafs their Enemies; and on this Occasion, the Ghost of *Patroclus*, slain by *Hector* at the Siege of *Troy*, is brought in visiting his Friend *Achilles*, and begging of him to get his Funeral Rites perform'd, that he might be admitted to rest.

————— *Thus the Phantasm said,  
Sleeps my Achilles, his Patroclus dead?  
Living, I seem'd his dearest, tenderest Care,  
But now forgot, I wander in the Air :  
Let my pale Corpse the Rites of Burial know,  
And give me Entrance in the Shades below :  
'Till then the Spirit finds no resting Place,  
But here and there th' unbodied Spectres chace  
The Vagrant Dead*—————

*Iliad, lib. xxiii.*

2. *Homer's* Notion of the State of the Dead, was something like the ancient Philosophy of the *Aegyptians*, which gave the Soul a Shape like the Body, and that it was only a Receptacle of the Mind; the Mind they made to be the sublime and superior Part, and that only.

Thus in the Case of Apparitions, they allow'd that this Case or Shell call'd the Soul, might appear after Death, but the Mind could not, but was exalted among the Gods, and took up its eternal Abode; from whence

“ ——— *It could return no more.*

Thus



Thus the Ghost of *Patroclus*, going with his Speech to *Achilles*, says thus,

*When once the last Funeral Flames ascend,  
No more shall meet Achilles and his Friend:  
No more our Thoughts to those we love make  
known.*

This last Notion, though gross and absurd in itself, was the utmost Refuge they had, by which to solve the Difficulty of Apparitions. They imagin'd that the Soul was not only separated by Death from the Body, but that there was a Separation of the Understanding from its Case or Vehicle, as they call'd it; so that the Soul, which was but the Image and Form of the Body, might be in Hell; the Body itself burnt to Ashes remain'd in the Urn; and the Understanding or Mind, which was the sublime divine Part, be in Heaven with the Gods: This *Homer* expresses thus,

———'Tis certain Man, tho' dead, retains  
Part of himself; the immortal Mind remains.  
The Form subsists without the Body's Aid,  
Aerial Semblance, and an empty Shade.

Again he explains it in his *Odyssey*, lib. xi. line 600. speaking in the Name of *Ulysses*,

*Now I the Strength of Hercules behold,  
A tow'ring Spectre of Gygantick Mould,  
A shadowy Form! For high in Heav'n's Abodes  
Himself resides, a God among the Gods.*

Here

Here *Homer* fancies *Hercules*, that is the Mind, the sublime Part of *Hercules*, was in Heaven, and exalted there to the highest Degree too ;

A God among the Gods.

and yet at the same time his Soul, his *ἑίδωλον* or Image, was in Hell. And *Plutarch* gives us the same Description at large.

What learned Nonsense, and what a great deal of it is here, to reconcile a Thing, which upon the Christian Foundation is made as easy, as any thing not immediately visible to the common Eye can be made?

Nature dictated, and Reason confirm'd, that the first Principle, namely, the Soul, or as they call it, the Mind or Understanding, fled to Heaven immediately after Death, and return'd no more.

Thus *Andromache* mourning for the Loss of her Husband *Hector*, is brought in speaking according to the Doctrine of the Ancients:

*Thou to the dismal Realms for ever gone,  
And I abandon'd.——*

The Dead once pass'd to the *dismal Realms* (as they call'd the Shades below) were gone for ever, and to return no more; but then they were perplex'd to find that they did return, as in this Case of *Patroclus* to *Achilles*; tho' that (by the Way) was a Dream only, not an Apparition, or as we may call it an Apparition in a Dream, and no more. But



But they had their Apparitions, and we read of many Apparitions of the Dead to the Living; as, particularly in the famous Example of *Cæsar* appearing to *Brutus* \*: And this perplex'd

\* The Apparition of the Ghost of *Julius Cæsar* to *Brutus* a little before the Battel at *Philippi*, though it be certain, is nevertheless variously reported; some Accounts relate it to be the Ghost of *Julius Cæsar*, and vulgar Opinion concurs with that Report; which is so receiv'd at this Time, that they show you an original antient Piece of fine *Italian* Painting at *Naples*, where the Phantom is represented bloody and wounded, with *Cæsa's* Dagger sticking in his Shoulder, which he, *Cæsa*, reaching his Arm over his Shoulder fix'd in or near his Collar Bone before, and left sticking there.

But according to other Accounts, the Apparition was only of a Man, without any Similitude of *Cæsar*; and that when *Brutus*, who was busy writing Dispatches for his Army which was then drawing together to fight the *Octavian* Troops, look'd up and saw him, he boldly ask'd, *What art thou?* And the Apparition answer'd, *I am thy evil Genius, and I will meet thee again at Philippi*; to which the undaunted Hero, unconcern'd at the Sight, and as if he desir'd him not to disturb him at that Time, he being then otherwise engaged, answered, *Well, I'll meet thee there*, and so went on with his writing.

*Brutus* was, without doubt, a Hero in his personal Valour, and more so in his Principle, viz. the Love of Liberty, and of his Country; and as nothing but the Zeal for the Liberty of his Country could have embark'd him against the Life of *Cæsar*, who was otherwise his Benefactor, so he was above the Fear of Death, and could not be in the least daunted at the Fore knowledge of his Fate at *Philippi*; seeing he had the Notion of Life which was general at that Time, namely, that a true Hero could never be miserable, since it was always in his Power to die a Freeman, and not to outlive any threatened Calamity, whether personal or national.

Upon this Foot he enter'd that unequal Battel against the *Octavian* Troops with an undaunted Chearfulness; for he was sure one Way or other to come off victorious; that is to say, that if *Augustus* conquered his Army, he knew how to conquer *Augustus*; if by the Slaughter of his Troops *Cæsar* had the better of him, and defeated his Designs for the Liberty of his Country, he, by the Slaughter of himself, knew how to defeat *Augustus* in his Designs of conquering *Brutus*, since he resolv'd to die free, and not to live the *Roman* Liberty; and so he did. And



plex'd them so, that they knew not how to support the Principle of the Soul not returning, under the Experience of Souls actually returning in Apparition, visiting and conversing with their Friends, which was incontestible, daily Experience making it known to all Parties.

To reconcile this they fled to Invention, and first to that of the Interval between the Death and the Funeral of the departed Souls; of which before.

But this is liable to so many just Exceptions, so many Absurdities, that it could not satisfy Men of Sense; for first they were obliged to say and prove, (which would be very difficult) that none of the Souls of the Dead ever appear'd after the Funeral Rites were solemnized; which if one Example had contradicted, all the Arguments in the World could not then have supported the Fiction; and this I cannot doubt was contradicted on many Occasions.

And this no doubt made the antient System of the *Agyptians* be reviv'd, and pass better among them afterwards; though whether the *Romans* received it or no, we do not find ascertained in any Part of their History.

Besides, there was an Absurdity in the very Doctrine itself; for if the Apparition of a departed Soul was limited by this Circumstance  
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And upon this Foundation it was, that he was so unconcerned at his approaching Fate, and so undaunted in his looking at and speaking to the Spectre that appeared to him.



of burning the Body, or performing the Funeral Rites; it put the State of the Dead in that particular Respect into the Power of the Living: For Example, If the Living, who had Possession of the dead Bodies of Persons slain, suppose them Friends, had Possession of the Body, the Soul of that Body, though unembodied and dismiss'd, could not be admitted to rest, or as they express'd it, could not pass into the Shades or Realms below; so if the Enemy had Possession of the Body, it was in the Power of the Enemy to keep the Soul out of Heaven: An Absurdity so gross, one would think the wiser Heathens could never entertain such a Thought: Yet that such it was, the Words of *Patroclus's* Ghost quoted from *Homer* makes evident.

*Let my pale Corpse the Rites of Burial know,  
And give me Entrance in the Shades below.*

Unhappy *Patroclus*! How gross would this sound, how harsh and unmusical in our Times, when Christianity has given us more just Ideas of Things? *Patroclus* could not get leave to go to the Shades below, 'till his Funeral Rites were perform'd; that is, in our Sense, could not be admitted, no not into Hell itself, 'till his Body was burn'd on the Funeral Pile or Pyre, and his Ashes deposited in an Urn, that is, buried like a Gentleman.

By which Rule, the Souls of those poor Creatures who were killed in the Wars, and

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were

were left unburied in Heaps in the Field, or only a Pile of Stones thrown upon them, as was often the Case, are wandering still, and neither admitted into Heaven or Hell.

Again, it was in the Power of the Enemy, if he had a Body in Possession, to preserve his Hatred against that Enemy even beyond Death, and by keeping him unburied, keep his Soul or Spirit suspended, wandering, and forgotten in the Air, and neither admitted to one or other Place, whether above or below.

Thus *Achilles* had the Body of *Hector* in his Power twelve Days, and *Homer* brings him in triumphing over his Enemy in that case, and in a manner unworthy of a Man of Honour. When he speaks to the Ghost of his Friend *Patroclus*, and vows to sacrifice twelve *Trojan* Prisoners at his Funeral Pile; he adds,

*Achilles' Promise is compleat,  
The bloody Hector stretch'd before thy Feet,  
Lo! To the Dogs his Carcase I resign.*

*Gloomy he said, and horrible in View,  
Before the Bier the bleeding Hector threw,  
Prone on the Dust.*

Iliad, lib. xxiii. line 35.

So again, *Achilles* mourning over the Body of *Patroclus* as it lay on the Funeral Pile, and the Fire not yet kindled; I say, there again he threatens to deny *Hector* a Soldier's Burial.

*But heavier Fates on Hector's Corpse attend,  
Kept from the Flames for hungry Dogs to rend:*  
This



This was a terrible Curse, and very cruel to poor *Hector* after he was dead, not to suffer his Soul to enter into the Shades below, which would be (to speak it in our Language) not to give him leave to go to Hell; that the Gods it seems thwarted *Achilles*, and would not let his Cruelty take place, but he was oblig'd to grant *Priam* a Truce, and let the *Trojans* bury him.

*So spake he, threatening: But the Gods made vain  
His Threat, and guard inviolate the Slain,  
Celestial Venus hover'd o'er his Head,  
And rose at Unguents, heavenly Fragrance! shed;  
She watch'd him all the Night, and all the Day,  
And drove the Blood-hounds from their destin'd  
Prey.*

So that the Burying of *Hector* was made the Care of the Gods, defeating the cruel Vengeance of *Achilles*.

To what Length did this foolish Notion of the Ancients carry this Point! putting it into the Power of a Man's Enemy to keep his Soul out of Heaven too, as long as his Enemy thought fit to keep the Body out of the Grave.

*The Account of a Gentleman who receiv'd not only Notice in a Dream of being Taken by Two of his Majesty's Messengers, but had a Vision of their Persons in his Dream; and notwithstanding this avoided not the Danger.*

A Person, whose Name it is not so proper to mention here, but who may be produc'd if there should be occasion, being still living, was under the Disaster, about the Year 1701, to fall under a Party Censure, (the Occasion is needless to the present Case.) In hopes, upon the Recess of the House, which was not far off, he should (as is usual) be at Liberty, he withdrew himself, and avoided being taken up as much as he could; but the House resenting it, a Vote was pass'd, ordering the Secretary of State to prosecute him at Law; which oblig'd him to resolve to leave the Kingdom, and in the mean Time to conceal himself with more Exactness; the Government having issued out a Proclamation for apprehending him, with a Reward to the Person who should discover where he was, so as he might be taken.

In order to conceal himself more effectually, he left his Lodging where he had been hid for some Time, and removed to *Barnet* on the Edge of *Hertfordshire*; intending, as soon as he had settled some Family Affairs, to go away North into *Scotland*: But before he went away he was oblig'd to come once more to  
*London;*



*London*, to sign some Writings for the securing some Estate, which it was fear'd might be seiz'd by Out-law, if the Prosecution had gone on so far.

The Night before he had appointed to come to *London*, as above, being in Bed with one Mr. R—— D——, he dream'd that he was in his Lodgings at *London*, where he had been conceal'd as above, and in his Dream he saw two Men come to the Door, who said they were Messengers, and produc'd a Warrant from the Secretary of State to apprehend him, and that accordingly they seiz'd upon and took him.

The Vision surpriz'd and wak'd him, and he wak'd Mr. D—— his Brother-in-law, who was in Bed with him, and told him the Dream, and what a Surprize he was in about it. Mr. D—— seeing it was but a Dream, advis'd him to give no heed to it, but compose himself and go to sleep again, and he did so.

As soon as he was fast asleep again, he was wak'd again with the same Dream exactly as before; and he awak'd his Brother again, as before: It disturb'd them both very much; but being heavy to sleep, they both went to sleep again, and dream'd no more. It is to be observ'd, that he saw the very Men that apprehended him, their Countenances, Cloaths, Weapons, &c. and describ'd them in the Morning to his said Brother D—— in all the Particulars: However



However the Call to go to *London* being as he thought urgent, he got ready in the Morning to go, resolving to stay but one Day, and then set forward for *Scotland*. Accordingly he went for *London* in the Morning, and that he might not be known, walked it on Foot; that so he might go by more private Ways over *Enfield Chase*, and so to *Southgate*, *Hornsy*, &c.

All the Way as he walked his Mind was heavy, and oppress'd; and he frequently said to his Brother who walked with him, that he was certain he was going to *London* to be surprized: And so strong was the foreboding Impression upon his Mind, that he once stopp'd at *Hornsy*, and endeavoured to get a Lodging, intending to send his Brother to *London* to see if nothing had happen'd there to give him any Alarm.

As he had just secured a convenient Lodging, he accidentally saw a Gentleman standing at the next Door, who he knew very well, but durst not venture to trust on that Occasion; and finding on Enquiry that he dwelt there, he concluded that was no Place for him, and so resolved to go forwards.

The Impression upon his Mind continuing, he stopp'd again at *Islington*, and his Brother endeavoured to get a Lodging there; but after many Enquiries he brought him Word he could not, except where it was too publick, Well, says he, then I must go to  
*London*,



*London*, and take what follows; or to that Purpose; and accordingly did go, and the next Morning was taken by the Messengers, just in the very Manner as he had been told in his Dream; and the very same two Men, whose Faces he had seen, and with the same Cloaths on and Weapons, exactly as he had describ'd\*.

This

\* If there is any Difficulty in this Case, it seems to me to be in the Event of the Thing, as in the Case mentioned: Why was not the Intelligence made so compleat, so forcible, and the Impression so plain, that the Person in whose Favour it was all done, might have been effectually alarmed, his going forward stopt, and consequently the Mischief which was at hand, and which he had the Notice of, effectually prevented?

It is not indeed so easy to answer that Part; but it may be resolved into this, that the Fault seems to be our own, that we do not give due Attention to such Notice, as might be sufficient to our Deliverance. If an Enemy be at hand, and the Out-centinel fires his Piece, he does his Duty; if the whole Camp does not take the Alarm, but are surprized, the Fault is their own, the Man did all that was to be expected from him; nor do the Officers or Generals slight the Notice, and say it is nothing but a sorry Fellow shot off his Musquet, and so take no more heed to it.

On the contrary, they conclude the Centinel is posted upon Duty; he would not fire his Piece without a sufficient Cause, and give a false Alarm to the Camp for nothing; there must be something extraordinary, and accordingly they order the Drums to beat, and immediately call to Arms.

Thus if the invisible Spirits give a due Alarm, they do their Part; if they jog us and awaken us in a deep Sleep, and pull us again and again, and give us notice that something is coming, that some Danger is at the Door; if we will sleep on till it comes, if we will go on, happen what happen may, the kind Spirit has done its Duty, discharged its Office, and if we fall into the Mischief, the Fault is our own, we can by no means blame the Insufficiency of the Notice, and say, to what Purpose is it? Seeing we had due and timely Warning, but would not take the Hint; we had due Notice of the Danger, and would not step out of the Way to avoid it; the Fault is wholly our own.

This Story I had from his own Mouth, and confirmed by Mr. R—— D—— his Brother-in-law, to whom he related his Vision at the very Moment of it, as above.

I refer it to any impartial Judgment to weigh every Circumstance of this Account (the Truth of which I have not the least Reason to question) and to tell me, by what Powers, and from what Influence could these Things be performed, if there were no invisible World, and no Inhabitants there, who concerned themselves with our Affairs; No good Spirits which convers'd with our embodied Spirits, and gave us due Intelligence, Notice, and warning of approaching Danger?



*The ACCOUNT of a Gentleman, who contrary to the Advice not only of his Mother, but to that of his Father in an Apparition; would not be prevailed with to decline going into the Army.*

**T**HE following Account I had a sufficient Voucher for, though the Gentleman is now dead; but I had great Reason to believe the Truth of it.

A young Gentleman of good Birth and Fortune, in the Beginning of the late War with France, had a violent Inclination to see the World,



World, as he call'd it, and resolv'd to go into the Army; his Father was dead, and had left him a good Estate; that is to say, between four and five hundred Pounds a Year; besides his Mothers Jointure, which after her Life would fall to him of course.

His Mother earnestly entreated him not to go into the Army; but prest him rather to travel, and so might see the World, as she said, without feeling the Calamities of the War, and without hazarding his Life.

He told her Travelling indeed in time of Peace was all a Gentleman could do, and was at best very expensive; but that now was the time a Man might see the World at the Expence of the Publick, and perhaps might make his Fortune too.

His Mother represented the danger of his Life, and bad him consider how many Gentlemen went into the Army, and of them, few have liv'd to come home again, much less to rise to any degree of Preferment.

He made light of all that, and told his Mother (as is the general Saying of warm Heads when they push their Fortunes, as they call it,) that if he happen'd to be knock'd on the Head, there was an End of him, and he was provided for.

Well, Son, says the old Lady, I am oblig'd to submit to it, you are your own Master; but remember your Mother's Tears, (and with those Words she wept;) I can but en-

treat you not to go, you have Estate enough to make you easy; let those go whose narrow Circumstances make the Hazard rational, and let them go abroad to die, that can't tell how to live; you can pay those that do go; you have no need to run the Risque, who do not want the Pay.

He slighted all her Entreaties, and told her, if his Father was alive he did not doubt but he would give his Consent, for he had done the same thing in his younger Days.

No, no, Son, said his Mother, your Father knew better; he took a Commission when he was the youngest of three Sons, and had nothing to expect at home but the Fate of a younger Brother; but as soon as he heard that his Elder Brothers were both Dead, and the Estate all come to him, he laid down his Arms, sold his Commission, and said he had no more Business in the Army; and he would tell you the same thing if he was alive: he used always to say, that the Sword and the Book are the Portions of younger Brothers, the Coach and the Equipage is for the Heir.

Well, 'twas all one; whatever his Mother's Arguments could do, or even speaking Tears could say, nothing could prevail; but he mortgag'd part of his Estate to purchase a Company in the first Regiment of Guards, and into the Army he would go.

The Night before he sign'd the Agreement for the Company, being in his Bed and fast asleep,



asleep, he saw in a Dream his Father come to him in his Gown, and with a great Fur Cap on, such as he us'd to wear: And calling him by his Name, what is the Reason, says he, that you will not listen to the Entreaties of your Mother not to go to the Wars? I do assure you, that if you resolve to take this Commission, you will not enjoy it three Years.

Why, *says he* (in his Dream) what will hinder me? being it seems desirous to know something of his Fortune.

Ask me not the Particulars, *says the Apparition*, but either decline the Employ, or when you have enjoy'd it two Years and a half, sell out again, as I did before you.

I can't promise that, *says he*.

Then you may promise yourself, *says the Apparition*, that it shall be worse.

He seemed to slight the Admonition, and said, it was too late to look back.

Too late! too late! *says the Apparition*, repeating the Words; then go on, and repent too late.

He was not much affected with this Apparition, when he waked and found it was but a Dream; for Dreams, said he, are not to be heeded; so he went on and bought the Commission.

A few Days after the Commission was bought, the Father appeared again, not to him but to his Mother, in a Dream too as



before; and taking Notice to her, how his Son had rejected her Admonition, it added,

“ Young Heads are wilful: *Robert* will go  
“ into the Army; but tell him from me, he  
“ shall never come back.”

All these Notices were of no Force with this young Gentleman; but as he had resolved, so he pursued his Resolution, and went into the Army; and two Battalions of that Regiment going into the Field that Summer, his Company was one, and so he went abroad into *Flanders*.

He wanted no Occasion to show his Bravery, and in several warm Actions come off with Applause; so that he was far from being suspected of Cowardice: But one Day, and in the third Year of his Service, the Army was drawn out in order of Battle, the General having received certain Advice, that the Enemy would come and attack them. As he stood at the Head of his Company, he was suddenly seized with a cold shivering Fit, and it was so violent that some Officers who were near him, every one at their Post, perceived it.

As it was to no purpose for him to conceal it, he turned to his Lieutenant who stood next to him, and from whose Mouth I received the particular Account of it: I cannot imagine, says he, what is the Occasion of this shaking Fit.

It is your Eagerness to fall on, says the Lieutenant, I have often been so, and begin to be  
so



so now; I wish the *French* would come on, that we might have something to do.

It continued about a Quarter of an Hour, and the Enemy did come on as we expected; but the Fight began upon the Left, a good Distance from them, so that the whole Left Wing was engaged before they began.

While this lasted, the Lieutenant called to the Gentleman; Captain, says he, how do you do? I hope your shivering Fit is over.

No, says the Captain, it is not over; but it is a little better.

It will be all over presently, says the Lieutenant.

Ay, so it will, says the Captain, I am very easy, I know what it was now; and with that he called the Lieutenant to come to him for one Moment.

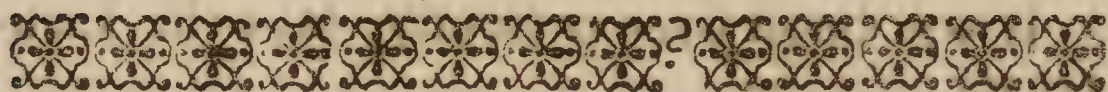
When he came, says he, I know now what ail'd me, I am very easy, I have seen my Father; I shall be kill'd the first Volley; let my Mother know I told you this.

In a few Minutes after this, a Body of the Enemy advanced, and the very first Volley the Regiment received was the Fire of five Platoons of Grenadiers, by which the Captain and several other Officers, besides private Men were killed, and the whole Brigade was soon after put into Confusion; though being supported by some Regiments of the second Line, they rallied again soon after; the Captain's Body was presently recovered; but he was irrecoverably



recoverably dead, for he received a Shot in his Face which killed him immediately.

If all the Notices from the invisible World could have been of any Use to him, or he had been to be wrought upon by Cautions and Advices, which nothing but a most obstinate Temper would have so totally disregarded, the Man had been safe; but what can be expected when Men are as plainly informed of Things, as by such Methods can be suppos'd rational, and will not take the Hint?



*The STORY of the Jealous Husband, and the Manner of his being reconciled to his Wife, by the Interposition of an Apparition of a Gentleman then in Germany.*

A Certain Lady of good Figure and some Quality, had a terrible Quarrel with her Husband upon the great and critical Points of Virtue and Honour; he was a Gentleman of publick Business, and pass'd for a Man of Sense; but had that particular Infirmary, which with me will always pass for a Deficiency in the Understanding; I mean to be jealous of his Wife, and yet to be able to fix nothing upon her, no not so much as a just Blot upon her Conversation.

'Tis very hard for a Man to be Fool enough  
to



to disquiet himself on such an Account, and be Knave enough to make it uneasy to his Wife too; I say Knave, because where there is no just Cause of Reproach, he cannot be an honest Man that loads his Wife with the Scandal of it.

He had thought fit to use her very ill upon this Subject many times, with no manner of Foundation; nay, indeed, not so much as a Pretence for it, except what was to be fetched from his own bewildered Imagination; and he gave himself up so much to his Jealousy, without Grounds, that his Wife was obliged to lay her Condition before some of her Relations, who took upon them to talk with him about it.

This talking with him had a worse Effect than was expected, for the Man was so far from being influenced by the friendly Expostulations of his Wife's Kindred, that he grew rude and abusive to them; and if any one of them spoke a little warmer than ordinary in her Favour, he turn'd it presently upon that Person, as if he had been the Man, and had been naught with her; and yet when one of them challeng'd him to give any one Instance of his Wife's Conduct, or of any Person's associating with her in a Manner as should give an honest Man the least Grounds of Suspicion, he could not assign the least Reason; but as is most true in ordinary, that those who are the most jealous have oftentimes the least Cause for it, so it was here; yet notwithstanding all  
the

the Expostulations that were, or could be used with him, the coolest Reasonings and most friendly Persuasions, he continued to use his Wife so ill, that her Friends began to think it necessary to part them.

The Lady, a Woman of Piety as well as Virtue, though grieved heartily with the ill Usage, and particularly as it reproached her Virtue, yet was loath to unhinge her Family and separate from her Husband, having also two Children which she could not part with, her Affection not suffering her to leave them to want the Care and Conduct of a Mother; so she chose rather to bear his daily ill Usage, than to leave her Family.

But he carried the brutish Part so far at length, that not content to use her in the most scandalous Manner with his Tongue, he fell upon her with his Hands, and two or three Times, in his Rage, abus'd her very much: She concealed this Part (for his Sake) as much as she could, and endeavoured to prevent its being known.

But he took care to expose himself in it upon many Occasions, and particularly by affronting a Gentleman of his own Acquaintance, and some Relation to him too: The Case was thus; He fell to charging his Wife with Dishonesty in his ordinary Discourse, and before Strangers; upon which the Gentleman said, Fye, Cousin, really I believe you wrong her, at least you should be very sure you were  
in



in the right before you talk'd so; your Lady has a general Character of an honest, modest, and virtuous Woman; and I am told she is a very pious and religious Person also

At this he flew out in a Passion, and said, d—n her, he was satisfy'd she was a Whore.

But, Cousin, says the Gentleman, then I suppose you know the Person too, and could prove the Fact!

He believ'd he did, he said.

Nay, you ought to be very sure of it, Cousin, says he, before you charge your Wife so positively.

He answer'd, without any manner of Respect to his Cousin, I believe you are the Man; and added I take it for granted.

What Suspicion, says the Gentleman, did I ever give you of it? I was never in your Wife's Company in my Life, but when you were present.

'Tis no matter for that, says he, if you were not guilty, why should you concern yourself to vindicate her?

The Gentleman, tho' greatly provok'd, kept his Temper still, and smil'd at him; Cousin, says he, I doubt you have no better Argument to prove your Wife's Guilt than you have mine, and if you han't, she's as innocent as a sucking Child.

His smiling provok'd him, and he gave the Gentleman the Lie, and added some very scurrilous Language to it, such as might be ex-

D d

pected

pected from a Mad-man, a Man out of himself; not by Lunacy, as a Distemper, but by that worse Frenzy, call'd groundless Jealousy.

As giving the Lie is the last Injury one Man can do to another with his Tongue, it so provok'd his Cousin, that scorning to draw his Sword upon him, he corrected him heartily for it with his Cane, as he deserv'd; and he again, like a true Coward, (when they were gone) reveng'd himself upon his Wife; for he abus'd her again in a brutish and barbarous Manner: Nor did it pacify him at all that he vented his Rage thus upon his Wife at that Time; but he continued it upon every Occasion of his being harass'd with his own Jealousy: And whenever he abus'd his Wife after that Time, he upbraided her with this Gentleman, and with her still keeping him Company; though, as it appear'd afterwards, the Gentleman was not in *England*, nor had not been for several Months.

It happened one Time in particular, that coming home, not at all in Drink, but very much out of Humour, and, as it seem'd, provok'd, though it could not be so much as guess'd at, what the Reason was, he pick'd a Quarrel with his Wife, and without any other Provocation than what was to be found in his own want of Temper, fell foul of her in a most unmerciful Manner; and had not Help been fetch'd in, 'twas fear'd he would have murder'd her. In a Word, Neighbours coming into her rescue, saved her from farther Mischiefs;



chief; yet before them all he bad her go out of the House, and forbid her coming any more within his Doors.

The Lady could not now avoid what she had so long been persuaded to before; so taking some Cloaths, and her own Jewels, which she brought to him, she withdrew the same Evening to her own Brother's House, taking sufficient Witness of the Occasion of it.

But to bring this Story nearer to the Case in hand: The Gentleman whom he had thus ill us'd, had (on some Occasions of his own) been oblig'd about five Months before this last Broil to go over to *Germany*; and as he went from *England* by Sea and landed at *Hamburgh*, he travelled from *Hamburgh* up to *Magdeburgh*, and from thence to *Leipsick* in *Saxony*.

As he was sitting alone in a Summer-house as we call it, or Garden-house, as they more properly call it there, belonging to a Burgher of *Leipsick*, and reading a Book to divert himself, being in the Heat of the Day, and a little after Dinner, he dropp'd asleep, and dream'd that a Lady was come from *England* to speak with him, and was in the House waiting for him.

Upon this Dream, and being not very sound asleep, only leaning his Head on his Hand as he was reading, he wak'd; and as soon as he wak'd he started up, and intended to go into the House to see who it should be, when immediately he sees a Lady in an *English* Dress



coming up the Garden towards the Summer-House.

He did not know her at first; but when she came nearer she spoke to him; he calling her by her Name, would have saluted her; but she seem'd to decline it, and stepping back, said, You and I, Sir, have been sufficiently abus'd upon that Head already; and I come to you for Justice. I am ill us'd, and in danger of being murther'd every Day by my cruel Husband on your Account, and am at last turn'd out of Doors.

Alas! says he, Madam, he is a brutish Man, and I am very sorry; but what can I do for you?

You know my Innocence, says she, as far as relates to yourself; do me Justice, I ask no more: And that Moment she disappeared.

He was extremely surpriz'd, as he might well be indeed; and the more, because he had not the least Notion of its being an Apparition, no more had the Burgher's Servant who let her in at the Door, and waited on her up the Garden to the Summer-house.

He went immediately back into the House, and enquir'd who let the Lady into the House; and the Servant that had usher'd her up the Walk in the Garden told him he did; and also that he had that Minute let her out again; but looking out into the Street, nothing of her could be seen again, nor did he ever see or hear any more of her in that manner.

While



While this pass'd, the Lady liv'd a very melancholly retir'd Life in her Brother's Family, seeing no Company, and spending her Time in a most uncomfortable Solitude; especially grieved for the Reproach so causelessly rais'd upon her Character, and having nothing to comfort her but the Knowledge of her own Innocence; that which we call the Comfort of a good Conscience: Which, as the World goes now, I must be cautious how I lay too much Stress upon, or moralize too much upon, lest I should be call'd religious and grave, which is as much as to say mad.

This Separation continu'd some Time; all Endeavours to bring it to a Reconciliation had been try'd, but prov'd ineffectual; the Husband continuing insolently abusive to his Wife; and his Wife (Things being carry'd to such a Height) insisting upon a Reparation of the Injury offer'd to her Reputation, by having either the Facts prov'd, or a due Cause of Suspicion assigned. Between both, a Reconciliation seem'd impracticable, and Friends on both Sides having done their utmost, began to give it over.

But, to the agreeable Surprize of all that wish'd well to the Family, the Husband comes one Morning to his Wife's Brother all alone, and ask'd to speak with his Wife.

Her Brother was a little doubtful at first what Answer to give him; and particularly was afraid to bring his Sister forth to him, not knowing



knowing what the *Devil* and an exasperated Temper might prompt him to; and he perceiving it, said, with a quite different Tone from what he us'd to talk with, You need not be afraid, Brother, to let me see my Wife, tho' indeed, I have given you all Cause enough to be uneasy; but I assure you I will soon satisfy you that I do not come to do her any harm, but just contrary: I come to put an End to all this wicked Breach, and that in a manner as shall be to your Satisfaction, and hers too; and I am very willing you shall be present when I speak to her, for I desire you should hear what I have to say.

He spoke it with such an apparent Alteration in his Temper, that it was easy to see that he was quite another Man, and that there was no Hazard in letting him see her: so he went and acquainted his Wife with what had pass'd; who, though she was a little afraid at first, yet upon her Brother's Persuasions came down, and her Brother led her into the Room to him, in his Hand.

As soon as he saw his Wife, he run to her, and took her in his Arms and kiss'd her, holding her fast; but was not able to speak a Word for some Time. At last getting a little vent of his Passion, My Dear, says he, I have wrong'd and abus'd you; and I am come to acknowledge it in as publick a Manner as possible I can. I come to ask you Pardon for it, and am ready to declare my full Satisfaction of your  
Innocence,



Innocence, in as open a Manner as ever the *Devil* and my own ungovern'd Passion inflam'd me against you. Make your own Demands of what Satisfaction I shall make you, and what Security I shall give you, that you shall have no more such Treatment, I am ready to comply with them; and go home with me, if you dare trust me. The Moment I break my Promise to you in the least Circumstance, you shall freely remove again without the least Hindrance, or the least Contradiction from me: In the mean Time depend upon it, you shall never have any Occasion of Uneasiness given you, and as long as I live I will acknowledge, when ever you desire it, that I did you wrong, and that you gave me no just Occasion for what has pass'd.

He spoke this with so much Affection, and even with Tears in his Eyes, that he forc'd Tears not from his Wife only, but from her Brother too, and another Relation of hers that was in the Room with them. In a Word, the Reconciliation was made in a few Minutes; for he not only comply'd with any thing his Wife or her Brother desir'd, but even more than they ask'd; and when they propos'd that, to prevent Mistakes afterwards, he would consent they should put into Writing what they desir'd, and what he had said to her; He called for a Pen and Ink, and drew it out himself in the fullest Terms imaginable, to the same Purpose as has been related, and fuller indeed than they



they could desire, and set his Hand to it, desiring the Brother and the other Relations to be Witnesses of it, and then gave it to his Wife.

Upon this his Wife with a glad Heart went home that very Night along with him, her Brother and the other Relation being invited to go also, which they did; where he entertain'd them very kindly at Supper, which finish'd the Reconciliation, and they liv'd very comfortably together ever after.

But now for the Reason and Occasion of all this; and whence this strange Alteration proceeded: To this purpose, you are to understand that one Evening this Gentleman being either in his Chamber, or some other Room in his House, (the Story is not particular in that part) he sees his Cousin, who had differ'd with him about his Wife, come into the Room, and says to him, Cousin, I am very sorry to hear you have continu'd to use your Wife ill, and at last have turn'd her away upon my Account. I come on purpose to Admonish you to repent of the Injury you have done her, for she is Innocent, and you know you have injur'd her; as for the Wrong you do me, I am out of your reach: But fetch your Wife home, and reconcile yourself to her, or I shall visit you again much less to your Satisfaction than I do now.

He gave him no Time for a Reply, but immediately disappear'd. It may be easily guess'd  
what



what a Consternation he was left in, when he found it was an Apparition. He concluded his Cousin was dead, because he said he was out of his Reach; and he concluded that this was his Ghost, or his disquieted Soul, and he dreaded the Threatening of his Return. He endeavoured to wear it off of his Mind, but it would not do; the Impression to be sure would be strengthened by his own Guilt, and both together brought him to himself.

For this is to be observ'd in all such Things, *viz.* That it is not the Fright or the Surprise that works on the Mind, but the Conviction; and therefore, though this is one of those Relations which I do not take upon me to assert the Fact of from my own Knowledge, yet supposing it not to be true, the Moral is the same, and on that Account I relate it, *viz.* That there may be an Apparition of a Person living; and yet the Person living, and so seeming to appear, not know any thing of it, or be any way concern'd in it, and so in this Story now told, it is imply'd, that the Lady here was living when she appear'd to the Gentleman in *Germany*, and that the Gentleman in *Germany* was living when he appear'd to his Cousin in *London*, whatever manner they appear'd in; and yet it seems that neither of them knew any thing of the Matter, and doubtless had no concern at all in it.

I have not been able to dive so far into this Story, as to say, that they were ever enquired of

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afterward,

afterward, whether they were acquainted with the Circumstances or no; but I am indifferent as to that Point, it is out of Question with me, that they might not be any way concerned in the Thing itself, and yet that it might be really an Apparition of the Persons, their Faces, Voices, Cloaths, and all the needful Apparatus fit for the Delusion, and is by no means inconsistent with the Idea of those kind and beneficent Beings that may be so station'd by the Almighty Creator and Governor of the World, as to be able to befriend Mankind by their good Offices on any Emergency, and more especially in righting the Injur'd, and establishing the Peace of Families.

The Story of an Apparition disturbing a young Gentleman, at or near *Cambridge*, is remarkable to this Purpose: He set up, it seems, for a Kind of profess'd Atheism; but hearing a Voice, supposed it was the *Devil* spoke to him, and yet owned that the Voice assured him there was a God, and bid him repent. It was a most incongruous Suggestion that the *Devil* should come Voluntier to an Atheist, and bid him repent; or, that the *Devil* should with a like Freedom assert the Being of a GOD

If then it was a real Apparition of, or a Voice from an invisible Spirit; (I say if, because it might be a Phantom of his own Imagination) it must be from a good Spirit, or from an evil Spirit over-rul'd by a superior and  
beneficent



beneficent Power; and if that were to be supposed, then it would justify our taking farther Notice of those Things called Voices and Apparitions, than I shall venture to advise.



*The ACCOUNT of an Appearance personating Sir J. O. to his Lady and to her Servant in London, at the Time of his Death in Jamaica, in order to prevent her extravagant manner of living, &c.*

**I**T happen'd one Day, his Lady being at her Country Lodgings, a Person well dress'd, appearing very much like a Gentleman, came to her City House, and knocking at the Door, ask'd the Maid if there were any Lodgings to be let there, and if her Lady was at home; the Maid answer'd no, there were no Lodgings to let there; and speaking as if it was with some Resentment; *Lodgings!* says she, *no, I think not! my Lady does not use to let Lodgings.* Well, but Sweetheart, says he, *don't be displeas'd, your Lady has some Thoughts of staying at her Summer Lodgings all the Winter, and so would dispose of some Apartments here for the Parliament Season; and I am directed by herself to look upon the Rooms, and give my Answer; let me but just see them, Child, I shall do you no harm:* So he stepp'd in,

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and

and as it were push'd by her, going into the first Parlour, and sat down in an easy Chair, his Servant staying at the Door; and as the Maid did not apprehend any Mischief, she went in after him; for he did not look like one that came with an ill Design, or to rob the House; but look'd like a Gentleman that could have nothing of such a kind in his View; so I say she went in after him.

When she came in he rose up, and looking about the Room, he found fault with every Thing, the Furniture, and the Manner of it, nothing pleas'd him; not as if not good enough for him, but that all was too good, and too rich, far above her Quality that own'd it; that the Lady did not know what she did, that it was an Expence she could not carry on, and her Estate would not support it; but that such a Way of Living would bring all the Family to Ruin and Beggary, and the like.

By and by she carried him into another Parlour, and there he did just the same; he told her he admir'd what her Lady meant; that she liv'd in a Figure which Sir John's Estate could never maintain, and she would but ruin him, and bring him into Debt, and so he would be undone by her Extravagance.

Upon this the Maid begun to take him short a little, and told him, this was all out of the Way of what he came about; if the Lodgings were too good for him, that was his Business indeed, but else he had nothing to do with her Lady,



Lady, and how she pleas'd to furnish her Houle: That her Master was a Gentleman of a great Estate, and had large Plantations in *Jamaica*; that he constantly supply'd her Lady with Money, sufficient for her Support, and for all her Expences; and she wondered he should trouble himself with that, which she was sure was none of his Business: In short, the Girl huffed him, and ask'd him what it was to him, who was a Stranger, how her Lady liv'd.

However he turns to the Maid, and sitting down again, calmly entered into some Discourse with her about her Lady, and her way of living, and told so many of the Secrets of the Family to her, that she began to use him better, and to perceive that he knew more of the Family than she thought he had, or, indeed, than she did herself; at last the Wench began to be uneasy, and to question in her Thought, whether it was not her Master himself, come over *incognito*, and only that he had not yet discovered himself.

She tried several Times to learn who he was, his Quality, his Country, his Name, and how she might send to him; but he put it off, only told her he would go to — where her Lady lodg'd, and wait upon her Lady himself; and so treating the Servant very civilly, and thanking her for shewing him the House, he went away in form, with his Servant following him, so that he did not vanish as an Apparition at all.

Yet

Yet the poor Wench was very uneasy, she began to think it could not be an ordinary Creature, because he gave such strange and particular Accounts of Things done in the Family; as where several Things were deposited that belonged to the Family, with several Circumstances belonging to her Mistress, to her little Son, and to his Father in the *West-Indies*; and, in short, said some Things, which, as she said, none but the *Devil* could tell of: Which, by the Way, was talking as ignorant People talk of such Things; namely, that if any thing be said, or done, out of the ordinary Way, and more than is common for Men to talk, or do, they immediately say it must be the *Devil* \*. The

\* It must be confess'd, it shews a Difference between the present and the past Ages: In former Times, if a Man did extraordinary Things, he was look'd upon as inspir'd from Heaven; or if great miraculous Things were wrought, it was said immediately to be from Heaven. *Come, see a Man that has told me all that ever I did*, says the Woman of Samaria, John iv. 29. and it follows, *is not this the Christ?* She did not say presently this must be the *Devil*. *Never Man spake like this Man!* Say the Messengers sent to apprehend Jesus Christ, and away they came without him, struck with awful Apprehensions, John vii. 49. not concluding presently that it was the *Devil*. *No Man could do these Miracles that thou doest, except God be with him*, John iii. 2. he does not say, no Man could do such Miracles as these, but it must be the *Devil*. On the contrary, his Conclusion is, *We know by these Miracles, that thou art a Teacher sent from God*. But now, if any thing be done extraordinary, or said surprizingly, it must be the *Devil*; as if God had ceas'd to work, and all Extraordinaries were committed to the *Devil*.

Thus the *Pertuis Rostan*, which is a wonderful Passage cut thro' a Mountain near *Brianton*, on the Frontiers of *Dauphiny*, called one of the five Wonders of *Dauphiny*, is said to be the Work of the



The poor Wench was surprized very much at this Gentleman, and more after he was gone, than before; for he did not give her Time before to reflect upon the Particulars he mentioned to her, but following one Thing with another, he found her enough to do, to take in the Heads of Things in the Groſs.

But when he was gone, and ſhe came to reflect, and lay Things together, ſhe began to conſider, who this muſt be? How could he know ſuch and ſuch Things? How could he tell whoſe Picture that was? Where my Miſtreſs had ſuch a Suit of Curtains, and ſuch a Cabinet? Who muſt he be, to tell me how long my Maſter has been at *Jamaica*, how much his Eſtate is there, and how much Money he has ſent my Lady over, in ſo and ſo long a Time? This muſt be the *Devil* in my Maſter's Cloaths, ſomething muſt be in it, I'll go to my Lady, and let her know it all; and with this the Maid gets a Woman that uſed to be truſted in ſuch Caſes, to look after the Houſe, and away ſhe goes to ——— to her Miſtreſs, without ſo much as ſtaying to dreſs her.

Indeed, I think it is a Part of the Story, that the Gentleman deſired ſhe would acquaint her Miſtreſs with it; that ſuch a Perſon had been there; and gave her ſome particular Tokens,

the *Devil*; only becauſe the People have no Hiſtory recording the Time or Manner of its making, or by who; and becauſe they think it paſt the Power of Men's Hands: And the like of many Places, and Things in *England*. But this is a Digreſſion.

kens, by which he said her Mistress would understand who he was; and that she should tell her what he said, that her Income would not support the Expences she liv'd at, but that it would bring her to Ruin, and she would be undone; but this Part I do not positively remember; but that he told the Maid it would be so, that I am particular in.

However, the poor Girl, the more she ruminated upon the Thing, the more she was frightened, and disordered about it; and away she went, as I have said, to give her Lady an Account of it: And she was the more eager to go also, because she understood him, that he intended to wait upon her himself, to talk about the Lodgings; and so she would prepare her Lady to receive him, and to consider what kind of a Man it must be, that she might not be frightened at him: But he had been too quick for the Maid.

When she came to ——— she found her Mistress thrown down upon the Bed very ill, and so ill, that at first they told her she could not speak with her. Don't tell me, says *Mary*, (that is the *London* Maid) I must speak with her, and will speak with her, for I have extraordinary Business with her. What extraordinary Business can you have? says the Lady's Woman, taunting at her; if your Business was from the *Devil*, you can't speak with my Lady just now, for she is very ill, and laid down upon the Bed.

From



From the Devil! says *Mary*. I don't know but it may, and I believe it is indeed, and I must speak with my Lady immediately.

Nay, says the Woman, here has been one Messenger too many from the *Devil* already, I think; sure you don't come of his Errand too, do ye?

I don't know whose Errand I come of, but I am frightened out of my Wits; let me speak with my Lady presently, or I shall die before I deliver my Message.

Die! says the Woman; I wish my Lady don't die before she can hear it; prithee, *Mary*, if it be any thing to fright her, don't tell it her just now, for she is almost frightened to Death already.

Why, says *Mary*, has my Lady seen any thing?

Ay, ay: Seen! says the Woman, she has seen and heard too; here has been a Man here, has brought her some dreadful Tidings, I don't know what it is.

They talk'd this so loud, or were so near, that the Lady heard something of it, and immediately she rung a Bell for her Woman.

When the Woman went in, Who is that below, says she, talking so earnestly? Is any Body come in from *London*?

Yes, Madam, says her Woman, here is *Mary* come to speak with your Ladyship.

*Mary* come, says she, with a Surprise, What's the Matter! what has she seen any  
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thing too? Mercy on me, what's the Matter! what does she say?

She does not say much, Madam, says the Woman, but she wants mightily to speak with your Ladyship, and is in a great Hurry.

What, says the Lady, is she frightened?

I believe she is, says the Woman, but she won't tell any thing but to yourself.

O, I shall die! says the Lady, call her up.

Pray, Madam, says her Woman, don't call her up till your Ladyship has recover'd yourself a little from your other Disorders; she'll tell you some wild Tale or other of her own Imagination, that will raise the Vapours, and do you a Mischief.

O, says the Lady, let me hear it, let it be what it will; if it be from the *Devil*, it can't be worse than it is; call her up, I must speak with her.

Accordingly *Mary* came up, and the Woman was order'd to withdraw.

As soon as the Door was shut, her Lady burst out into Tears again, for she had been crying vehemently before. O *Mary*, says she, I have had a dreadful Visit this Afternoon, here has been your Master.

My Master! Why, Madam, that's impossible.

Nay, it has been your Master to be sure, or the *Devil* in his Likeness.

In a Word, 'tis certain 'twas her Husband in Apparition, or an Apparition of her Husband,



band, and he talk'd very warmly and closely to her, and told her his Estate would not support her expensive Way of living, and that she would bring herself to Misery and Poverty; and a great deal more to the same Purpose, as he had said to *Mary*.

*Mary* immediately ask'd her Ladyship what manner he appear'd in; and by the Description that her Mistress gave, it was exactly the same Figure that came to her, and desired to see the Lodgings; so *Mary* gave her Lady a particular Relation of what happen'd to her also, and of the Message she was charg'd to deliver.

What follow'd upon this Alarm, and how the Lady was reduced, and obliged to sell her fine Furniture and Equipage, and came to very low Circumstances, tho' it was a Part of the Story, is not so much to my Purpose in the Relation: But what is remarkable to the Case in hand is, that they alledge, that just at this Juncture Sir J—— O———ne, the Lady's Husband, died in the *West-Indies*: I suppose by his Death her Supplies were immediately stopp'd, and that was the Occasion of her being reduced so suddenly \*.

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\* Now the Apparition, and its appearing in the Shape or Figure of the Husband, his warning her of her approaching Circumstances, and moving her to abate her expensive Way of living, and the like, all this is agreeable to the Opinion I have already given, that good Spirits may be allowed to assume humane Shape, and the Shape of any particular Person, whether the Person be dead or living; and may appear to us, to caution us in our wrong Measures,  
to

*Of the Apparition that told his Friend of the Fire of London, two Months before it happen'd; with some particular Remarks upon the Story, with relation to such Appearances.*

**H**E happened not to tell the Place exactly where it was to have been done; if he had, he might have been afterwards brought into Trouble, by unadvisedly relating the Particulars; for his Friend believed he really saw him; and not that it was an Apparition: But

to warn us against impending Mischiefs, and to direct us in Difficulties. And how merciful is it to Mankind, that there are such kind Monitors at hand, at any time, for our good!

But that this may be just in the Article Death, just when the person was dying, and the Soul departing; as if the Soul could stay in its Passage, between Life, and the eternal State, to call at this or that Place and deliver a Message: For Example; if it was to be carry'd by the Angels into *Abraham's* Bosom, you must suppose those Angels would go about with it from *Jamaica* to *London*, to give it leave to speak with his Wife before its Translation, before those swift Messengers performed their Task; nay that he must stop at the *London* House, assume a shape for that purpose, talk about the most frivolous Things with *Mary* the Servant Maid, and then go with another formal Errand to — to his Wife, all this in his Journey; and having dispatched these more weighty Affairs, then go on for Heaven afterwards.

This, I say, has to me no Consistency in it, no Coherence, it does not hang together in my Opinion at all, nor can I make any Common Sense; no, not if I was to come to the old poetick Fictions of *Charon* and his Ferry Boat; even the old Ferry man would not have slept out of his Way, upon any such Business.

What might be done by the Agency of those Spirits, appointed by the great Lord of all Spirits, to attend for the good of his Creatures, I have not the least Objection against; but that the Soul of the deceased, or departed, can come of this Errand itself, that I deny, and must insist upon it, that there is neither Reason or Religion in it, 'tis founded wholly in the Imagination; and tho' the Imagination may not in this Case form the Apparition, yet 'tis evident, the Imagination



But it seems he made a long religious Excursion upon the dismal Condition of the Citizens, and how their Pride would be brought low; how their Glory would be laid in the Dust; and how it was all to be look'd upon as a Blow upon them for their Luxury, and for their publick Sins, and so seemed to preach pretty much: And you know if Spirits from the other World were to preach, some people have such an aversion to that dull heavy Business, as they call it, that they would give very little heed to it. I say, the Apparition seemed to preach pretty much upon the Subject, and so the Friend began to be weary of the Discourse, and put him off to something else.

That which seems particular in this Story, and which (had I room here) would take up some time to discourse upon at large, is, that the Apparition went off in Form, not discovering itself so much as to be an Apparition; but came in at the Door, was let in by a Servant in the usual Manner, after knocking at the Door, and was carryed into the Parlour among the Family; that it discours'd of other Matters also; as of the *Dutch War*, and the bloody

gination only appropriates it to the Person, that is, to the Soul of the Person, which has really no share in the Operation.

Upon this Foundation likewise stands the old Heathen Notion, taken from the Case of *Achilles* and his Friend *Patroclus*, that the Soul of the deceased cannot be at Rest, 'till it has come and given Notice of such and such Things; that Justice be done to such and such injur'd Persons, and Money so and so appropriated, be regularly disposed, and the Will of the deceased punctually performed: These I take not to be imaginary but fictitious, and made or sup-  
ply'd out of the Invention of the Relator in order to dish up a Story.

bloody Engagement at Sea : I do not remember exactly, whether it said a bloody Engagement had been, or would be ; but I think it was an Engagement that had lately been.

That there were several other Transitions in their Discourse, from one Article of publick Business to another ; and at last to that of the Fire of *London* : The Gentleman who it was discours'd to seemed not to be much concerned at the Prediction about the Fire, looking upon it as a Piece of Guess-work, and that his Friend spoke it as of a Thing which he feared, rather than as a Thing he foretold, and pretended to know of : But after the Terrible Conflagration had happened, and that the City was indeed laid low from the East to the West, as had been mentioned, then all the Particulars came into his Mind with some Weight, and some unusual Reflection ; for the Circumstances were too evident to be slightly thought of.

However it pass'd over in the ordinary Way, with a little kind of Wonder ; and it was strange that Mr. M—— should be able to talk so ; and sure Mr. M—— deals with the *Devil*, and the like ; whereas all this while Mr. M—— knew nothing of the Story , and whatever Hand it was, and for whatever kind Purposes, no notice was taken of it, and Mr. M—— had so little Knowledge of it himself that his own House was burnt down in the General Disaster, and he had hardly Time to save one quarter Part of his Goods.

It



It might indeed be formed here as an Objection against this Notion, of good Spirits from the Invisible World, and their concerning themselves in giving Notices of approaching Mischeifs, *viz.* That they do not concern themselves to give such Notices in Cases of publick Calamities, when many thousands not of Persons only, but even of Families, are concerned, and in danger; and even where many particular Persons, who at other times have had such warnings from them, and have been as it were their Particular care, have been left to fall in the common disaster.

This is what I may take notice of again, in its proper place; but at present I am rather observing to you what is, than the Reason of its being so: The ways and works of Providence are Sovereign and Superior; the Manner conceal'd, and beyond our Understandings and Reason; not always visible to us; and yet its Proceedings not the less just, or the less to be accounted for in themselves; nor is it necessary that we should be always able to account for them to ourselves. Heaven has its own Reasons for all its Actings, and it is not for us to dispute its Sovereignty, any more than to examine into the Reason of its working.

It is certain the approach of that Terrible Fire, the like of which was never known in this part of the World, was not discover'd from the Invisible World; at least but to very few: an evident token that departed Souls knew nothing

thing of it, or, if they did, had no Power to come hither, and give notice of it ; if they had, what Numbers of Predictions Forebodings and Apparitions would have been in the City for some Months before !

BUT are we not answered by the Scripture, and might we not reply in the Language of our Saviour speaking of the general Deluge, *Matt. xxiv. 38, 39 For as in the Days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the Day that Noah entered into the Ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away ; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be ?*

JUST so was it likewise at the Time of the Fire of *London* : 'tis said indeed, with some Remark, that it was not a Wedding Night to many, if to any one Couple in the City ; because the Fire began on the *Sunday* Morning, and very few, (if any) are said to be marry'd of a *Saturday* ; but as it was a mighty Custom in those Days to marry on a *Sunday*, so there were a great many Weddings appointed for the next Morning, which were hinder'd without any forebodings or foreknowledge ; and that which was infinitely worse, many Women in Travail that very Night, were as it was reported, forc'd to be carry'd out of their Chambers in the very Article of Child Birth, and some, as I have heard were delivered in the very Passage from one House to another ; others, not thinking the Fire would follow so fast, having remov'd



mov'd but a little way, their Extremity being great, were obliged to be removed again; yet we find no Notice of any of these Things given in the least.

THIS indeed is what I say I cannot account for, neither is there any need for us to account for them in the Discourse we are upon; for our Question is not, Why there are no more Notices given than there are, and why they are not universal, to one as well as another; as if it were a Grace Men ought to have an equal Claim to: But 'tis a Proposition that such Apparitions there are, and that therefore there are certain Agents so appointed to appear.

WE have like Accounts to these at the Time of the great Massacre at *Paris*; a critical Juncture, in which the Rage of Hell seem'd to be carry'd to a great Height, when innocent Blood lay ready to be spilt in a terrible manner; the unguarded Protestants having no Means to avoid the Mischiefs that attended them, and no Strength to resist the power of the Cut throat Armies which surrounded them; so they had no Intimations from the invisible World to assist their Escape.

BUT what does this amount to, any more than the like Cases may argue in a thousand Calamities and Disasters which have befallen Mankind before? Nay, it confirms the grand Truth which I have insisted on, namely, that Souls departed know not any thing, and can communicate nothing, tho' unembod'y'd Spirits may.

FOR could the departed Souls of deceased Relations have known, that their Fathers, or Children, or Brothers, or Relicts, &c. were the next Day to have been murther'd, can we doubt but they would have given them all the Notice that was in their power to do, and at least have alarm'd them so, as to put them upon their guard, and give them an Opportunity to die like Hero's, as many of them were; and as they did not do thus, I think, without Injustice or Presumption, we may conclude they cannot; they could not then, neither can others do the like now.

AND yet as to such Notices as the Inhabitants of the invisible World were allowed to make, I believe they were not without them at that Time, tho' it was not thought fit by the Appointment of Heaven, to have the wicked Resolution of Murther and Massacre defeated: as to the Reasons why, which is what we have nothing to do to dispute, that we leave in Silence, as we may well do.

THE Histories of those Times are full of the secret Warnings and Notices then given by the kind Apparitions of those invisible Agents (whoever they are) in Dream. The Admiral *Coligni* had no less than three particular Notices given him by Dreams, that his Life was in Danger, and that he would be murther'd if he stay'd in *Paris*; an Express was sent him from the Count *S—*, at *Saumur*, to make his Escape and flee for his Life before it was too



too late ; nay, it was even said that the King of *Navarre*, who was afterwards *Henry IV.* sent a private Message to him to be gone, and if he staid one Night longer he would find it impossible: But, as they said afterwards, his Hour was come, and his Fate was determined ; and he was deaf to his Friends, for several others who had a Jealousy of his Danger, gave him like warnings ; but it was all in vain, he was deaf and indolent to his own safety.

SOME others who were more obedient to the heavenly Vision, more toucht then with the Sense of their Danger, as the Count de *Montgomery*, the *Vidame* of *Chartres*, de *Caversac*, and others, too many to Name ; and who had severally, and some of them jointly, timely warning of ther danger, mounted their Horses and fled the very Night before, and preventing the vigilance of their pursuers made their Escape.

I MIGHT here enlarge upon the probability of this as a Maxim, that tho' these Spirits may have leave to give such Notices and such Warnings to some particular Persons for the saving their Lives, yet we are not to suppose 'tis plac'd in their power to contravene the determination of Heaven, and to act contrary to the Appointments of his Providence, especially in things of general Import, such as public Judgments, which are immediately in the disposing of his Power, and not to be disappointed or delay'd.

BESIDES, as we have reason to believe they all act by Commission, 'tis also most certain that they cannot go an Inch, no not a Hair's Breadth beyond that Commission, or step one Foot out of the Way of it, to the right Hand, or to the Left: And thence we are to infer that they do not give farther or more frequent Notices to us, because they are not permitted; and this is, besides the rest, adding a greater Reverence to the Thing itself; for take off their superior Commission, and I know not what we should say to them, or of what real Notice or Value they would be.

I cannot but say that there were many Notices given of the Calamity of the *Parisian* Massacre, which were enough to have alarmed the Protestants; and the Chiefs of them were, in some Measure alarm'd; though not sufficient, as it prov'd, to drive them out of the Danger; yet so as that they did perceive some Mischief was hatching, but they could not possibly guess at the Manner; and besides, if they had, the other Party had gotten them so far in their Power that they could not avoid the Danger, but were taken (as it were) in a Toil; and yet they did send such Notices of their Danger to their Friends in several Places, as to warn them in time to be upon their Guard; and which Warning did (speaking of second Causes) preserve them from the like Mischief;



Mischief; for the Massacre was intended to be universal, at least in all the Cities in *France*.



*The famous STORY of the Apparition of one James Haddock in Ireland, which is publish'd many several Ways, and that by several Authors! and some of them intimating that it was really the departed Scul of James Haddock, who could not be at rest, as some of the Writers of the Story would insinuate, because his little Son by his Wife Eleanor Welch was wrong'd in a Lease left by him to the Child; but kept from him by her second Husband.*

**T**HE abridg'd Story is this. In the Year 1662, an Apparition meets one *Francis Taverner* on the Highway; the Man having Courage to speak to it, asks it what he is? and the Apparition tells him he is *James Haddock*, and gives him several Tokens to remember him by, which *Taverner* also calling to mind owns them; and then boldly demands of the Apparition what Business he had with him; the Apparition did not tell his Business that Night; but would have had *Taverner* rode back his Way with him, and he would tell him his Business, which *Taverner* refus'd, as well he might;

might; and that part indeed seems the only improbable Part of the Story.

However the next Night the Apparition comes to him again, and then tells him the Business, which was to desire him to go to his Wife, whose Maiden Name was *Eleanor Welch*; but was then marry'd again to one *Davis*, which *Davis* with-held the Lease from the Orphan, *Haddock's* Son, and tell her she should cause Justice to be done to the Child.

*Taverner* neglected to perform this Errand, and was so continually followed by the Apparition, that it was exceeding terrible to him; and at last it threatened to tear him in Pieces, if he did not go of his Errand.

Upon this he goes and delivers the Message to the Woman, who it seems took but small Notice of it; and then the Apparition came again, and told him he must go to his Executor, and do the same Errand; which he was it seems afraid to do, for fear of *Davis*; but the Apparition threatened *Davis* if he should attempt to do him (*Taverner*) any Injury.

N. B. Here I am to note, that this Story made so much Noise in the Country, and the Particulars appeared to be so faithfully related by *Taverner*, that Abundance of Persons of Note came to him to have the Relation from his own Mouth; and among the rest, the Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, who I  
name



*name in Reverence, not to his Dignity only, or so much, as in Reverence of his known Piety and Seriousness in Religion: Being the fam'd Dr. Jeremy Taylor, Author of a known Book call'd Rules of Holy Living and Dying; also of the Life of Christ, and several other valuable peices.*

This Reverend Father sent for the said *Francis Taverner*, to examine him about this strange Scene of Providence, so the Bishop called it; and he did examine him strictly about it, and the Account says, his Lordship was fully satisfied that the Apparition was true and real; that is to say, that it was true that there was really such an Apparition.

Now all this is within the bounds of what I have laid down, *viz.* That there are really Apparitions, and these Apparitions do personate such and such Bodies and Shapes; whose Names they take upon them and whose Persons they represent.

But for the rest, I think all the Notions that the People then entertain'd of it, and even the Bishop among the rest, must be very erroneous and mistaken. For

I. The Bishop entertain'd the Story, as if this Apparition was really the Soul of the departed *James Haddock*, as appeared by a second Examination of *Taverner* by his Lordship; for the Lady *Conway*, and other Persons of

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Quality, hearing the Bishop had sent for *Taverner* to examine him, went all away to be present at the Examination: And the Bishop being gone to a Town call'd *Hillsbro'* three Miles off, the Company went all thither, and *Taverner* was sent for to them, and there examin'd of all the Particulars again, and answered again to the Satisfaction of all the Company.

But here (and for this Reason I relate this part) his Lordship, after asking many more Questions, concluded by advising *Taverner* to ask the Apparition when it came again, Whence are you, are you a good or an evil Spirit? by which is supposed his Lordship understood, Are you in a good or bad State? For his next Question was, Where is your Abode? what Station do you hold? how are you regimented in the other World? and what is the Reason that you appear for the Relief of your Son in so small a Matter, when so many Widows and Orphans are oppress'd in the World, being defrauded of greater Matters, and none from thence of their Relations appear to right them.

And the very same Night *Taverner* meeting the Apparition again, who it seems, was fully satisfied with what he had done in delivering the Message to the Executor; at this appearing *Taverner* ask'd him the Questions above, but it gave him no Answer; and indeed it could not be expected that Curiosity should be answered.

For



For, as I said above, it is evident by the Questions, the Bishop, in all these Examinations, fell in with the vulgar Error of the Time about such Apparitions; namely, That it was the Soul of *James Haddock*; and well indeed might he ask how he came to appear when others in Cases of greater Moment did not.

But he should have ask'd, How is it possible you that are dead should be acquainted with these Circumstances, when the Word of God says expressly, the Dead know not any thing, and that all their Love and Hatred is perished? Had he ask'd him that, perhaps he might have told him that he was not the Soul of *James Haddock*, but a good Spirit sent from the Invisible World by the especial Direction of Heaven, to right a poor, ruin'd, oppress'd Orphan, abandon'd to Injury by its own unnatural Mother. But to talk of the Soul of *James Haddock*, and what Station it held in the other World, the Apparition might well go away, and give no Answer to it.

Nor in any of this Discourse did the Apparition pretend it was not at rest, or could not be at rest 'till Justice was done to the Child, or 'till the Message was deliver'd: The Apparition was too just to itself to say so: And on the other Hand, it is to me one of the most convincing Proofs, that it was really an Apparition or Appearance of a Spirit.

Now, as in other Cases, what Spirit it was may be worth taking Notice of; here is not

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the

the least room to suggest that it was the *Devil*, or an evil Spirit; and therefore the Bishop was wrong in that too, to ask if it was a good or evil Spirit; for how should his Wisdom judge, who was himself a good Man, that an evil Spirit should come of a good Errand, to right an injur'd Orphan, an oppress'd fatherless Child? The *Devil*, or any evil Spirit, could hardly be suppos'd to move about such Business.

It is to be observ'd here, and should have been added to the Story, that the said *Davis* and his Wife, though it seems much against his Will, did give up the Lease to the Child, the Son of that *James Haddock*; with this dismal Circumstance attending it, *viz.* That about five Years after, and when the Bishop was dead, one *Costlet*, who was the Child's Trustee, threatened to take away the Lease again, rail'd at *Taverner*, and made terrible Imprecations upon himself if he knew of the Lease, and threatened to go to Law with the Orphan. But one Night being drunk at the Town of *Hill-Hall*, near *Lisburne* in *Ireland*, where all this Scene was laid, going home he fell from his Horse and never spoke more, and so the Child enjoy'd the Estate peaceably ever after.

In a Word, the little injur'd Orphan seem'd to be the Care of Heaven in a particular Manner; and the good Angel which appear'd in its Behalf without doubt executed God's Justice upon the wicked drunken Oppressor, the Trustee; and as he imprecated Vengeance on himself,



self, so that same Spirit might be commission'd to see it fall upon him.

And here it most naturally occurs to observe that the departed Souls of Men and Women dead and buried, cannot be suppos'd to have any Commission to execute particular Vengeance on any in this World; the Supposition of this would bring a confus'd medley of Notions upon us, such as would be inconsistent not with Religion only, but even with common Sense; and which need not take up any of our Pains to confute them.

'Tis surprising to see what Impressions have been made upon the Minds of *Women*, I might say *old Women* of *both Sexes*, by the Stories of Witches \*, Ghosts and Apparitions, and their

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dreadful

\* For my Part I must own, I am so much a *Here-  
rick* as to believe that *Almighty God*, not the *Devil*, is the Governor of the World; and though it is now generally agreed that God neither works Miracles, nor dispences any extraordinary Revelations amongst us, yet such is the Credulity and Superstition of Mankind that they can readily allow this, both to *Satan* and his *Ministers*.

If we enquire into the vulgarly receiv'd Notion of *Witches*, and the Symptoms by which they are discover'd, we shall soon see how reasonably and mercifully these poor Creatures have been treated; *Burning*, *Hanging*, *Drowning*, has frequently been the Fate of those who have been so unhappy as to fall under the Odium of that frightful Name.

If the *old Woman* happens to be prodigious ugly, her Eyes red and hollow; the Skin of her Face shrivell'd by Age, or by the Use of her favourite Liquor Gin;

if

dreadful Appearances on every trifling and ridiculous Occasion; nay, we find judicious People, and People of good Sense, when tinctur'd with a little Superstition, have run so far into this

if her Voice be hoarse and trembling, and she's sufficiently bow'd down by Years, and the Infelicities she may have sustain'd in Life; 'tis no wonder if such a frightful Aspect, such a rueful Figure, raises a Palpitation in the Heart of little Master *Jacob*, who with Difficulty runs to his *Mamma*, and in the utmost Terror tells her, that *old Goody* such a one, met him in such a Place and star'd very hard at him, (nay, perhaps, begg'd a Pin of him) and that ever since that Time he has been very ill. The good Woman in the utmost Consternation, cries out, *My dear Child, my dear Child*, is bewitch'd by that vile old Creature! Immediately the *Parson* of the *Parish* is sent for to exorcise out, or lay the Evil Spirit; and the *Constable* to take the old Witch into Custody, that she may receive that Corporal Punishment from some very wise *Magistrate*, that's due to the Demerit of her suppos'd Crime: I would not here be misunderstood, for I don't mean to insinuate that the *Parson* of every *Parish* is a *Conjurer*, any more than the *Lady* whose Wisdom dictated the Necessity of such an Application.

It may be farther observ'd, that its necessary the very poor.-----If a *Parish Witch*, 'tis so much the better; for tho' *Satan* the Master she serves, may have Mines of Treasure at his Disposal; it will comport much better with the Ideas and Notions, of her friendly Neighbours, by whose Sagacity she's presum'd to be a *Witch*, that she should live upon Alms, as it may give her an Opportunity of waiting upon some Cook Maid for a Dish of Broth, or the Remains of her Master's Table; which if *Cicely* chances to be in an ill Humour and refuse her, she'll certainly in less than a Month's Time, either *spill the Salt, sprain her*



this idle Way of thinking, that they have been put upon seeking in the *Earth* for Treasure that

her Ankle, or hear the dreadful Voice of some He Cat ; most certain Signs, that Madam *Slip Slop* is bewitch'd.

If this *old Witch* happens to be gathering Sticks in any Field, or near any Wood in the *Parish*, where the Farmer's *Cattle* or *Herds* are grazing, and any of them chance to die, either of the *Murrain*, or the *Rot*, poor *old Goody* is immediately charg'd as being the Instrument of their Deaths ; because she was seen in that *Field* some Days before, and some of the *Milk Maids* might perhaps hear her muttering over some *gibberish Language*, or hard Words, which she, (poor Girl) did not understand. If the Farmer should be sensible of any Disorder in his *Cattle* before it's too late to relieve them, he without Delay takes some of the Beasts *Water*, puts it upon the *Fire* in a Pipkin, and boils it for several Hours together, which is being sufficiently reveng'd of the *old Witch* ; as, during all this Interval, her Blood must certainly boil in her Veins, and she must be in the most racking Pain till the good Man is pleas'd to relieve her, by taking the Pipkin off the *Fire*.

There's an infallible Way that some of the wise *Witch Searchers* have of discovering their Game, which is done by examining all the Premises of the *poor old Woman's Carcase*, in any part of which, if they happen to find any thing that looks like a *Teat*, *Wart*, or *Pimple*, (especially if there's a livid Redness at the Root of it) 'tis taken for granted, that the young sucking *Devil*, or *Familiar*, that she keeps to send upon her mischievous Errands, is nurs'd and fed from this Nipple, as certainly as the Child is fed with its *Mother's Milk*. But if to this extraordinary Circumstance, it should appear that she keeps an *old grey Cat* in her House, (which must to be sure be a *Devil* in Disguise) the whole *Parish* is then confirm'd she must be

that never was hid, and pull'd down old *Houses* in Expectation of finding what was never deposited in them.

The

a *Witch*, and that this same *old Cat*, must be a Confederate with her in the Works of Darknefs; and change Shapes with her, as often as she finds it necessary to take a Journey into *Egypt* upon a *Broom-staff*, or visit any of her Neighbours *Families* or *Cattle*, with some sad Calamity.

But the most celebrated Way of trying *old Women* for *Witches*, is that recommended by the acute Pen, of that learned, sagacious, and heroick Prince, King JAMES the First, of blessed Memory! Which was, that the *old Woman* should be ty'd Hand and Foot and thrown into a *River*, where if she swims, she is deem'd guilty, and taken out and burnt to death; but if she sinks, she is then deem'd innocent, and the only ill Consequence she sustains, is no more, than that of being drowned.

These pernicious Wretches, are by some said to meet their Master in *Churches* and *Church-yards*, and there to riot, and play their Gamboles, at the Foot of an old *Yew Tree*, which usually graces some of the later of these Places; but this I look upon as a vulgar Error, for it is not to be suppos'd they would dare to attempt to play any of their Farces upon *consecrated Ground*. And 'tis with great Gravity, that such Subjects as these ought to be treated, in this ludicrous Age; tho', I hope, the Time is now drawing on, when an *old Woman* may be miserable, without being either esteem'd a *Witch*, or hang'd, or burn'd, on such a Supposition.

But to shew the dangerous Consequences of *Superstition* and *Bigotry*, and how far weak Heads may be influenc'd by its Effects, (of which *Mobs* and *Riots* are generally compos'd) I'll beg Leave to conclude the Subject, by transcribing a Paragraph from the *London Evening Post*, of *April* the 27th, 1751. by which it will appear,



*The Account of an Apparition (or suppos'd good Spirit) that accompanied a Traveller great Part of his Journey thro' Germany, Norway, Poland, Prussia, Russia, Hungary, Tartary, and Turkey, and the signal Services he did him in several particular Instances.*

**I**F the Account I have of this Apparition be true, and I have had it by me many Years, he

appear, that those *Weeds*, notwithstanding the Pains that some of the learned and ingenious Part of Mankind have taken to root out of Society, are not yet quite extinct.

*Extract of a Letter from Tring, in Hertfordshire.*

“ **O**N Monday last a shocking Affair happen'd here,  
 “ A Person who keeps a public House, had given  
 “ out, that he was bewitch'd by one *Osborn* and his  
 “ Wife, of *Long Marston*, (inoffensive People of near  
 “ 70 Years of Age) and had it cried at several Market  
 “ Towns, that they were to be tried by ducking the  
 “ Day aforesaid; when about Noon a great Concourse  
 “ of People, to the Number of about 500 appeared in  
 “ the Town. The Officers of the Town had privately  
 “ remov'd the poor old Couple in the dead Time of the  
 “ Night into the Church, as a Place of Safety. The  
 “ Mob demanded these unhappy Wretches at the Work-  
 “ house, but on being acquainted they were not there,  
 “ they pull'd down the Pales and Walls, broke all the  
 “ Windows, and demolish'd a Part of the House.  
 “ After searching the Chimnies and Cielings without  
 “ Effect, they seiz'd the Governor, hawl'd him down  
 “ to

he did him good, and no hurt; he guided him thro' Defarts and over Mountains, over frozen

“ to the Stream, and declar'd they would drown him,  
 “ and burn the whole Town, unless they deliver'd  
 “ these poor Creatures into their Hands. The Mob  
 “ ran up and down with Straw in their Hands, and  
 “ were going to put their Threats in Execution, had  
 “ they not found the two unhappy Wretches, who were  
 “ conceal'd in the Vestry Room at the End of the  
 “ Church. They immediately stripp'd stark naked  
 “ these miserable Wretches, tied their Thumbs to their  
 “ Toes, dragg'd 'em two Miles in a shameful Manner,  
 “ and threw 'em into a muddy Stream. After much  
 “ ducking and other ill Usage, the poor old Woman  
 “ was thrown quite naked on the Bank almost choak'd  
 “ with Mud, and expir'd in a few Minutes, being even  
 “ kick'd and beat with Sticks after she was dead, and  
 “ the poor Man lies dangerously ill of the Bruises he  
 “ receiv'd. To add to their Barbarity they put the  
 “ dead Witch to Bed with her Husband, and tied them  
 “ both together.”

*Extract of a Letter from Tring:*

“ ON *Thursday* last, *Joseph Atkinson*, Esq; Coroner  
 “ of the County of *Hertford*, with a Jury of 12  
 “ principal Gentlemen of the said County, sat on the  
 “ Body of *Mary Osborne*, who was barbarously mur-  
 “ der'd on *Monday* last (as above-mention'd) and  
 “ brought in their Verdict, guilty of willful Murder  
 “ against the following Persons, viz. *Thomas Mason*,  
 “ *William Myatt*, *Richard Grice*, *Richard Wadley*,  
 “ *James Proudham*, *John Sprouting*, *John May*, *Adam*  
 “ *Curling*, and *Francis Meadows*, besides 20 others  
 “ whose Names are unknown. And on *Thursday* *James*  
 “ *Osborne* her Husband, died of the cruel Treatment  
 “ he receiv'd at the same time, as a suppos'd Wizard,  
 “ by the above barbarous Wretches.”



frozen Lakes, and little Seas cover'd with Snow; he diverted him with Discourses of various Subjects, always issuing for his Good, and for the Encrease of Knowledge: He went with him over the Sea from *Ireland* to the Coast of *Norway*: He procur'd Winds for him, without buying them of Witches and *Laplanders*: He did not raise Storms for him, because being a Traveller and upon a Voyage, he had no Occasion of them; but he foretold Storms punctually and exactly, prevented the Ship's putting out to Sea when Storms were approaching; found the Ship's Boat and Anchors, when the first was driven away in the Night, and the second weigh'd and run away with by the *Norwegians* in the Dark, the Ship having been obliged to slip and run up into Harbour; I say, he found them, that is to say, directed the Seamen where to find them, and to discover the Thieves.

He did a thousand Things for him, and for his Accommodation in his Travels; he was acquainted where-ever he came, and procured his Fellow-Traveller Entertainment and good Usage; he knew the Affairs of every Country, and the very People too; he spoke every Language, *German, Norse or Norway, Polish, Prussian, Russian, Hungarian, Tartarian, and Turkish*.

He pass'd Rivers without Bridges, tho' he would never let his Fellow-Traveller see him do that, or help him to do it; nor would he

let him see him mount into the Air upon any occasion whatever; but would set him in his Way, give him very faithful Directions how to find the Places he was going to, and then strike off some other Way, as if he had Business at this or that Place, and would not fail to meet him again punctually at the Place he appointed.

Sometimes he would be seen at a Distance a Mile or more, to Day on his right, to Morrow on his left Hand, and keeping even Pace with him, come into the same Village or Town where he lodg'd, and take up as it were at another Inn; but if he enquir'd for him in the Morning he was always gone, and the People knew nothing of him, except that they just saw such a Man in the Evening before, but that he did not stay.

When he had travelled thus with him from *Ireland*, as I said, to the Coast of *Norway*, where they were driven in by Storm; and after that by Sea round the said Coast of *Norway* to *Gottenburgh*, where they put in again by contrary Winds, he persuaded the Traveller not to go any farther in that Ship.

The Traveller being bound with the Vessel to *Dantzick*, and having a considerable Quantity of Goods on board, would by no means be prevail'd with to quit the Ship: His Fellow Traveller told him he had the second Sight, and that he was assur'd the Ship should never come to *Dantzick*. However the Traveller  
not



not giving so much Credit to him as that requir'd, and not knowing any thing of him at that Time, but that he was a strange, intelligent, foreseeing Man (as he call'd him) would continue the Voyage; whereupon the Stranger left him, and the Ship pursuing the Voyage was surpriz'd with another dangerous Storm; I say another, because they had one before. In this Tempest the Ship was driven upon the Coast of *Rugen*, an Island on the *German* Side of the *Baltic*, where with much Difficulty they put into *Straelsund*, a Sea Port of *Pomeran*, and there the Traveller went on Shore.

Here walking pensively and concern'd about the Event of his Fortune, and fearing the Ship would really be lost, as his first Man had foretold him; I say, walking very anxious upon the Key at *Straelsund*, there meets him a Man who he was utterly a Stranger to, but who salutes him in *English*, calls him by his Name; and asks him what he did there.

Surpriz'd with such a Salutation, and glad to see any Man in such a strange remote Country that he was like to be acquainted with, and much more that could call him by his Name, he return'd his Compliment, and answer'd that indeed he had not much Business there, but that he came thither by a very unfortunate Occasion.

I know you are, says the Gentleman; you came in here last Night in yon Ship; pointing  
to

to the Vessel which lay in the Road between the City and the Island of *Rugen*.

I did so, says the Traveller, and I am like to have but ill Luck with her.

I doubt so, says the Stranger, and I suppose that made you look so much concern'd.

I cannot deny, said he, but I might look troubled; I think I have Cause, for I am here in a strange Country, without Acquaintance or Interest, and know not yet what Condition the Ship is in, or my Goods, which I doubt are damag'd.

I am assur'd, says the Gentleman, the Ship will not be able to pursue her Voyage, but perhaps your Cargo may be safe. I understand the Goods you have on Board are Herrings.

They are so, says the Traveller; I have twelve Lasts of Herrings on Board, and we have had a long Voyage already.

I know you have, said the Gentleman: but pull up your Spirits, your Fish is all safe, and you may get 'em on Shore; and you shall either sell 'em here, or get Ships here to reload 'em again for *Danzick*; and seeing you are a Stranger, adds he, I will get you some Assistance.

All this while he had not ask'd him his Name; but now he said to him, Will you not let me know, Sir, who it is I am thus much oblig'd to?

First, returns he, let me see and get you some Help, that you may go chearfully about your



your Business, and we'll talk of that afterwards; so he bad him walk a little there, and he would come to him again.

He had not walked long but he sees a Messenger coming to him, to tell him, that there was an *English* Gentleman desir'd to speak with him at such a House, and that he was to guide him to the Place.

Accordingly he follows the Messenger, who brings him to a public House, where were three Gentlemen sitting in a Room, and the Man he had conversed with made a fourth, who call'd him in, and bad him sit down, which he did.

The three Gentlemen saluted him very kindly, and one of them also in *English*, and told him they had receiv'd an Account of his Circumstances from that Gentleman, and that they sent for him to comfort and assist him.

This was a kind and agreeable Surprize to him, and he could not but receive it with all Civility and Acknowledgment possible. After which they ask'd him to sup with them, which he accepted of, and at Supper hearing the Whole of the Case, they sent for a Merchant of that City to come to them.

When the Merchant was come they recommended the Stranger's Affairs to him; and he, the Merchant, was so assistant to the Stranger that he bought all his Cargo of Fish, or procur'd others to buy it, giving him a Price to his Satisfaction, and gave him as much Money there

there as he requir'd, and good Bills payable at *Dantzick* for the rest.

In the mean time (for this was transacting several Days) the three Gentlemen continued exceeding courteous and obliging to him; and after many other Civilities, they being travelling into *Poland*, invited the Traveller to go with them as far as *Dantzick*, which they knew he was bound for, and that they would subsist him at their own Charge so far. The Traveller considering his own Condition; and that the Ship he came in was not in Condition to pursue the Voyage, resolv'd to accept of the Offer, and accordingly prepar'd to go with them: But he was extremely concern'd that he could not see the kind Stranger who had first saluted him as above, and who brought him to the Gentlemen that were now so extraordinary civil to him; he enquir'd after him of the Messenger that fetch'd him to that House, but he knew him not; he ask'd the People of the House, but they could give no Account of him; he ask'd the three Gentlemen about him, but they knew nothing of him; the *English* Gentleman among them said, he thought he belong'd to that Gentleman, pointing to another of the Three who was a *German*; the *German* answer'd that he understood he was the third Gentleman's Friend, who was a *Swede*, that is a *Pomeranian*, for *Pomeren* is under the Dominion of the *Swedes*. But the *Swede* said he thought he was the *English* Gentleman's Brother,



ther, for he spoke *English* very well; in a word, nobody knew him, and he saw him no more.

In a Week more or thereabout the four Gentlemen (for now they were so many) set out together, with every one a Servant; except our Traveller, who had none. Every one that knows the Country from *Stetin* to *Dantzick* and *Poland*, knows that it is a desert and wild Country very thin of Inhabitants, and consequently not full of Towns; with several Woods and Wafts in their Way, very difficult to travel, and this oblig'd them several Times to take Guides by the Way, so that they made up with their Guides always eight, sometimes ten in Company, very well arm'd, and tolerably well mounted.

The third Day after they were past the *Oder*, and began to come out of that Part of *Pomeran* which lies East of *Stetin*, and is call'd the *Ducal Pomeran*, they observ'd a Man mean in Apparel, but appearing something more than merely what Poverty represents, travelling the same Way as they did, but always keeping at about the Distance of Half a Mile from them on their left Hand.

He travelled on Foot, but kept full Pace with them, and often was some Way before them; whether he was in a Track or Road, as they were, they could not tell, but he kept such an equal Distance as if the Road he was in was Parallel with theirs: indeed sometimes they lost sight of him for a-while; yet they were sure



sure to find him again at some little Distance, either before them or behind them; and this continued three Days before they took any extraordinary Notice of him.

But the third Day they were a little more curious about him, and one of them (with a Servant attending) rode from the Company, intending to speak with him; but as soon as he saw them come towards him, the Stranger fled farther to the Left from them; still however keeping on his Way forward, but plainly shunning being spoken with; so the Gentleman and his Servant came back again, having made no Discovery; except this, that the Stranger kept no Path or Track, that there was no Road or Way in the Place where he march'd, but that he only kept at such a certain Distance from them; from whence they concluded that he was only some poor Man that was travelling over that wild Country, and having gotten some Intelligence of their Journey kept Pace with them, to guide him the Way: But two Things amused them strangely that third Day of their Travel.

1. They observed that riding over a large Plain, where there were some few scattering Houses which lay on the other Side of the Road South, (for he kept all along (before) on the North Side of them) I say, passing over this Plain, the Traveller keeping a little behind them cross'd the Road, and going up to one of  
the



the said scatter'd Houses, knock'd at the Door and went in.

Upon this they resolv'd if possible to get some Knowledge of him; so they rode all up to another of those Houses: Here calling to the Inhabitants, tho' it was no Inn or House of Entertainment, but a poor Husbandman's Cottage, they got Leave to refresh themselves, having Provisions and Wine of their own, and giving the good Wife a small Bottle of about half a Pint of Brandy at parting, the People were abundantly satisfied.

Here talking of the Traveller, and at what House he call'd in the Village, (for though the Houses stood straggling over the Waste, yet as there were near twenty of them in all it was call'd a Town) here, I say, talking of the Traveller and of his knocking at the Door of one of the Houses, the Woman of the House understanding their Language, hastily ask'd, What says she, have you seen the *Owke Mouraski*? Who she meant, they did not know; but describing the Person to her, and she also to them, they began to come to an Understanding. Did he not keep Pace with you, says she, on the North-side of the Road all the Way? Yes, said they.

Ay, says she, and had you offer'd to ride towards him, you would always have found him as far off as at first.

That amused them. Why, what is he? says one of the Gentlemen.

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Nay

Nay we know not, says she, nor desire to know.

Why so? says he.

Because, says she, he brings no good Luck; pray at what House do ye say he knock'd at the Door?

They describ'd the House, at which the Woman and all the Children fell a crying, and making a great Sign of Sorrow.

What's the Matter, says the Gentlemen, what are you disturb'd at?

O, says the good Woman, that *Owke Mouraski* never calls at any House in the Town, but some or other of the Family dies that Year.

By this it seem'd that he came often that Way, so he ask'd the Woman how often he was used to be seen thereabouts.

She answered, Not often, perhaps once or twice a Year; and says she, sometimes he passes by and calls or knocks at no House in his Way, and then, adds she, we are glad to see him.

Why, says the Gentleman, what do you take him to be the *Devil*?

No, no, says she, not the *Devil*, no, he is a very good Man.

But why are you so afraid of him then? says he.

Because, says she, he knows more than all the Men in the World; he knows if any one is to die, and then he knocks at the House to tell them to be ready.



N. B. *Here the Woman enquired more exactly about the House where the Traveller called, and the Gentleman going to the Door pointed it out to her, at which she left off crying, and then rejoiced as much as she had lamented before; for it seems she had mistaken it for another House which stood near it, and where her own Father and Mother lived.*

Then he asked her what Countryman the Traveller was.

She said, they did not know that, for no Body ever spoke to him, they were afraid.

Why, says he, when he knocks at the Door don't ye speak to him?

No, says she, nor does he speak a Word; but just as he goes away he will sometimes say —repeating a Word which I do not remember, but signifies *be comforted*; and then they are sure the Person shall be sick only, but shall not die.

But, says he, do they entertain him, or give him any thing?

Yes, says she, they set Bread before him, and he takes a small Piece in his Hand; but no body can say they ever saw him eat.

But what do you take him to be then? says he.

A good Angel, says the Woman; adding another hard Word of their own, signifying that he did no Hurt to any Body; and, says she, to  
some

some Families he is a Messenger of Good: All this gave them Amusement, but no particular Satisfaction, and rather prompted their Curiosity to make farther Enquiry about him. After about an Hour's refreshing themselves at this poor Cottage, they proceeded on their Journey, and having rode about two Miles, they saw their old Object again on the left or north Side of their Road, as before, and he kept in their sight in the same Manner all the rest of the Day.

There was a Town, I think 'tis called *Kintzigen*, or some such like Name, at a few Miles distance, and where their Guide told them they should lodge, and before they came to the Town there was a River, not a great or very wide River, but too large to ride through it, and at the Town there is a very good Stone Bridge; built, as they were told, by the Ancestors of the King of *Prussia*, that is, as I suppose, the old Dukes of *Pomerania*.

Accordingly they pass'd this Bridge, and then went into the Town. It was most natural to them to observe what Course the Traveller would take to pass the River, who as he went on must necessarily come to the Bank, at near a Mile distance from the Town, so they halted a little, one of them alighting from his Horse, as if something had required their Stay, that the Traveller might go on before them, which he did.

Observing him as narrowly as possible, they followed



followed him (with their Eyes) down to the Edge of the River, nor did he stop or take notice of them, though they saw him plainly to the very Bank; but here not being able to keep him exactly in their sight every Moment, they immediately saw him going up the rising Grounds on the other Side, without being capable of giving the least Account how he past the Water.

This was the other Passage, which, I say, amused them very much.

As soon as they came into the Town where they were to lodge, their Guide looking beyond the House where they stopt, called to them, Look yonder, says he, is your Traveller sitting at the Door of such an Inn or House, pointing to the Place; and there they saw him plain at the Door eating a Piece of Bread, and having a Pot or Jug of *Polish* Beer standing by him. One of the Gentlemen (resolving, if possible, to speak with him) walk'd up in his Boots to the Place, seeing him sitting all the while he was going, till coming very near, and happening to turn his Eyes but one Moment from him, when he look'd again, the Man was gone.

He ask'd the People of the House about him, but they knew nothing of him, only that as they said there was such a Man, but he was gone, and they neither knew who he was, or whither he was gone.

Then he ask'd them if they did not know  
the

the *Owke Mouraski*; they said Yes, they had heard of him but they did not know him.

Why, says the Gentleman, don't you know that this was he that sat upon the Bench?

No, they said, that could not be he, that was a poor Countryman, a Traveller.

The Gentleman assured them that was he; at which they seemed very much concerned, but seemed very willing not to believe him.

Why, says he, are you afraid of him?

No, says they, but we don't like his coming to us; for they say he brings no good to the Family where he comes.

But this Discourse ended, and the Gentleman gain'd no Information there.

The next Day they had his Company again, as before; and passing by a single House upon the Road, near a Village, but standing quite out of the Road, they observ'd the Traveller to stop at that House and go in.

By this Time their Curiosity was very much heighten'd, and they began to be a little uneasy about him; it was not very pleasant they thought to have the Devil so near them, and they could think him to be nothing less; so they all turn'd back and resolv'd to go to the House, and if he was there to speak with him, if possible; and if not, to inform themselves as much as they could about him.

When they came within about a Quarter of a Mile of the House, they saw the Traveller on the other Side, having gone out at the back Door,



Door, and travelling forward as unconcern'd, and taking no notice of them, just as before.

This surprized them; however they went up to the House, and enquired about him, as they did before: But here they receiv'd a quite different Account of him; here the People bless'd him, called him by the same Name, but took him for their good Angel, (as they call'd him) that he always brought them good Tidings, that they were sure it would fare well with them after he had been with them; and a great deal more.

But to bring this Story to a Conclusion, so far as it serves the present Occasion: This Spectre or Apparition, for so I must call it, attended them till they came within two Leagues of *Dantzick*, where the Gentlemen separated, after a Day or two staying in the City; the three Gentlemen going from thence to *Mariemburgh* in *Polish Prussia*, and our Traveller was left in *Dantzick*.

While he was here a Man made Acquaintance with him who was bound to *Königsberg*, and our Traveller being resolv'd to go for *Petersburg*, was glad to have this new Acquaintance, which he had, as we may say, pick'd up, to go with him; so they embark'd together in a small Hoy, upon the Sea or Lake call'd the *Frischaff*, which carry'd them to *Königsberg*. He gives a strange tho' diverting Account of his Conversation with this Man, who told him so many stories of several Kinds, that it amaz'd

maz'd him; and he look'd as if he knew all the World, and all the People in it, and all Things that had happened in it, or would happen in it for ever to come, and something longer.

However, as the *Frischaff* is not above three or four Days sail, and they were quickly at *Koningsberg*, the Conversation was soon over, and this new Acquaintance ended; but the Traveller continuing his Journey, enquired in the City if there were any Passengers or Gentlemen going towards *Riga*, either by Land or Sea; and being directed to a House where Strangers us'd to resort, he found there several People bound for *Riga*, some Merchants, some Country-people, some Seafaring-people, but most inclin'd to go by Sea, there being Vessels always ready at the *Pillau*, which is a Town at the Mouth of the *Haff*, ready to sail for *Riga*, if Goods or Passengers presented.

But among them all there was an ancient Man, habited like a *Russ*, or rather like a *Greek* Priest, with a long venerable Beard, a purple Robe or long Garment, such as the *Russians* wear, a high stiff-crown'd Furr-cap, and a close Vest about his Body, girded with a Silk Sash; and he declar'd himself for *Riga*; but that being an old Man, he would not go by Sea, but that he had two Horses in the City besides his own, having brought two Servants with him from *Grodno* in *Lithuania*, but one of them had left him, so he offer'd the Traveller



veller to lend him one of his Horses for his Company, if he would travel with him to *Mittau* in *Courland*, and thence to *Riga*

It will take up too much Room here, to give a full Account of the Travels of this wandering Person, and how in almost every Place he found a new Shape ready to thrust in o his Company, and that for four Years in amare Ramble; but that at last, being in *Turkey*, his latest Companion discovered to him that he was an Inhabitant of an invifible Region, that he had been in his Company in all his Journey in all the different Figures that he had met with; and, that in a Word, he was the fame Person that embark'd with him in *Ireland*, landed with him in *Norway*, left him at *Gottenburg*, found him at *Straelsund*, dogged him upon the Way to *Dantzick*, failed with him to *Koningsberg*, lent him a Horse to go to *Riga*, and fo on; and that he had only put on fo many Shapes and Appearances that he might not be uneasy with him, and tired of his Company.

How they went together after that, and the Conversation that pass'd between them after the Discovery; how familiar Friends they were for some Months after, and what Reasons he gave why he would never believe that it was a Devil, but a good and kind Spirit sent to take Care of him, and affist him in his Travels; all that, as foreign to my present Purpose, I omit.

As I do not here enter into the Authority of the Story, (tho', as I said, I have seen it in Manuscript many Years ago) so I have no more to say from it than this, that if such good Spirits are conversant with Mankind, and resident in the invisible Spaces, we know not where; if we have reason to believe they are not Angels, and yet really by their Actions cannot be Devils; then it follows that there are a certain middle Species of Spirits in being; let them be what they will, let them be employed, directed, limited and restrain'd, how and in what manner he pleases who is their Maker, and who ought to be their Guide and Director; that's not the Matter, nor can it be enquired into here; the Question before us is only whether such there are, or no?

Now if it be granted that there are such, and that brings it down to the present Case, that then all Apparitions are not Devils; no, nor are they walking disturbed Souls of Men lately embodied and departed: A Notion empty and not to be defended; incongruous, and inconsistent either with Scripture, the Christian Religion, or Reason, and founded only in the bewildered Imaginations and Dreams of ignorant People, who neither know how or by what Rules to judge of such Things, or are capable of right Conceptions about them; who do not give themselves Time to exercise that little Power of thinking that they are Masters of, and so are left to the Darkness  
of



of their own Fancies, thinking every Thing they see is a Devil, merely because they know not what else to make of it, what other Name to give it, or that it can be possible any thing but Devils or Angels can come of such Errands.

By this Mistake they give the Devil the Honour of many an Action, which he is too much a Devil to have any hand in; ascribe Works of Charity and Benevolence to him; make him move injurious and knavish Men to do Justice, Thieves to make Restitution, cruel and inhuman Wretches to be merciful, Cheats to turn honest, Robbers to desist, and Sinners to repent.



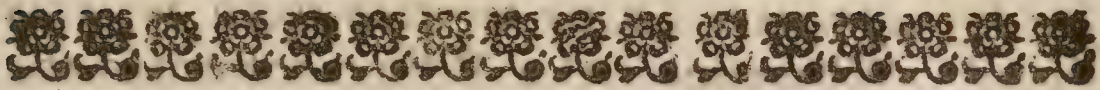
*A wonderful Passage taken out of the ancient Grecian Records, which the Abbot Noall procured at Constantinople, when he was Ambassador from the French King to the Ottoman Port, as published in the first Volume of the Bibliotheca Patrum, at Paris, 1624.*

**T**HAT in the primitive Times of Christianity, there was a solemn Disputation held by Gregentius Archbishop of Teptira in the Kingdom of the Homerites, in the Empire of Ethiopia, and Herbanus a learned Jew, at the Request of the King of that Place, before

a vast Assembly of People; in the Close of which the Jew was so fully convinced that the Lord Jesus Christ came from God, that he had no more to say, but that since it could not be denied likewise that *Moses* came from God, that the Christians should hear the former, and the Jews the latter: But if your Lord, said he, will please to appear and shew us his Pre-eminency, we will believe on him fully and absolutely; to which all the Jews assented with loud Voices, saying, *Shew us Christ, and we will believe on him.* The pious Archbishop being greatly moved hereat, kneeled down and prayed the merciful Saviour of Men, to condescend to give to so many Thousands of the ancient Stock of *Abraham* their demanded Satisfaction; and in the Conclusion of the Prayer, the King and all the People said, *Amen:* Upon which a great Earthquake followed, and the Heavens opening in the East, the Lord Jesus appeared in such a Brightness, as filled the Christians with extream Joy, and the Jews with no less fear, and said with a loud Voice; *Upon the Prayers of the Archbishop and the Faithful, I appear before your Eyes who was crucified by your Fathers.* Upon which *Herbanus* and all the Jews were struck blind: and finding upon Enquiry that the Christians were not so blinded, they requested them to pray to Christ to restore their Sight, which was done upon their receiving Christian Baptism, as the same



same Record witnesseth to the Number of five hundred thousand.



*The following Account is deliver'd by Sophronius, Bishop of Jerusalem, as a certain and unquestionable Truth. See Bar. Ann. 411.*

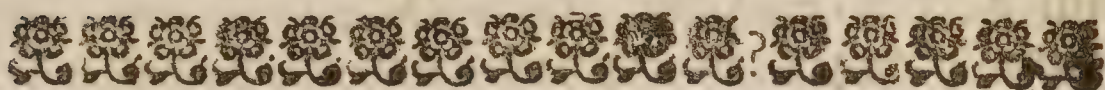
**L**Eontius Apianensis, a most faithful and pious Man, who lived many Years at Cyrene, assured them; That Synesius, who of a Philosopher became a Bishop, found at Cyrene one Evagrius, who had been a former fellow Student with him in Philosophy for a long Time, whom he now persuaded to embrace the Christian Religion, and after a long and obstinate Debate, he at last yielded to the Truth, and was baptized with his whole House: After which, finding by his Perusal of the New Testament, such vast and glorious Rewards promised to Charity and Alms-giving, he brought to Synesius 300 Pounds in Gold to be distributed among the Poor; desiring withal a Note of the Bishop's Hand, that he had received so much of him to be repaid by the Lord Jesus Christ in the succeeding World; and having obtain'd it, he ordered his Sons to put this Note into his Hand when he died, and to shut it up with him in his Coffin, which they accordingly did: And that on the third Night after his Decease, he appeared

appeared to *Synesius*, and said unto him, *Go to my Sepulchre, and take thy Bill; for I have received the Debt, and am fully satisfied, which for thy Assurance I have written with my own Hand.* Whereupon the Bishop informed the Sons of the Deceased of what he had seen, not knowing what they had done with the Note by their Father's Order; and they going all together to the Grave found the Bill in the dead Man's Hand, thus subscribed, *Ego Evagrius Philosophus, &c.* that is, *I Evagrius the Philosopher to the Holy Bishop Synesius, greeting: I have received the Debt which in this Paper is written with my Hand; I am satisfied, and have no Action against thee for the Gold which I gave thee, and by thee to Christ our Saviour.* They that saw the Thing, admired and glorified God that gave such wonderful Evidences of the Accomplishment of his Promises to his Servants: And *Leontius* testifieth, that this Paper thus subscribed was carefully kept in the Church at *Cyrene* in his Time, to be seen by as many as desired it.

We may well say of this and other Accounts of this Nature, as the late Reverend Mr. *Baxter* does of this very Passage, which he recites before his Book of *Crucifying the World*:  
 “ Though we have, saith he, a sure Word of  
 “ Prophecy, sufficient to build our Hopes  
 “ upon; yet I thought it not wholly unprofit-  
 “ able to cite this Piece of History from so cre-  
 “ dible



“ ble Antiquity, that the Works of God may  
 “ be had in Remembrance.



*A surprising Account taken from the French Records, of a dead Person rising from the Bier on which his Corps were laid, and pronouncing himself condemn'd by God, with Bruno's Remarks upon it.*

THE French Records acquaints us with a Passage no less amazing than this; namely, That in the Year of our Lord 1060, at the solemnizing of the Funeral of a certain Doctor at *Paris*, when the Priest came to the then used Form, *Responde mihi*, the Corps sat upright in the Bier, and to the Amazement of all that were there, cried out with a hideous Noise in the *Latin* Tongue, *Iusto Dei judicio accusatus sum*; *I am accused before the just Tribunal of God*; and then lay down in its former Posture. At this the Company being greatly astonished, agreed to defer the intended Burial to the next Day; at which Time a vast Concourse of People thronged into the Church to attend the Event; when at the same Words he cried out again; *Iusto Dei judicio judicatus sum*; *I am judged by the just Judgment of God*. Upon which, the Solemnity was again adjourned to the next Day, and then again before

fore the principal Persons of the whole City who resorted to this strange Funeral, the Corps rose up the third Time, and with the like doleful Accent cried out, *Iusto Dei judicio condemnatus sum; I am condemned by the just Judgment of God.* Upon which they with good Reason denied him Christian Burial; and threw his Body on a Dunghill.

The whole Company of the Spectators of this Prodigy were exceedingly affrighted and affected hereby; but the Impression was not more remarkable upon any one, than upon one *Bruno*, a Doctor in the same University; who calling his Scholars together, discoursed to them of the dreadful Condition of this poor Man, who though honoured by them for his Learning and Discretion, yet with his own Voice declared his just Condemnation by God.

“ What Profit, saith he, has this poor Wretch  
 “ in Hell of all his Light and Knowledge?  
 “ What Advantage hath he from all his Riches  
 “ Pleasures and Honours? Since his Body now  
 “ lies exposed on a Dunghill, and his Soul is  
 “ condemned to the Torments of Hell, where  
 “ they wish for Death but cannot obtain it;  
 “ *For the Worm dieth not, and the Fire can ne-*  
 “ *ver be quenched?* Whither shall we go?  
 “ What Advice shall we take? We see the  
 “ whole World almost lying in Wickedness?  
 “ If God spared not this Man, nor the very  
 “ Angels that sinned, nor the Jews his once  
 “ beloved People; how can we think that he  
 “ will



“ will spare us? The Wisdom of this World is  
 “ Folly; we must repent or we must perish.  
 “ We know not how little Time we have to  
 “ live; or what may become of us if we de-  
 “ lay our return to God any longer: Who  
 “ knows but he may say to us, *Because I called,*  
 “ *and ye refused; and I stretched out my Hand*  
 “ *and no Man regarded; I will laugh at your*  
 “ *Calamity, and mock when your Fear cometh:*  
 “ *When your Fear cometh as Desolation, and*  
 “ *your Destruction as a Whirlwind.*” To this  
*Laudvinus* a *Tuscan* of *Luca*, being one of his  
 Scholars, replied; that he could not but be  
 convinced of the Truth and Importance of  
 what he had said, as he believed the rest of his  
 Fellow Students were; but alas! said he, it is  
 almost impossible to persevere in a steady  
 Course of Piety amidst the corrupt Conversa-  
 tions of Men, where we continually see so  
 much Malice and Envy, Lying and Blasphe-  
 my, Cursing and Swearing, Fraud and Injus-  
 tice, Intemperance and Debaucheries: A good  
 Man must separate himself if he would inter-  
 meddle with true Wisdom; let us therefore, my  
 Brethren, said he, retire to some proper Place  
 from the Temptations of this evil World. Up-  
 on which two others advised that they should  
 go and consult with the pious Bishop of *Gra-*  
*tianople*; who advised them to go and live in  
 the cold and dreadful Desert of *Carthusell* in  
*Dauphiny*; where Seven of them settled them-  
 selves in the Year of our Lord 1080, under the

strictest Rules of any Society in the World, eating no Flesh, living by Couples, labouring with their Hands, watching, praying, and never meeting but on the Lords Day. This was, they tell us, the Original of the *Carthusian* Monasteries, so called from the Place where these Hermits first fixed their Abode; which gave rise to ninety-two others, whereof the *Charter House*, as it is commonly called in *London* was one.



*An Account of the strange Appearance in the Heavens of a Woman with a Book in her Hand, &c. taken from Knolls's History of the Turks, Vol. II. Page 953, 6th Edition in Folio.*

**K**NOLLS, in his History of the *Turks*, relates a Prodigy as stupendious as any of the former: Namely, That in the Year of our Lord 1619, in the Reign of *Osman* the First; about the 20th of *September*, a great Number of People resorting to *Medina Talnabi* to visit the Tomb of *Mahomet* there, not far from *Mecha*; they were all put into an unspeakable Consternation about Midnight, by a most dreadful Tempest, with horrible Thunderclaps: The Heavens were darkened, and there was such a dismal Scene of Horror every where, that



that the People were almost distracted: But at last the Heavens cleared, and the People might read these Words written in *Arabian* Characters in the Firmament; *O why will you believe in Lies!* And besides this, between two and three o'Clock in the Morning, a Woman was seen in the Firmament all in white, with a cheerful Countenance, holding a Book in her Hand; she came from the North-west, and great Armies of *Turks, Persians, Arabians,* and other *Mahometans* were seen to march against her, ranged in order of Battle, and ready to charge her: But she kept her Ground, and only opened the Book; at the Sight whereof the Armies fled, and all the Lamps about *Mahomet's* Tomb went out: The People were all amazed, but at length one of the *Dervices* or *Turkish* Capuchins, boldly stood forth, and spake to the Company to this Effect: *viz.* That the World never had more than three considerable Religions; that of the Jews delivered by *Moses*, that of the Christians by *Jesus Christ*, and that of the *Mahometans* by *Mahomet*: That the Jews were abandoned by God for their Idolatry and Impiety: That the Christians too, declining from their first Purity, had been visited by God for their Divisions and Corruptions; and that for this Reason he had given *Constantinople* and other Territories of the Christians, to the Followers of *Mahomet*, as he had also given to them *Jerusalem* and the Country of the Jews. And now, said he, the

Opening of this Book to us, rebuketh our Enormities, who have not taken warning by the Judgments of God on others: And it either sheweth us our Sin in falling from the first Intent of our Law, whereat the armed Men departed, as being confounded by the Guilt of their own Consciences: Or else it signifies some other Book which we have not yet read, and against which no Power shall prevail; so that I fear our Religion will be proved corrupt, and our Prophet an Impostor, (for we see that forty Years are already past since the Time he prefixed for his coming to us) and then this Christ whom they talk of, shall shine as the Sun, and set up his Name everlastingly.

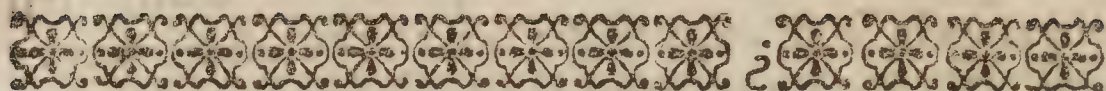
Hitherto the Company was silent, but hearing him speak so boldly, they charged him with Blasphemy, and having the *Beglerbeg's* Consent and Warrant, they put him to death: And as their Rage was violent, his Execution was extraordinary; for they stripped him naked, and gave him an hundred Blows on the Soles of his Feet with a flat Cudgel till the Blood issued forth; the poor Man crying out all the while to the Woman that opened the Book to succour him: After this they beat all his Body with a Bull's Pizzle till the Sinews crack'd: And in the End they stretched his Body on a Wheel, and then brake all his Bones to pieces with an Indian Sword made of Sinews; the poor Martyr crying out to the last Gasps, *O thou Woman with the Book save me*; and so he



he died, at which Time there was a fearful Tempest. The Vision aforesaid continued three whole Weeks together at the usual Hour: Of all which the *Beglerbeg* of *Mecha* informed the Emperor by certain Messengers sent to *Constantinople* for that Purpose.

If we now consider these four last Accounts given by very creditable Authors, though we cannot but say that they are very extraordinary, yet it seems to be a Piece of Incredulity as extraordinary as all the rest, for any one to imagine, that the most sober and reputable Authors among the *Turks*, *Jews* and *Christians*; could consent to impose abominable Lies on their Posterity; and that there should not appear one honest Author in their respective Times to refute them.

If we consider Things of another Nature, which are likewise extraordinary in their Kind; namely, the Apparitions of the FORMS of the Deceased, which, tho' abused by innumerable idle Fancies and false Stories, yet are no more to be denied wholly for this Reason, than a thousand Pieces of Money of a false Coin give us ground to say that there is none true: Which rather indeed proves the contrary; for if there had not been a true Shilling in Silver, there never would have been the Counterfeit of it in Lead or Tin.

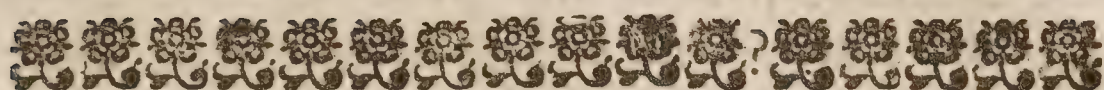


The STORY of the late learned Doctor  
PITCAIRNE.

DOCTOR *Pitcairne*, is said never to relate this Story without some Emotion of Spirit. His Friend Mr. *Lindesey* upon reading with the Doctor, when very young, the known Story of the two Platonic Philosophers, who promised to one another, that whoever died first, should return a Visit to his surviving Companion, entered into the same Engagement with him. Some Years after *Pitcairne* at his Father's House in *Fife* dreamed one Morning, that *Lindesey* who was then at *Paris*, came to him and told him, that he was not dead, as was commonly reported, but still alive, and lived in a very agreeable Place, to which he could not as yet carry him. By the Course of the Post, News came of *Lindesey's* Death, which happened very suddenly the very Morning of the Dream.

The





*The Account of a remarkable Cure performed  
on Samuel Wallace, of Stamford in Lin-  
colnshire.*

*S*amuel Wallace, of Stamford in Lincolnshire, a Shoemaker, having been 13 Years sick of a Consumption; upon *Whitsunday* after Sermon, 1659. being alone in the House, and reading a Book called *Abraham's Suit for Sodom*, he heard somebody rap at the Door; upon which he rose, and went with his Stick in one Hand, and holding by the Wall with the other, to see who was at the Door; where he found a proper grave old Man, with Hair as white as Wool curled up, and a white broad Beard, of a fresh Complexion, with a fashionable Hat, little narrow Band, Coat of a purple Colour, pure white Stockings, and new black Shoes tied with Ribbons, of the same Colour with his Cloaths, without a Spot of Wet or Dirt upon him, though it rained when he came in, and had done all that Day; Hands as white as Snow, without Gloves: Who said to him, Friend, I pray thee give to an old Pilgrim a Cup of thy Small Beer. *Samuel Wallace* answered, I pray you, Sir, come in. To which he replied, Friend, call me not Sir, for I am no Sir; but yet come in I must; for

for I cannot pass by thy Door before I come in. *Wallace* with the Help of his Stick, drew a little Jugg of Small Beer; which the Pilgrim took, and drank a little; then walked two or three Times to and fro, and drank again; and so a third Time, before he drank it all. And when he had so done, he walked three or four Times as before; and then coming to *Wallace*, said, Friend, I perceive that thou art not well: *Wallace* replied, No truly, Sir, I have not been well these many Years. Then he asked what his Disease was? A deep Consumption, and our Doctors say it is past Cure, answer'd *Wallace*. To which the old Pilgrim replied, They say well; but what have they given thee for it? Truly nothing, said he, for I am very poor, and not able to follow the Doctor's Prescriptions, and so I have committed myself into the Hands of Almighty God, to dispose of me as he pleaseth. The old Man answered, thou sayest very well: But I will tell thee by the Almighty Power of God what thou shalt do; only observe my Words, and remember them and do it; but whatsoever thou dost, fear God, and serve him. To-morrow Morning go into thy Garden, and get there two red Sage Leaves, and one Leaf of Blood-wort, put these into a Cup of Small Beer, let them lie there for the Space of three Days together; drink thereof as oft as need requires; but let the Leaves still remain in the Cup; and the fourth Morning cast them away, and put three fresh ones in  
their



their Room, and thus do for 12 Days together, neither more nor less: I pray thee remember what I say, and observe and do it; but above all, fear God and serve him. And for the Space of 12 Days, thou must neither drink Ale nor strong Beer; yet afterwards thou mayest to strengthen Nature, and thou shalt see that before these twelve Days are expired thro' the great Mercy and Help of Almighty God, thy Disease will be cured, and the Frame of thy Body altered, &c. with much more to this Purpose, adding withal, that he must change the Air, and then his Blood would be as good as ever it was, only his Joints would be weak as long as he lived. But above all, said he, fear God, and serve him. *Wallace* asked him to eat some Bread and Butter, or Cheese. He answered, no Friend, I will not eat any thing, the Lord Christ is sufficient for me; neither but very seldom do I drink any Beer, but that which comes from the Rock: And so Friend, the Lord God in Heaven be with thee at parting. *Samuel Wallace* went to shut the Door after him, to whom the old Man returning half Way into the Entry again, said, Friend, I pray remember what I have said, and do it: But above all, fear God, and serve him. *Wallace* said, he saw him pass along the Street some half a Score Yards from his Door, and so he went in. But no body else saw this old Man, though many People were standing at their Doors near *Wallace's* House. Within four

Days, upon the Use of this Drink, a Scurf arose upon his Body, and under that a new fresh Skin, and in twelve Days he was as strong as ever he had been, and healthful, except only a little Weakness in his Joynts. And once in the twelve Days, by the Importunity of some Friends, drinking a little strong Drink, he was struck speechless for twenty-four Hours. Many Ministers hearing the Report of this wonderful Cure, met together at *Stamford*, and considering and consulting about it, for many Reasons, concluded the Cure to be done by the Ministry of an Angel.

We may observe in the foregoing Narrative, a very tender Concern to come in such a familiar Manner as should give no Uneasiness or Terror. Such a Behaviour is very agreeable to our Notions of a good Spirit; and, in my Opinion, very much strengthens the Credit of the Relation.



*The following Story, if I mistake not, is told by Luther, who affirms it for Truth, and that he himself saw the Boy.*

**M**elancthon reports, that he knew, of a Surety, by a substantial and credible Person, that in a Village near to the City of *Cignea*, a certain Woman sent her Son, to fetch home  
the



the Cattle that were feeding by a Wood-side; and when the Boy had stayed somewhat too long, there fell a great Snow, that cover'd all the Hills thereabouts. Night drawing on, the Boy could not pass those Hills: The Day following, the Parents being no more careful for their Cattle, but for the Life of their Son, attempted to look for him; but neither could they, by reason of the Depth of the Snow, pass those Hills to seek him. The third Day, going again to search for him, they found him sitting in an open Place of the Wood, where there was no Snow, who smiled upon his Parents as they came: Being asked why he returned not home, he answered, that he looked when it should be Night, not knowing that a Day was already past, neither had he felt any Annoy, or Tempest of the Snow. And when he was further asked, whether he had eaten any thing? He answered, that there came a Man unto him, who gave him Bread and Cheese. Without Doubt, this was an Angel that supported the Boy in this Manner.



*The disconsolate Gentleman, who took an Aversion to Marriage, after the Death of his first Lady, &c.*

A CERTAIN Gentleman who had lately buried his Wife, a Lady of great Piety and Virtue, was so exceedingly afflicted at his Loss, that among other melancholy Things which were the Effect of it, this was one; that he was so far from desiring to marry again. that he entertained a settled riveted Aversion to the whole Sex, and was never thoroughly easy in their Company; and thus he lived near two Years.

After a certain Time his Wife appeared to him in his Dream, or he dream'd that he saw his Wife; but I rather put it in the first Sense: She came to him, as he thought, to the Bedside, with a smiling and pleasant Countenance, and calling him by the Term which she always gave him, *My dearest*.

He was in a great Consternation, but could not speak to her; but she said, Do not be afraid of me, I will do you no Hurt; and then said, What is the Reason that you mourn thus for me?

He still said nothing; that is to say, he dream'd that he said nothing, but that he fetch'd a deep Sigh. Come,



Come, come, says she, Friends lost are Friends lost, and cannot be recalled.

Then he spoke, that is dream'd that he spoke, and ask'd her, why she appeared to him.

She said, to put an End to his unreasonable Grief.

How can that be? says he, You now encrease my Grief, by bringing yourself thus to my Remembrance.

No, no, says she, you must forget me, and pray take another Wife, which will be the Way to cause you to forget me effectually.

No, no, said he, that I can never do; and how can you desire it of me?

Yes, says she, I do desire it of you, and I come to direct you whom you shall have.

He desir'd she would talk no more to him; for, says he, you cannot be my Wife; it must be some evil Spirit come to tempt me in such a Shape, and to destroy me.

With that she seem'd to weep, and to pity him.

He sigh'd again, and desir'd that if she was able to retain any Affection to him in the Condition she was then in; that she would show it by coming no more to disorder him in that Manner.

She said, Well, I will trouble you no more, if you listen to the Directions I shall now give you, and will perform them.

What are they? says he.

On the first *Wednesday* in *October*, says she; you will be invited to Dinner to such a House, there you will see a Gentlewoman dress'd in white sit over-against you at the Table; she shall be your Wife, and she will be a kind Mother to my Children.

It seems she gave other Particulars of the Gentlewoman's Dress, and, in particular, that she would drink to him; all which came to pass accordingly.

After she had said this, she disappeared; the Story does not say she went away with a melodious Sound, or with rich Perfumes, or the like, as is pretended often in such like Cases; nor do I remember to have heard that he married the Person, though he really saw her at the Feast.

But the Question from all this Story is only this, *viz.* Whether, supposing the Case to be literally true, Was this an Apparition, or was it only a simple Dream? I affirm it must be an Apparition, that is to say, a Spirit came to him in the Person of, or personating his Wife \*.

*The*

\* There may be Dreams without Apparition, as there may be Apparitions without Dreams; but Apparition in Dream may be as really an Apparition as if the Person who saw it was awake: The Difference may be here, that the Apparition in a Dream is visible to the Soul only, for the Soul never sleeps; and an Apparition is visible in common Perspective.

How is it then that we see in our Dreams the very  
Faces





*The ACCOUNT of Captain ROGERS's Voyage  
to Virginia.*

ONE Captain *Thomas Rogers*, Commander of a Ship called the *Society*, was bound on a Voyage from *London* to *Virginia*, about the Year 1694.

The

Faces and Drefs of the Person we dream of ; nay, hear their Voices, and receive due Impressions from what they say, and oftentimes speak to them with our own Voices articulately and audibly, though we are fast asleep? What secret Power of the Imagination is able to represent the Image of any Person to itself, if there was not some Appearance, something placed in the Soul's View, by a secret, but invisible Hand, and in an imperceptible Manner? Which something is in all Respects, and to all Purposes, as compleatly an Apparition, as if it was placed in open Sight when the Person was awake.

The Scripture confirms this Opinion by many Expressions directly to the Purpose, and particularly this of appearing, or Apparition in Dream. *Gen. xx. 3. God came to Abimelech in a Dream*; had it been said that *Abimelech dream'd* that God came to him, there might have been some Exception to the Parallel : but God actually *came to him* : And what though *Abimelech* was asleep, and in a Dream, it was not the less an Apparition, for *God came to him*, and spoke, and said to him : And in the 4th Verse *Abimelech* spoke to the Apparition. Whatever the Shape was, that the Text does not mention ; but *Abimelech* knew who he talk'd with

The Ship was hired in *London*, and being sent light, as they call it, to *Virginia* for a loading

with too, that's evident, for the Text mentions it fully, *And he said, Lord, wilt thou slay also a righteous Nation?* And so he goes on, Verse the 5th, to expostulate and plead for himself and his People, *said he not unto me, she is my Sister?* So that he knew he was speaking to the Lord. The Text is very remarkable, it is plain that there was an Apparition, but the Man was asleep and in a Dream.

Again in the Case of *Laban* pursuing *Jacob*, Gen. xxxi. 24, *God came to Laban the Syrian in a Dream by Night, and said unto him.* Here again is an Apparition, and a speaking Apparition too; God came to him, and God spoke to him; and *Laban* owns, not that he dreamed of God's appearing, but that God really spoke to him, Verse 29. *The God of your Father spake to me Yesternight, saying.*

There are many more Instances of the like in the sacred History; as first in the remarkable Case of King *Solomon*, 1 Kings iii. 5. *The Lord appeared to Solomon in a Dream by Night, and God said, ask what I shall give thee.*

This is called in the Scripture a Dream, Verse 15, *and Solomon awoke, and behold it was a Dream:* and yet it is all confirmed; and the Petition that *Solomon* made, though in his Sleep, or Dream, is accepted and answer'd as his real Act and Deed, as if he had been awake. A good Hint, by the Way, that we may both please and offend in our Dreams, as really as if we were awake; but that is a Hint, I say, by itself.

That Passage of *Solomon* is very remarkable to the Case in hand. If my Readers please to believe that there was such a Man as *Solomon*, and that he had such a Dream; they must allow also that it was a real Apparition, God appeared to him in a Dream.



Loading of Tobacco, had not many Goods in her outward bound, suppose about two or three  
 O o hundred

To bring it down a Step lower: As God hath thus personally appeared to Men in Dreams, so have inferior Spirits, and we have Examples of this too in the Scripture, *Matt. i. 20. While he thought on these things, behold the Angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a Dream: And again, Matt. ii. 13. Behold the Angel of the Lord appeared unto Joseph in a Dream, saying: And a third Time 'tis repeated, the Angel came again to him in Ægypt, v. 19. of the same Chapter; when Herod was dead, Behold an Angel of the Lord appeareth in a Dream to Joseph in Ægypt.*

It is apparent that God gave *Satan* a kind of general Licence to afflict *Job*, only not to kill him; with such a terrible Commission it might be expected the Devil would fall upon him with the utmost Fury he was capable of, or at least that he was allow'd to take; he ruin'd his Fortunes, reduc'd him to Misery, murder'd his Children, tormented him with Boils and Sores; in short, left him nothing but Potsherds, and an ill Wife to relieve him; and as he had worry'd him, to use a modern Phrase, *within an Inch of his Life*, he follow'd him in the Night with Apparition, lest he should recruit Nature with Rest, and be a little refresh'd with Sleep. *Job* himself complains of it, *Job vii. 14. Thou scarest me with Dreams, and terrifiest me with Visions.* Not that God appear'd to *Job* in any frightful or terrible Form; but the Devil, to whom God was pleas'd to give a Liberty of afflicting *Job*, took that Liberty, and exerted his Malice to the utmost in such a Manner. We are not indeed told what Methods the Devil took to scare and terrify that poor distress'd Sufferer; but as he can show us nothing uglier, and more frightful than himself, so it is very likely he appear'd to him in Person,

hundred Ton, which was not counted a Loading, or indeed half her Loading; the Ship being,

son, and that in the most surprizing Manner possible, with all the Circumstances of Horror that he was able.

'Tis thought by some, who critically note that Part of the Text where *Pilate's* Wife warn'd her Husband to have nothing to do in condemning Christ to be crucify'd, that it was the *Devil* that stirr'd her up to oppose it. *Satan*, as soon as he perceiv'd that the Death of Christ, however intended for Mischief by the *Jews*, and pursued violently by them in their Rage and Malice at our Lord personally, was yet a Thing appointed by the determinate Council of God, for the Salvation of Mankind: I say, as soon as he perceiv'd that Part, which 'tis probable he did not know before, he strove all he could to prevent it; and as fierce as he had been to irritate the *Jews* before, and raise their Fury and Malice up to a Pitch, even to almost caballing the Governor into it; now he under-hand strove to prevent it, and us'd this Stratagem among others by attacking *Pilate's* Wife in the Night, and setting her to persuade her Husband, that he was going to deliver up an innocent Person to gratify the *Jews*; and that he should have a Care what he did. Matt. xxvii. 19. *When he was set down on the Judgment-seat, his Wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just Man: For I have suffer'd many Things this Day in a Dream, because of him.*

Whether it was so or not, 'tis very probable the many Things she suffer'd must be from the Devil; because Heaven, by whose determinate Council and Fore-knowledge the Death of Christ was appointed, would have done nothing to have prevented or interrupted his own Appointment.

Now as the Dreams in those Days, and our Dreams at this Time, are exceeding different; and that as our  
Heads



ing very large, above Five Hundred Ton Burthen.

O o 2

They

Heads are so full of impertinent Thoughts in the Day, which in proportion crowd the Imagination at Night, so our Dreams are trifling and foolish: How shall we do to know when they are to be taken Notice of, and when not? When there is a real Apparition haunting us, or showing itself to us, and when not? In a Word, when an Angel, or when a Devil appears to us in a Dream?

It is a nice Question, and as it does not particularly relate to the present Enquiry, so it would require too long a Digression to discourse critically upon it; but I shall dismiss it with this short Answer, We must judge, as in the Case of open Apparitions, by the Weight, and by the Nature of the Message or Errand which the Apparition comes about; evil Messengers seldom come of good Errands, and Angels good or bad seldom come on trifling Messages.

Trifling Dreams are the Product of the Mind being engag'd in trifling Matters; a Child dreams of its play, a House-wife dreams of her Kitchen, a Nurse of the Children, a Tradesman of his Shop; these have nothing of Apparition in them; nothing of Angels or Spirits, God or Devil; but when Dream comes up to Vision, and the Soul is embark'd in a superior Degree, to a Commerce above the ordinary Rate, then you may conclude you have had some extraordinary Visitors, that you have been in some good or bad Company in the Night, and you are left to judge of what kind, by the Substance or Tenor of the Vision. If it be to open the Understanding, to encrease Knowledge, to seal Instruction; in a Word, if it is for Direction to good Actions, or stirring up the Soul of Man to perform his Duty to God or Man, 'tis certainly from above; 'tis an Apparition from God, 'tis a Vision of Angels and good Spirits.

They had had a pretty good Passage, and the Day before had had an Observation, whereupon the Mates and proper Officers had brought their Books and cast up their Reckonings with the Captain, to see how near they were to the Coasts of *America*; they all agreed that they were at least about an hundred Leagues Distance from the Capes of *Virginia*. Upon these customary Reckonings, and withall heaving the Lead, and finding no Ground at an hundred Fathom, they set the Watch, and the Captain turn'd in (as they call it at Sea) that is, went to Bed.

The Weather was good a moderate Gale of Wind, and blowing fair for the Coast, so that the Ship might have run about twelve or fifteen Leagues in the Night after the Captain was in his Cabbin.

He fell asleep, and slept very soundly for about three Hours, when he waked again, and lay till he heard his second Mate turn out, and relieve the Watch; and then he call'd his chief Mate as he was going off from the Watch, and ask'd him how all Things far'd; who answer'd, that

Spirits, *Job xxxiii. 15. In a Dream, in a Vision of the Night, when deep Sleep falleth upon Men, in slumberings upon the Bed.*

If it be an Allurement to Vice, laying before you an Opportunity to steal, presenting an Object of Beauty, an Inticement to commit an unlawful Action; depend upon it 'tis from the dark Regions, 'tis an Apparition of the Devil, and he employs his Agents, and perhaps attends in Person to draw you into Mischiefs.



that all was well, and the Gale freshen'd, and they run at a great Rate; but 'twas a fair Wind and a fine clear Night; so the Captain went to sleep again.

About an Hour after he had been asleep again, he dream'd that a Man pull'd him or wak'd him, and he did awake. I am not sure, but I think he said the Thing that wak'd him bad him get up, that is, turn out, and look abroad. But whether it was so or no, he lay still and compos'd himself to sleep, and dropt again, and suddenly awak'd again, and thus several Times; and though he knew not what was the Reason, yet he found it was impossible for him to go to sleep, and still he heard the Vision say, or thought he heard it say, turn out and look abroad.

He lay in this Uneasiness near two Hours, but at last it encreas'd so upon him, that he could lie no longer, but gets up, puts on his Watch Gown, and comes out upon the Quarter Deck; there he found his second Mate walking about, and the Boatswain upon the Fore-castle, the Night fine and clear, a fair Wind, and all well as before.

The Mate wondering to see him, at first did not know him; but calling, Who's there? the Captain answer'd, and the Mate returns, Who, the Captain! What's the Matter Sir?

Says the Captain, I don't know, but I have been very uneasy these two Hours, and some Body or my own Fancy bid me turn out  
and



and look abroad, though I know not what can be the meaning of it.

There can be nothing in it, but some Dream, says the Mate.

Says the Captain, How does the Ship cape?

South-west by South, says the Mate; fair for the Coast, and the Wind East by North.

That's all very good, says the Captain; and so, after some other usual Questions, he turn'd about to go back to his Cabin; when, as if it had been somebody that stood by him had spoke, it came into his Mind like a Voice, *Heave the Lead, heave the Lead.*

Upon this he turns again to his second Mate, Mate, says he, When did you heave the Lead? What Water had you?

About an Hour ago, says the Mate, sixty Fathom.

Heave again, says the Captain.

There's no Manner of Occasion, Sir, says the Mate, but if you please it shall be done.

I don't know, says the Captain, 'tis needless indeed, I think; and so was going away again, but was, as it were, forc'd to turn back as before, and says to the Mate, I know not what ails me, but I can't be easy; come call a Hand aft, and heave the Lead.

Accordingly a Hand was called, and the Lead being heaved, as they call it, they had Ground at eleven Fathom.

This surpriz'd them all, but much more when at the next Cast it came up seven Fathom.

Upon



Upon this the Captain in a Fright bad them put the Helm a Lee, and about Ship, all Hands being order'd to back the Sails, as is usual in such Cases.

The proper Orders being obeyed, the Ship stay'd presently and came about; and when she was about, before the Sails fill'd, she had but four Fathoms and a half Water under her Stern; as soon as she filled and stood off, they had seven Fathom again, and at the next Cast eleven Fathom, and so on to twenty Fathom; so he stood off to Seaward all the rest of the Watch, to get into deep Water, 'till Day-break; when being a clear Morning, there were the Capes of *Virginia* and all the Coast of *America* in fair View under their Stern, and but a very few Leagues distance: Had they stood on but one Cable's Length farther, as they were going, they had been *Bump ashore* (so the Sailors call it) and had certainly lost their Ship, if not their Lives\*.

The

\* Now, what could this be? Not the *Devil*, that we may vouch for him, he would hardly be guilty of doing so much good; hardly an Angel sent from Heaven express, that we dare not presume; but that it was the Work of a waking Providence, by some invisible Agent employ'd for that Occasion, who took Sleep from the Captain's Eyes; as once in a Case of infinitely more Importance was done to King *Ahasuerus*; this we may conclude. Had the Captain slept as usual, and as Nature requir'd, they had been all lost; the Shore being flat at a great Distance; and, as I suppose, the Tide low, the Ship had been a-ground in an Instant, and  
the





*The Account of Francis Culham, given by the  
Learned Dr. Gale.*

**T**HE Reverend Dr. Gale, in his Notes upon *Jamblicus*, gives us his solemn Testimony of the Truth of the following Passage ;

the Sea, which run high, would have broke over her, and soon have dash'd her in Pieces.

How it happen'd that the Mates and other Navigators on Board (for it being a very great Ship, they had several experienc'd Men among them) should all of them have kept, and yet all be out in their Reckoning, and that so much as to think themselves an hundred Leagues from the Coast, when they were not above twenty or twenty-five, that was to be accounted for among themselves ; but certain it was, if it had not been for thus being wak'd and jogg'd in the Night, and kept awake too in spite of his own Drowsiness, the Captain had lain still, and the whole Ship's Company been in the utmost Hazard.

If this was not an Apparition, it must be what the Scripture calls it in another Case, being *warned of God in a Dream* ; which by the Way is the same Thing ; but here was something more than being warned, for the Captain own'd he was in no Dream. He dream'd nothing at all, much less any thing of Danger ; he went to his Bed or Cabbin with all the prudent Caution that any Man in that important Trust of a Ship in the Ocean could do ; and then after having made their Calculations, cast up their Reckonings, set their Watch, and made every Thing sure, he lay down with all the Satisfaction



sage; namely, That one *Francis Culham* of *Lambeth*, a Man of good Life and Reputation, was greatly indisposed above four Years, and sometimes took neither Meat nor Drink for five, ten, or more Days: He neither stirr'd nor slept for a whole Year, but kept his Eyes open and fix'd upwards all that Time: He spake not one Word during the whole four Years, nor took any notice of any one, not even of his Wife and Children. What the Physicians and Surgeons attempted was without Success; and he was utterly given over, without the least Hope of Recovery. Upon *Whitsunday*, 1675, he seemed, as he afterwards related, to awake out of a great Sleep: His Bowels became warm, and the great Oppression, that had been during the whole Time on his Breast, left him; and he seemed to hear a Voice that admonished him to pray, *and that he would then recover*. Pen and Ink being brought, he wrote, *I desire that Prayers may be made in my Behalf*. Two Ministers coming in by a good Providence about that Time, one

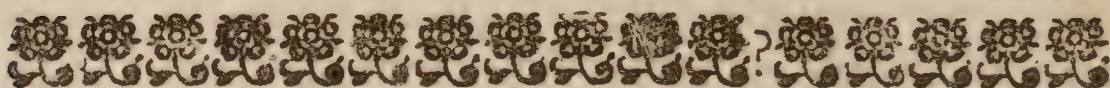
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of

tisfaction that it was possible for any Man in a like Case to have.

To any Men that understand the Sea Affairs, this Case will be more feelingly and sensibly read; they will be more touch'd with the Surprize the Ship's Company must be all in, to see themselves just running aground, when they believed themselves an hundred Leagues from the Shore, to find themselves within two Inches of Death, when they believ'd themselves as safe as a Ship at Sea with a moderate Gale and a fair Wind could be supposed to be.

of them read the Form for the Sick in the Liturgy: And when he came to *Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, &c.* Culham with a loud Voice and Tears cried out, *Glory to God on high:* And in two Days time was perfectly recovered. He remembered nothing of what had pass'd during his four Years Illness: All which Dr. Gale concludes with a most solemn Affirmation, even upon his *Faith*, that he judges *the Truth of this Relation to be unquestionable.*



*The surprizing and well attested Account of Mary Maillard, as related by Dr. Woodward.*

**M**ary Maillard was born at Coignac in Xaintonge in the Kingdom of France, Sept. 25, 1680; and fled thence with her Parents for the Sake of the Reformed Religion in the Year 1689, and came to London, where after the Space of four Years she lived with Mademoiselle de Laulan, as her Interpreters, in St. James's Alley in Germain Street. This poor young Woman had from her Cradle a most deplorable Lameness, the Bone of her Left Thigh being extreamly dislocated, and in time a great Tumor arose in the Cavity of the *Ischion*, from which the Bone had slipt: Her Leg became



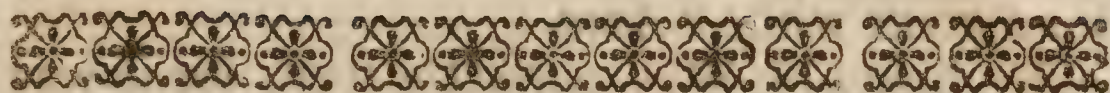
became shorter by above four Inches, her Knee turned inwards, and her Foot stood in such a distorted Manner, that the inward Ankle Bone almost supplied the Place of the Sole of her Foot: And every Motion of it was attended with great Pain, all which Disorder was declared to be incurable by the Surgeons who were consulted. On the 26th of *November* 1693, being the Lord's Day, she went in the Afternoon to the *French Church* behind *Leicester Fields*, having, as it was observed by many, a Sense of Religion above what is usual in those early Years. As she return'd from Church, she was not only laugh'd at, but insulted by rude Children, as she had formerly been, by reason of the strange Figure she made in her going: So barbarous and savage are Children without Education and Government: She was extreamly grieved at this ill Usage, insomuch that she wept, and complained of it to her Mistress, who exhorted her to have Patience, and to comfort herself in God.

Between seven and eight o' Clock that Evening, she took the *New Testament* to read in it, and reading the second Chapter of *St. Mark*, concerning the wonderful Cure of one that was sick of the Palsy, she told her Mistress that she wondered at the Unbelief of the Jews, and if such a Thing were now upon Earth, *I would run with all Speed to Christ*, said she, *and believe as the Man sick of the Palsy did*; and

scarce had she uttered these Words but she felt her usual Pains redoubled upon her, which forced her to stretch forth her Leg, and as she would have drawn it in, upon the Reproof of her Mistress concerning the Indecency of the Posture, she heard a Snap that her Bone made, and she thought she heard a Voice, saying, *Thou art healed*; her Leg extended itself, her Foot and Knee were restored to their proper and natural Situation; her Pain ceased, and she found herself effectually healed, and walked up and down the Room; but a Weakness or some Unevenness in walking appeared after it to such as narrowly observed her going.

This is the true Matter of Fact, as sworn by the Father and Mother of the said young Woman, and by the young Woman herself, by Mrs. *Laulan*, Monsieur *Debat*, Surgeon, Monsieur *Lafarque*, Doctor of Physic, and Mrs. *Margaret Megee* whose Affidavits were severally taken before Sir *William Ashurst*, then Lord Mayor of the City of *London*, December 19, 1693.





*The Story of a Gentleman, whose Horse was  
frighted by an Afs, which he suppos'd to be  
the Devil.*

**A** SOBER, grave Gentleman, who must not wear a Name in our Story, because it was rather a Distemper in his Mind, than a real Deficiency of Brains, had, by a long disuse of the sprightly Part of his Sense, which he really had no want of at other times, suffer'd himself to sink a little too low in his Spirits, and let the *Hypochondria* emit too strongly in Vapour and Fumes up into his Head. This had its Fits and its Intervals; sometimes he was clear-sighted, and clear-headed, but at other Times he saw Stars at Noon-day, and Devils at Night: In a Word, the World was an Apparition to his Imagination, when the *Flatus* prevail'd, and the Spleen boil'd up; of all which he could give no Account, nor could he assist the Operation of Physick by any of his own Powers towards a Cure.

It happen'd that he was abroad at a Friend's House later than ordinary one Night, but being Moon-light, and a Servant with him, he was easy, and was observed to be very chearful, and even merry, with a great deal of good Humour,



Humour, more than had been observed of him for a great while before.

He knew his Way perfectly well, for it was within three Miles of the Town where he liv'd, and he was very well mounted; but tho' the Moon was up, an Accident which a little disorder'd him was, that it was not only cloudy, but a very thick black Cloud came suddenly, (that is to say, without his Notice, so it was suddenly to him) and spread over his Head, which made it very dark; and to add to the Disorder, it began to rain violently.

Upon this, being very well mounted, as I have said, he resolv'd to ride for it, having not above two Miles to the Town; so clapping Spurs to his Horse, he gallop'd away. His Man, whose Name was *Gervais*, not being so well mounted, was a good Way behind. The Darknefs and the Rain together put him a little out of Humour; but as that was a little unexpected, perhaps it made him ride the faster, rather than abate his Pace.

In the Way there was a small River, but there was a good Bridge over it, well walled on both sides; so that there was no Danger there, more than any where else: But the Gentleman kept on his Speed to go over the Bridge, when being rather more than half over, his Horse stopt on a sudden, and refused, as we call it, bearing off to the right Hand; he saw nothing at first, and was not much discompos'd at it, but spurr'd his Horse to go forward;



ward; the Horse went two or three Steps, then stopt again, snorted, stared, and then offered to turn short back; then the Gentleman looking forward to see what was the Matter, and if he could observe what the Horse was scared at, saw two broad staring Eyes, which, as he said, look'd him full in the Face.

Then he was heartily frightened indeed; but by this Time he heard his Man *Gervais* coming up. When *Gervais* came near, the first Thing he heard his Master say was, *Bless me, it is the Devil!* At which, *Gervais*, a low-spirited Fellow, was as much frightened as his Master. However, his Master, a little encourag'd to hear his Man so near him, press'd his Horse once more, and call'd aloud to *Gervais* to come; but he, as I said, being frightened too, made no haste: At length with much ado, his Master, spurring his Horse again, got over the Bridge, and passed by the Creature with broad Eyes, which (the Light a little encreasing) he affirm'd positively, when he was pass'd, was a great black Bear, and consequently must be the *Devil*.

Tho' *Gervais* was near enough, yet fearing his Master would set him to go before, he kept as far off as he could: When his Master call'd, he answer'd indeed, but did not come on, at least did not make much haste; but seeing his Master was gone past, and that he himself was then obliged to follow, he went on softly, and when he came to the Bridge, he saw what it  
was

was his Master's Horse snorted at, and refused to go on; of which you shall hear more presently.

His Master's Horse being got past the Difficulty, needed no Spurs, but (as frightened Horses will) flew away like the Wind; and the Rain continuing, his Master, who on many Accounts was willing to be at home, let him go; so that he was at home, and got into the House long before his Man *Gervais* could get up with him.

The Master, as soon as he came into the Light, swoon'd away, and the Fright had had such an Effect upon him, that when with much Difficulty they had brought him to himself, he continued very ill; and when his Lady, and a Sister he had in the House with him, as much over-run with the *Hyppo* as himself, came to enquire what had happen'd to him, he told them a formal Story, that at such a Bridge he met the *Devil*; that he placed himself just at the coming off from the Bridge, on his left Hand, at the Corner of the Wall; that he stood and stared in his Face, and that he could distinctly perceive it was the *Devil* in the Shape of a Bear: He gave other Descriptions so punctual and particular, that there was no room to doubt but it was an Apparition, and that it was in the Shape of a great Bear.

*Gervais* came home soon after, and going into the Stable directly, as was his Business, to take care of his Master's Horse as well as his own,



own, there he told the Story his Way among the other Servants, and especially two or three Grooms, and Servants belonging to Gentlemen that were Neighbours; and he tells them, that his Master was in great Danger of being thrown over the Wall of the Bridge, for, that his Horse was trighted at an Afs which stood just at the Corner of the Wall; and it was my Fault indeed, says *Gervais*, for it was a young Horse, and I had never told my Master; but it was a Trick he had got that he could not abide an Afs, and would by no means come near one if he could help it.

And are you sure 'twas an Afs, *Gervais*? says the other Servants, staring at one another, as if they were frightened: Are you sure of it? Yes, says *Gervais*, for as soon as my Master got by it, I rid up to it and thresh'd it with my Stick, and it fell a braying, which you know, says *Gervais*, is a base ugly Noise, and so I came away and left it.

Why *Gervais*, say they, your Master believes it was the *Devil*, as really as if he had spoken to it.

I'm sorry my Master should be so frightened, says *Gervais*; but I am very sure it was nothing but an Afs. But the Story had gotten Vent, and the first Part of it flew all over the Town that Mr. ——— had seen the *Devil*, and was almost frightened to Death.

Then came his Man *Gervais's* Tale, and made it appear that Mr. ———'s strange and  
 Q q wonderful

wonderful Apparition was dwindled into an Afs, and that the Devil he had teen in the Shape of a Bear was no more than a poor *Boricco*, as the *Italians* call him; this made his Master be laugh'd at fufficiently.

However, poor *Gervais* or *Jarvis* was fain to turn out, and loft his Place for it; and the wife Mr. — to this Day infifts upon it, that it was the Devil, and he knew him by his broad Eyes; though 'tis known that a Bear has very little Eyes: But 'tis impoffible to perfuade any vapourifh Body, that they have not teen the Devil, if they have but teen something, and that they are very fure, they are not fure what it is \*.

The

\* Notwithstanding the Certainty of a World of Spirits, and the various Appearances that have upon many Occafions discover'd themfelves to the human Eye, there's a Sort of Visionaries and quick-fighted People in the World, that can create Apparitions whenever they please; and, though they may fee invifible Spirits in their Dreams, they feldom think fit to be afleep at that Time; for, if they fhould, the Spirit might lofe the Reputation of being fuch, as well as they themfelves the Credit of ftealing a View of it; and, therefore, whenever they dream of Apparitions, in their Sleep, they muft be fure to believe themfelves broad awake; and then there will be the fame Complaisance due to them, as to a certain Lady greatly troubled with the Spleen, who was favour'd with thefe Appearances whenever fhe was pleas'd to indulge the Humour.

She told a Friend of mine, that fhe had lately teen a horrid Spectre ftand bolt upright againft the Wainfcot in her Room one Night as fhe lay in Bed, though there





*The Account of Mary Goffe, as communicated to Mr. Baxter, by Mr. Tilson Minister of Aylsworth in Kent, July 6th 1691.*

*Reverend Sir,*

**B**EING informed that you are Writing about Witchcraft and Apparitions, I take the freedom

there happened not to be the least glimpse of Light in the Room; she gave a terrible Description of its hollow Eyes, wan and meagre Countenance, and the threatening Aspect it wore; nay, she added, that it look'd very earnestly at her, and beckon'd to her with its Skeleton Finger, &c. My Friend ask'd her, If she was certain she was really awake? Certain, replies she! What an idle Question you ask me! My Eyes were wide open; then, reply'd he, I am surpriz'd you had Courage enough to look at it! Oh, says she, I never look'd at it, for I bury'd myself over Head and Ears in the Bed Cloaths, but I am very sure it was in the Room. My Friend could not be so rude to a fine Lady, as not to take her Word, that she had certainly seen what she never once look'd at.

So natural is Superstition to the human Mind, that it often raises Substances from Non-entities; creates a thousand wild Phantoms out of Nothing, as frightful as they are irrational; and, whenever the Imagination takes a Tour out of the natural into the invisible World, it seldom returns without the amazing Idea of Ghosts, Goblins, Dæmons, or Fairies. It has been a laudable Maxim amongst many honest and well meaning People

dom, though a Stranger, to send you this following Relation.

*Mary*

in the World, That Reason has no manner of Right to intermeddle in spiritual Affairs! And if so, Why may we not suppose ourselves generously left to be deluded by our own unerring Imaginations; and, if we please, be mad by the Authority of Religion. How far it may be consistent with the Interest of some of the Espousers of particular Systems, to encourage these Dispositions in their Followers, I shall not take upon me to determine.

Superstition and Credulity may, and I believe do appear to many, innocent and indifferent Things; but to the more thinking Part of Mankind, they are those powerful and formidable Fetters that have long held the World in Ignorance, and been the most important Tools in the Hands of designing Men; for if a Man can once be brought to believe what you desire he should believe, by the same Authority he may be brought to act whatever is consistent with such a Faith, be it ever so idle and ridiculous; if you tell him a Spirit was seen playing at Foot-ball with all the Pewter Dishes and Chairs in the House, that it carry'd away the Church Steeple, and rung a Peal upon all the Bells at Midnight; 'twill be no difficult Matter to gain his Assent, even if it were to something more ridiculous than all this. 'Tis an Observation but too just, that the most stanch Believers of this Sort, are often the greatest Infidels in Articles of a more high and useful Nature.

But to be less grave upon the Subject, I'm to observe, That in many of the Chimney corners in the Country, there are different Sorts of Ghosts that are often the Subject of Conversation; as, the vulgar Ghosts, and Ghosts of superior Rank and Quality; the latter is generally one of the most considerable Men in the Parish, who rattles round his Mansion House every Night in a Coach and Six,



*Mary* the Wife of *John Goffe* of *Rocheſter*, being afflicted with a long Illneſs, removed to her

Six, is known by his Servants to be the very Man himſelf that ſome time ago ſill'd the great Elbow Chair in the Parlour of that ancient Seat; wears the ſame grey Suit of Cloaths turn'd up with black Velvet, that he appear'd in when alive, has the ſame roſy-colour'd Cheeks and Dimple in his Chin, that was heretofore viſible to all his Family, and remains ſo ſtill to every Man, Woman and Child, whoſe viſionary Nerves are ſufficiently ſtrong, clearly to diſcern any thing in the Dark.

He ſtill retains the ſame Humours and Fancies as when alive, is as fond of Noiſe and ſtale Beer, as when he follow'd a Pack of one kind of Hounds all Day, and ſpent the following Night with another. The Noiſe of hallooing and hooping is by all the Servants heard in the Parlour; and, perhaps, by Morning, a Barrel of *October* Beer found empty in the Cellar, which, tho' it may not be the firſt by five hundred that he has ſerv'd in the ſame Manner, it now becomes very troubleſome to his Poſterity.

Sometimes he appears endu'd with a Sort of prophetic Spirit, and makes Signs to the young Squire his Son to reverence the Church, and duly pay his Tythes to the Parſon of the Pariſh, without giving him the Trouble and Anxiety of recovering them by a tedious Suit of Law, but always to make him his Friend, invite him to Dinner of a *Sunday*, and keep up the Dignity of the Family by cracking two or three Bottles with him after Evening Service,

His Worſhip appears ſometimes greatly out of Humour, as much ſo as any reaſonable Dead Man can be ſuppoſed to be. The extravagant Son and Heir, has perhaps purchas'd a founde'r'd Horſe, loſt a Main of Cocks, or a Crown at Whiſt, or been guilty of ſome unfrugal

her Father's House at *Westmulling*, which is about nine Miles distant from her own : There she died *June* the 4th, 1691.

The

frugal Act that may be of Importance enough in Conscience to irritate and provoke the poor old grey headed Ghost, who well remembers the pains he took, and the hazards he run in getting an Estate, that his Son has neither Sense or Prudence to keep.

At other Times he puts the whole Kennel of Hounds into such Confusion that nothing but Noise and howling is heard amongst them. If he happens at any Time to be heard weeping over a Pond in his Garden, this certainly portends the Death or Dissolution of one of the best Coach-Horses, or some Person in the Family ; if the old Dog appears disturb'd and is heard to howl in the Night, or the Crickets in the Chimney Corner to be more merry than usual, this is a certain signal of Mortality to the Family, and perhaps may have as much influence upon the future Conduct of Mrs. *Betty* the Housekeeper and *John* the Coachman, as all the Admonitions of the Parson of the Parish, for seven Years past have had.

There's another remarkable Circumstance in these Ghosts of Quality that must not be omitted, which is, the fondness they retain for the best Lodging-room in the House after they have been long Dead and rotten in their Graves ; insomuch that if any one presumes to lie in their Beds, they are sure to be kick'd and cuff'd, nay perhaps toss'd in a Blanket ; so unfociable and ill-natur'd do people grow when they are lock'd up in Wainscot.

Having done due Honour to these Ghosts of Fashion, I am now to point out the essential difference between them and Spirits of lower Fortune, call'd Vulgar Apparitions ; but this I shall do in a very few Words, as I apprehend my sagacious Reader is already anticipating



The Day before her departure, she grew very desirous to see her two Children, whom she had

a description so commonly known to all the Dairy-Maids in the Country ; who instead of seeing the poor illiterate Ghost appear in its own bodily likeness, they very often observe it galloping over the Meadows in the form of a white Horse, without any Legs, and grazing in their pastures without a Head ; at other Times it wears the Carcase of an old black Dog, and stares them in the Face with great saucer Eyes, but never is so uncivil as to bite them ; some of the more discerning Females of the Family, will sometimes trace their Foot-steps in the Ashes, and 'tis very common for them to receive three very solemn raps from the Ghost at their Chamber-Doors, and if they happen to Answer it, it's sure to make them no reply, and if they do not Answer it, it's as sure to be silent.

A very pious but credulous Bishop of our Church was relating a strange story of a Dæmon that haunted a Girl in *Lothbury* to a Company of Gentlemen in the City, when one of them told his Lordship the following one.

*As I was one Night reading a Bed, (as my custom is and all my Family were at rest, I heard a Foot deliberately ascend the Stairs, and as it came nearer I heard something breathe ; while I was musing what it should be, three hollow knocks at the Door made me ask, Who was there ? and instantly the Door flew open.-----Ay, Sir, and pray what did you see ? My Lord I'll tell you : A tall thin Figure stood before me, with whither'd hair and an earthly Aspect ; he was covered with a long sooty Garment that descended to his Ancles, and his waste was clasped close within a broad leathern Girdle : In one hand he held a black staff taller than himself, and in the other a round body of pale light, which shone feebly every way ; -----That's remarkable, but pray Sir, go on : It be-*  
*kon'd*



had left at home to the Care of a nurse. She prayed her Husband to hire a Horse, for she must go Home and die with the Children, When they perswaded her to the contrary, telling her she was not fit to be taken out of her Bed, nor able to sit on Horseback; she intreated them however to try : *If I cannot sit said she, I will lie all along on the Horse's back, for I must go see my poor Babes.*

A Minister who liv'd in the Town was with her at Ten o'Clock that Night, to whom she express'd great Hopes in the Mercies of God, and a Willingness to die : But said she, *It is my Misery that I cannot see my Children.*

Between one and two o'Clock in the Morning she fell into a Trance. One Widow Turner who watch'd with her that Night says, that her Eyes were open and fix'd, and her Jaw fallen : She put her Hand upon her Mouth and Nostrils, but could perceive no Breath ; she thought her to be in a Fit, and doubted whether she was alive or Dead.

The next Day this dying Woman told her Mother that she had been at home with her Children : That is impossible said the Mother for

*kon'd to me and I followed it down Stairs, and there it pointed to the Door, and then left me and made a hideous Noise in the Street : This is really odd and surprizing ; ----- but pray now, did it give you no Notice, what it might particularly seek or aim at ? Yes my Lord, it was the Watchman, who came to shew me that my Servants had left all the Doors open.*



for you have been here in Bed all the while. Yes, reply'd the other, but I was with them last Night, when I was asleep.

The Nurse at *Rocheſter*, Widow *Alexander* by name, affirms, and ſays, ſhe will take her Oath on't before a Magiſtrate, and receive the Sacrament upon it, that a little before Two o' Clock that Morning, ſhe ſaw the Likeneſs of the ſaid *Mary Goffe* come out of the next Chamber, (where the elder Child lay in a Bed by itſelf, the Door being left open, and ſtood by her Bed ſide for about a Quarter of an Hour; the younger Child was there lying by her; her Eyes moved, and her Mouth went, but ſhe ſaid nothing. The Nurse moreover ſays, that ſhe was perfectly awake; it was then Day-light, being one of the longeſt Days in the Year. She ſat up in her Bed, and look'd ſtedfaſtly upon the Apparition: In that Time ſhe heard the Bridge Clock ſtrike two, and a while after ſaid *In the Name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt, what art thou?* Thereupon the Apparition removed, and went away; ſhe ſlipp'd on her Cloaths and followed, but what became on't ſhe cannot tell. Then, and not before, ſhe began to be grievouſly affrighted, and went out of Doors, and walked upon the Wharf (the Houſe is juſt by the River Side) for ſome Hours, only going now and then to look to the Children. At five o' Clock ſhe went to a Neighbour's Houſe and knocked at the Door, but they would not riſe: At ſix

she went again, then they arose and let her in. She then related to them all that had pass'd; They would persuade her she was mistaken or dreamt; but she confidently affirmed, *If ever I saw her in all my Life, I saw her this Night.*

One of those to whom she made the Relation, (*Mary the Wife of John Sweet*) had a Messenger came from *Mulling* that Forenoon to let her know her Neighbour *Goffe* was dying, and desired to speak with her, she went over the same Day and found her just departing. The Mother amongst other Discourse related to her, how much her Daughter had long'd to see her Children, and said she had seen them. This brought to Mrs. *Sweet's* Mind, what the Nurse had told her that Morning, for till then she had not thought to mention it, but disguised it rather as the Woman's disturbed Imagination.

The substance of this, I had related to me by *John Carpenter*, the Father of the deceased, next Day after her Burial, *July* the 2d: I fully discoursed the Matter with the Nurse and two Neighbours to whose House she went that Morning.

Two Days after, I had it from the Mother, the Minister that was with her in the Evening, and the Woman that sat up with her that last Night, they all agree in the same story, and every one helps to strengthen the others Testimony.

They



They appear to be sober intelligent Persons far enough off from designing to impose a Cheat upon the World, or to manage a Lye, and what Temptation they should lie under for so doing, I cannot conceive.

That this Narrative may conduce to the Conviction of Atheists and promoting Religion is the hearty Prayer of

*Your most faithful Friend*

*and humble Servant,*

Aylesworth July 6,  
1691.

Tho. Tilson,

{ Minister of Aylesworth nigh Maidstone in Kent.

*The E N D*

THE



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